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For Over Seventy Years BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been invaluable to public speakers and singers for clearing the throat, allaying hoarseness and soothing the irritation caused by vocal exertion.

Will not stain the hands or gloves.

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General Sales Agents **Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.**
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A Home-Made Gray Hair Remedy

You can prepare a simple mixture at home that will gradually darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and ¼ ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at little cost, or the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look many years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XXIII

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Can.

No. 2

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Kelowna, B.C.

Dear Sirs—I really do not know what I would do without my paper. I take so much pleasure in reading it from cover to cover. I enjoy every word written therein and therefore take much pleasure in seeing it in so many of our prairie homes. There are splendid recipes and reading for all members of the family and I cannot recommend it too highly to anyone who I happen to come into conversation with.

Miss Robina E. Grummett.

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Mrs. A. G. Small.

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Yours truly,

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BABY CONNOLLY.

"Owes her life to Virol"

No. 43, St. Ann-St.,
Bolton. 24/8/1918.

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Yours faithfully,

(sgd.) C. CONNOLLY.

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This EDDY Pail

is made of indurated fibreware—which is wood pulp—moulded—pressed—baked under terrific heat until it is an all-one-piece-pail of flint-like hardness—strong as steel—lighter than wood.

The next time you need a milk pail, a household pail—or a butter tub, ask your dealer for one of Eddy's.

No cracks, no corners or crevices, no seams or joints—cannot spring leaks or become dented.

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Set with rose bud or Rex sparkler. Your size for 12c, both for 22c. Warranted 8 years. 1 Old Filled.
Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 2, Battle Creek, Mich.

An Artist in Wax

By Gertrude Coley

Contd. from page 15

heard of the flowers. A dozen ways by which my object could have been gained presented themselves exasperatingly to my mind now that it was too late to use any of them. Worst of all, I most fervently did not want the gift. I to be the possessor of a glass shade of wax flowers! I wondered dismally where, in all my carefully planned home, it was possible to introduce a "note", as the decoration magazines would call it, so utterly foreign; and that I had to keep it, and put it in a place of honor, was equally apparent. My only consolation was the memory of Miss Devereux's happiness. The regaining of her proper character as a dispenser of gifts instead of a receiver, had acted like a tonic. In her gentle exultation she had even given way to my renewed invitation and had promised to come to dinner, not the following evening, but the next.

Bert shouted with inhuman laughter when I described my chagrin to him on our return from the Barnards' that evening—there had been no time to mention it before—but when I unveiled my trophy to his view he stopped, and drew a little whistle of surprise. I had placed it on a quaint mahogany china cabinet that was one of my most cherished pieces, and the effect was much better than I had imagined.

The group was composed of a sheaf of lilies, the backward-curling petals were ivory white and plentifully spotted with dark crimson, and their own pointed leaves supplied the relief that seemed needed for their sumptuous curves and coloring.

"It doesn't look so very bad after all," I ventured breaking through the trammels of prejudice.

"It certainly does not." He looked at it critically with head on one side.

"I never took much notice of the flowers before, they were just wax flowers belonging to the darkness of the antimacassar period, but now—it may be only pride of possession—they looked different somehow to those starchy, funerially looking things one remembers."

"They are different," pronounced my husband. I glanced at him quickly to see if he were joking, but he was studying them closely from different angles.

He said nothing more then, but as he smoked the pipe that he always indulged in to finish the day, I noticed that his eyes kept wandering over to the flowers on the cabinet. He had an artistic taste that seldom made a mistake, and he was obviously taken with poor Miss Devereux's gift. At length he got up and, walking round it slowly, examined it again.

"If Miss Devereux made that," he spoke with conviction, "she is a born artist. Just see the naturalness of the whole thing, and the unspringing strength and grace." He paused meditatively. "Now, if there were only a butterfly, or yes, better still, a humming-bird poised there—" Suddenly he spanked his thigh, "Jove!" he exclaimed while his eyes sparkled, "I have it! I believe she could do well if—. I'll speak to old Ritchie to-morrow, you know he endowed that ornithological section last year, and I believe he'd stand for this." Just then he caught sight of my face which must have registered utter bewilderment for he laughed again. "No, Peggy, I won't tell you my scheme, it may not come to anything and then your hopes will go smash. But I'll do my level best." And though I begged hard he only shook his head and refused to tell any more.

Two evenings later Miss Devereux came. With her pathetic hat and old wrap removed she looked nobly handsome. Though it had seen veteran service, her dress of black lace with fine old creamy Brussels at the neck set off perfectly her real figure and delicate complexion. As a girl she must have been lovely, and if I had been a man I think I would have eloped with her there and then and carried her off to where privation and suffering could never touch her. She laughed graciously at Bert's nonsense, I had never seen him in higher spirits—and told little anecdotes of her past; but there were shadows under her eyes and in moments

of repose her features relaxed into an expression of weary sadness.

After dinner when we were alone in the living-room I picked up the frock I was making for my baby and began to whip some lace on the edge. The intimacy of it and the quiet friendliness of the hour seemed to unlock Miss Devereux's reserve, for she said with a little hesitation.

"I have lately been occupying my spare time with that sort of work. It—augments my means a little." Then, as though even this were too great an admission, she qualified hurriedly, "It helps to provide an interest in life."

"Yes," I assented, "it is very pleasant work for a pastime, but I should not think it would be very remunerative."

She did not reply for a moment, her hands were folded over her knee, and her face looked drawn and weary as she gazed at the fire.

"No, I'm afraid it isn't, perhaps I am not very quick and sometimes there is not much demand." She paused again, then, with a little difficult halt in her words, "I have wondered whether there is anything else I could do, the cost of living is so excessive—"

I kept my eyes on my sewing while I again murmured assent. It was a bitter thing for her to lay bare her necessity, even to me.

"But I fear my accomplishments are all so rusty, and besides such new methods seem to be in vogue now. It is rather perplexing."

I was filled with distress. By no stretch of the imagination could I fit her into our modern, strenuous business world. I thought of the business women I knew, they may have differed in other ways but smart efficiency characterised all of them. The very old-world grace that was Miss Devereux's greatest charm was against her. The prospect seemed appallingly hopeless, yet I was about to express some lame encouragement when Herbert appeared. Somehow his voice seemed so big and reassuring in the midst of our low, troubled, women's talk.

"I haven't thanked you yet for my share in your present to my wife," he said. I always make her give me a half interest you know. I think the flowers are wonderfully done. I didn't know you were such an artist."

Miss Devereux brightened magically. "Do you really like them? So many people consider them old-fashioned, and therefore to be despised. I loved making them. I remember so well bringing in a bunch of those lilies—there was a great stretch of them in one of the shrubberies—and copying them in the wax. I kept up the pursuit long after the fashion for it went out. In fact, I modelled quite a number of the native flowers of this country when I lived with my brother on the ranch."

"Did you really?" Bert bent forward with odd eagerness. "Why, that is just what I wanted to know. The fact is, those flowers over there gave me the idea of introducing a more natural setting for some of our collections at the museum. It is being done in the east and I want it here. I spoke to a man who has been a very good friend to the museum and he was so keen about it that he is willing to make a good provision for it. If you would undertake the work you would be conferring a great benefit upon us. Everything would be done to make it as pleasant as possible for you."

I scarcely drew my breath while Bert made this amazing offer. Miss Devereux's eyes were fixed on his face, but the fingers that played with the lace at her bosom trembled a little.

"I—I am not quite sure that I understand," she said haltingly. "What exactly do you want me to do?"

"Make the birds and smaller animals that are in the cases look as they would in Nature by the help of leaves and flowers."

A light kindled in her eyes. "I should love to do it!" she breathed. Then she added in a quaintly formal way, "Thank you, I am extremely obliged for the suggestion. It is rather strange but I was just saying that it was necessary for me to do something to augment my means, and this offer seems most opportune."

As I said in the beginning that was three months ago. Yesterday, at her invitation, I went to see her at her work. She met me at the door of her studio, a large comfortable room that Bert had had set aside for her use. Her eyes were luminous with the joy of happy work, she looked lovely in a soft dress of violet blue which set off perfectly her delicate complexion and silvery hair.

"Good girl!" she said as she kissed me. "I am glad you are a little bit late for I have just finished."

She led the way, although I was inclined to linger over a fascinating group of trilliums, to a case of quail. The little crested gentleman and his pretty wife looked perfectly at home in a woody glade. At the back of the case a large piece of pine-bark, partially screened by sword ferns, very cleverly simulated the lower part of a tree trunk. A group of the ferns sheltered the nest, and rosy-mauve "lady-slippers" starred the mossy ground.

"It is quite perfect," I summed up after my first exclamations of delight. "Just the sort of home that discriminating birds would choose to bring up their families in."

Miss Devereux laughed happily. "I feel, when I am working, just like a painter composing a picture. It is so nice because I always wanted to be an artist."

I looked at her happy, gracious face and I thought of the change that prosperity and congenial work had wrought, but what I said was, "Well, so you are—an artist in wax."

A HOMELY PHILOSOPHER

You can bet no problems frets my brain,
If rain pour down, why, bless the rain!
If the rent's unpaid and they puts me out,

I can set on my things in the street an' shout.

With a B'iler-rivetted appetite
An' never a bite of food in sight,
I'm better off than the billionaire
Whose nater' is all upset wth care!

They don't no worries knock me flat,
Till I'm down an' out on the doubtin' mat.

I says "Oh, Lord, you're a square old guy
An' I knows for sure you will let me by!"

So I stands myself with the birds and beasts

In his own bread-line—'tis the grand old feasts

He gives to the simple ones who trusts
Then eats till their bulgin' sides near busts!

I laughs as I sings—we never pray:
We care-free ginks, cause it ain't our way.

We just give praises all day long
With a merry heart and a rollickin' song
And at night we count the stars in the sky,

All ours and free—an' we just lays by
An' sleeps the sleep of the just who ain't
A stewin' inside for to be no saint!

It's a mighty rich old world, I'll say
To the poor with never a cent to pay,
If you've got the sorter eyes to see
All the good things growin' for you an' me—

The flowers and food an' everything
Is ours if we'll only trust an' sing.
An' you bet no problems frets my brain—
If the rain pours down, why, bless the rain!

G. G. Bostwick.

THE SOUL OF UNITY

Musical

True Faith and Hope and Love—these three

Have conquered many a foe
By blending strength with unity
And peace—"with music"—so!

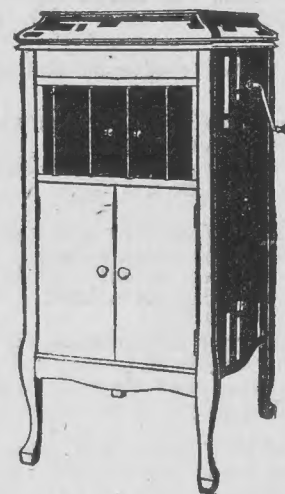
If pity is akin to love
Faith too and Hope must be
To form the set—a grand quartette
Of tuneful melody.

As Love and Pity "joined" are "one"
Faith, Hope, and Love agree
Each one—to run—in unison
And perfect harmony.

By Mrs. Edith A. Riddehough



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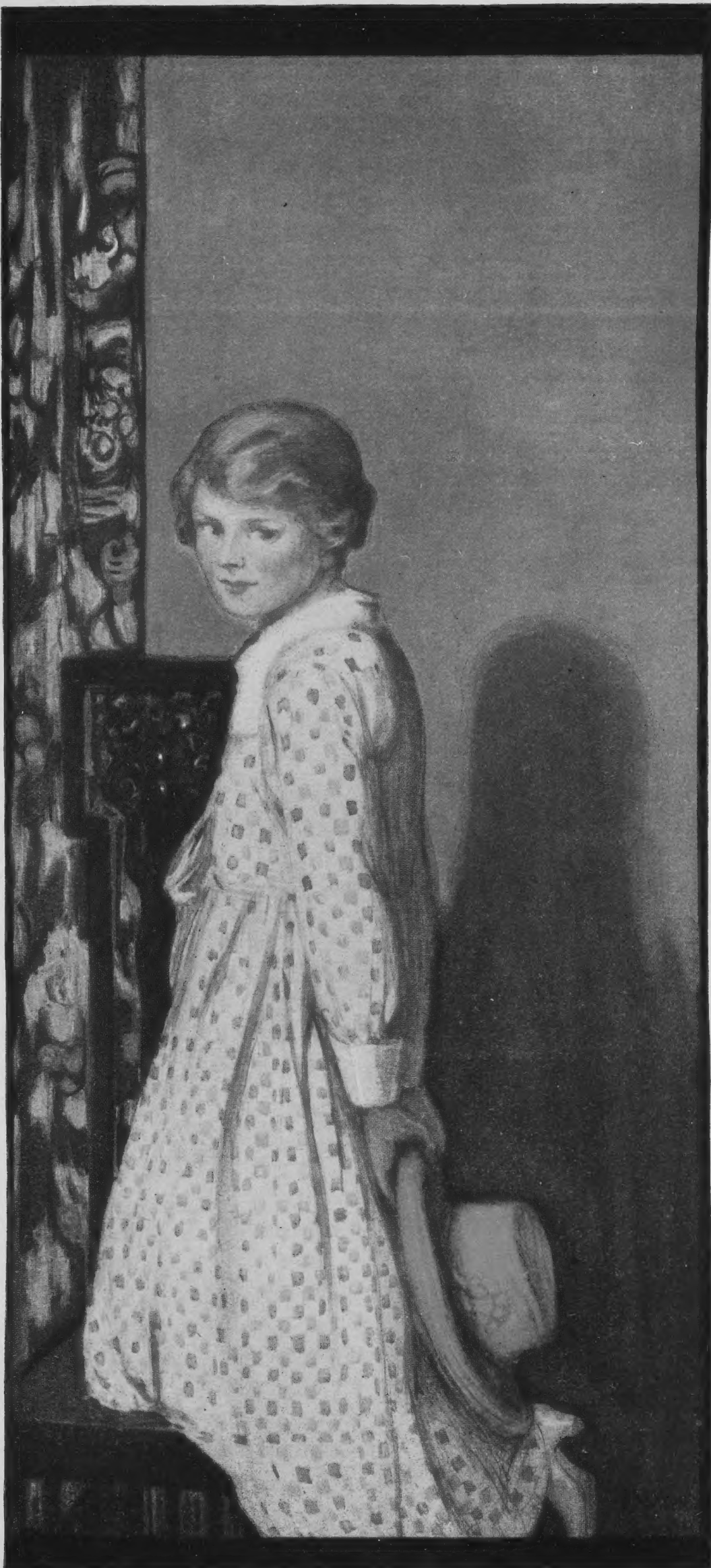
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SOME people believe that the "print dress" belongs only to the age of innocence and simplicity. But it doesn't.

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¶ Ask your retailer to show you some "Prue Cottons" prints. You will find inspiration for something new, quaint and inexpensive.

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The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Issued Monthly
15c Per Copy

WINNIPEG, MAN., FEBRUARY, 1921

Western Canada's
Home Magazine



FROM "WINTER IN CANADA," ISSUED BY THE
PASSENGER DEPT., CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Learning to Ski.



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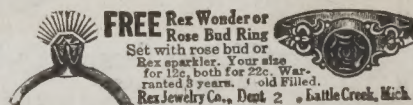
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Set with rose bud or Rex sparkler. Your also for 12c, both for 22c. Warranted 3 years. 1 old filled. Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 2, Battle Creek, Mich.

Finding War-Cached Treasure

By N. Tourneur

Every great war occasions an immense dead loss in riches. How much has been lost by private individuals in devastated Northern France, Belgium, Serbia, and elsewhere, during the four years' hostilities, will never be accurately known, but there the rich have indeed been set low since August 4th, 1914. How many who then feverishly hid their valuables have recovered them. Death, lack of accurate recollection of where the cache lies, and the obliteration of landmarks, keep many a family's treasures safe in the earth there. Some find their discoverer, though. There is the case of the British soldier who happened last year to turn up 15,000 francs in notes and gold; and, again, of the peasant who, this spring, found, carefully hidden away in one of the numerous caverns in the chalk hills near Adalberg, the rich store of some aristocratic landowner's strong-room and coffers. They had been stowed away in the panic ensuing on the Russians sweeping into Austro-Hungary in the spring of 1916, so it has been surmised, by the dates on some of the newspaper

wrappings; and in the Bolshevik rising there, last year, the noble and his family were wiped out.

Just such an occasion prompted the caching of the immense treasure, which, some seven years ago, two Russian peasants in the district of Padonolav, happened on, to their benefit, and the Tzar's gain, for the greater part fell to him. Far generations the Padonolavans had heard their old legend that in the last and most terrible invasion by the Mongols, the lord of Padonolav had caused his treasures to be hidden in a stony cave of that region. One saint's day, two old peasants having nothing to do began talking about the story, and one of them proposed that as no cave was known they might as well take a step or two to an old quarry at hand, which had not been worked for hundreds of years. After prowling about the quarry, they found what had been a tunnel blocked with earth and stone, and, after clearing this away with their hands, they came upon ancient iron-bound boxes and casks piled inside a cave, by the dozen. Some of them had

rotted open, and showed gold, jewels, and plate running out.

Again, it was war that brought about the missing Napoleon Bonaparte treasure. It is known that before he set out for Belgium and Waterloo, Napoleon, at the urgent request of an intimate friend, took a great quantity of treasure and buried it in the Tuilleries garden—known, too, he marked it down by counting a certain number of trees from the end of a great row standing in the gardens. But when time brought the Bonaparte family the opportunity to recover the treasure, it was not to be found—the landmarks had altered—and all searches have resulted in failure.

Hamburg, that suffered so great a commercial loss through the war, has not far away, and as the result of a war as barbarous on the part of one of the combatants, a treasure, which would mightily enrich the city's lean exchequer. Somewhere in the morasses of Vierlande, a queer little lowland district hard by the great German seaport, there lie where once ran a tributary of the Elbe before the great river embankment was first cast up, two small galleons, the cargoes of which are gold ornaments, jewels, massy plate, and other family and city heirlooms and

possessions. They were removed from Holland by timid Mynheers fleeing before Alva and the fierce Spaniards in the sixteenth century. A gale took the galleons as they entered, and they sank with great loss of life; and in the troublesome times that succeeded, all exact knowledge of their whereabouts faded away.

To-day in Hungary it is still the hope of every peasant to discover the Cave of Attila. In the years before his death Attila, the Hun, and great conqueror, accumulated a treasure so vast as to stagger the imagination, for he took tithe of all loot which his hordes seized in the bespoiled cities, from France to Central Asia. This he hid in a cavern or caverns in Hungary, not far from where he was killed by his newly-married queen. All the traditions say, he was buried at the entrance of the narrow opening leading to his treasures, for his nation believed he would return to life, and need his wealth. The records of emissaries sent from Rome to sue with him for peace prove the existence of this vast treasure. But the sudden collapse of his empire at his death, and the defeat and retreat of the Huns buried all knowledge as to the whereabouts of his great cache.

Innumerable are the war-cached treasures of Europe. They abound in Asia, and lie thick throughout India. How few of them are ever found. Yet, there is aye a chance of some lucky individual discovering one of them—some day.

It is this hope which enflames the Frenchman of Avignon to quest for the hidden treasure of Pope Innocent VII. It, he knows, is buried somewhere—somewhere—near the great chateau, rather castle, in which the Popes lived when at enmity with Rome in the fourteenth century. In the time of Innocent VII, numbers of the famous free companies or bands of mercenary soldiers were terrorizing parts of France including southern districts. One of these marauding companies appeared in the year 1367 in the neighborhood of Avignon, much to the dismay of the Papal Court. It was just at the time of the year when "Peter's Pence," or the monetary tribute Catholic countries pay the Papacy, had arrived. Also it was the habit of the Papal exchequer at Avignon to keep on hand a great store of gold coin and other valuables to be turned into money on an emergency.

The night the camp-fires of the free company was sighted from the walls of Avignon, the Pope directed two of his secretaries, the captain of his body-guard, and ten men, to bury the treasure in some safe spot outside the town but not far from the chateau. This was promptly done, and at dawn the mercenaries occupied the town, and laid it under tribute. Not for three years, according to the existing papal records, was it thought safe to dig up the hidden wealth. When the secretaries and the captain of the guard went to the spot, they could not recognise the exact bearing of the cache, for the free companies had cut down groves and demolished houses, and their exertions to recover the hoard proved useless. So, when the Holy See returned to Rome the treasure was left behind.

There it remains to-day—to exasperate the treasure-seekers, and they are not few, even yet.

No Need of a Minister

Governor Nye, of Nevada, tells a story of watching by the bedside of an old settler in that State. As the patient drew near his end, the Governor said to him: "Davis, you are a very sick man, and will, in all probability, live but a short time. Are your affairs in the condition that you would wish to have them? I should be glad to do anything for you, you know." "Yes, they're all right." "Would you like me to write to any of your folks, East?" "No, not now—after it is over." "Would you like me to call in a minister?" The sick man, by a great effort of will over a weak and shattered body, drew himself up in bed so as to be in a sitting posture, and earnestly, almost sternly, said: "Why, Governor Nye! Why should I want a minister? I never voted for a Democrat in all my life."

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Pessimism

"The race has never suffered a disillusion so deep, a disappointment so tragic, as the contrast between the after-the-war we looked forward to, and the reality of to-day." Such was our optimism, that even in the dreadful days of slaughter we looked forward to a time when men should live together in peace, each for all and all for each. We had even pictured to ourselves the extension of co-operative effort until it embraced all classes in the community and all countries on the face of the globe.

But our hopes have not been realized. Nation is still drawn up against nation, and within each is class opposed to class or calling to calling. If it is not a case of each individual working for his own ends, it is a case of self-centred groups striving to enrich themselves at the expense of others. It is difficult to be other than pessimistic.

Nor will it ease our spirits if we seek to attribute to the war our unfortunate conditions, for we know that the conditions we regret are due to forces that were operative before the war began, and still operate after its close.

Its Cure

Traced to their root all social ills are found to be due to selfishness. The cure for selfishness is the cultivation of its opposite, the spirit of generosity and good-will and service. We who in darker days gave so freely and so gloriously can give once more, and so perchance find ourselves in the giving. For "he who loses his life shall find it" in the larger service.

As a people we have looked askance at royalty of the olden type, because it lacked the characteristics of true nobility, and yet our salvation is in the cultivation of a nobility of a higher type. Somehow or other we must produce in every town and village and in every rural community "knights errant now beyond all former fields of danger, knights patient now beyond all former endurance, who still retain the ancient and eternal purpose of knighthood—to subdue the wicked and aid the weak." And how much more glorious is this than that each one of us should say "Let the weak do as they can, and the wicked do as they will?" The cure for pessimism is service.

A Princely Deed

A beautiful story is told of the Prince of Wales. At the completion of his visit to the United States he was taken by special train to the border and received by the Canadian authorities. The manner of his reception was in keeping with Canadian tradition. One of the Canadian battalions that had gone through the war had returned without its officers, and there were great gaps in the ranks. This battalion in its battered condition marched to the point of entry and waited in silence for the coming of the Prince.

There stood the riderless horse, there the privates in the ranks—a broken regiment without a leader. When at last the Prince arrived one of the company approached him and pointing to the horse said, "We are without a leader. Will you not be our leader?" Then the Prince without a moment's hesitation moved forward, not to take possession of the horse and ride at the head of the troops, but to seize a rifle and drop quietly into the ranks in place of one of the fallen heroes. And with the word of command the battalion moved on into Canada. The Prince had come back to his own.

The Need of Nobility

A simple kindly action such as this appeals to all. It is an action worthy of a prince. True nobility is not characterized by pride and ostentation, but by humility and consideration for others. We may not use the name of king and lord and duke and baronet, but we need in our midst those who correspond to them in rank—kings who are heads of the tribe; princes who are first in peace and first in war, and first in heroism and kindly devotion; dukes who are real leaders and willing to accept along with their followers the fruits of victory or the penalties of defeat; lords, or guardians of the loaf, whose first care is to provide for the needs of all the people. Leaders such as this the world has always needed, and will continue to need till the end of time. Our national salvation depends upon our choice. Our choice is wise so long as we select for all positions of trust men with the characteristics of our own young Prince. We need such men in the church, in the schools, in parliament, in business and even in the ranks of labor.

The Merchant Prince

There is on Portage Avenue in this city a man who keeps an ordinary grocery, rather should it be said an extraordinary grocery, for it is made attractive and wholesome because of his winning manner and his courtly dealings with his customers. It is a pleasure to be waited on by him, it is a privilege to enter into conversation with his clerks, for they have caught his spirit and radiate his good will. I am not certain that he makes more than an ordinary living. Possibly he has to plot and plan to make ends meet, and yet of all men in this great city he is most worthy to be ranked a merchant prince. It is only mistaken judgment which gives this title to men who have made great wealth. Opulence may result from hard work and careful management, and on the other hand it may be the fruit of theft and rascality. "The first character of all the

nobilities in the world is to be poor, often poor by oath, always poor by generosity. Of every true knight in the chivalric ages the first thing that history tells us is that he never kept treasure for himself." And so when I go down town to purchase goods I pass the shop that smells of cod-fish and coal oil, and that is presided over by a man in filthy garments and with rude manners and grasping fingers, and hasten on for a word with the prince of grocers, who gives with each pound of table necessities a little of his own good-will and genuine human culture.

I went into a second hand store recently and there observed a little trinket worth not more than a nickel. Yet it was the very trinket I was anxious to have, and probably the anxiety appeared in my face. In the language of the shop I asked, "How much?" Then the bearded ogre, with the beadlike eyes, looked me up and down as if to take time to ask himself, "How much can I demand and be sure of getting it?" It was no surprise indeed when he gave the price as "one dollar." No doubt he would have said "ten dollars" if my appearance and interest justified the venture. How many merchants there are of this type in this western land one can not say, but it is certain that nothing permanent in the way of trade can be built up on the practice of theft and roguery. Merchant princes do not rob and steal, they do not charge exorbitant

prices, they do not play the part of profiteers. Be a man's business large or small he must be fair and honest if he is to rank among the true nobility. And again let it be said that the salvation of the land is in the cultivation of a nobility not only for purposes of polite communication but to direct business and entertainment and education and everything else that is necessary to life and leisure.

The Prince in the Pulpit

John Knox may not be a hero with some people, but every one will recognize that he possessed some of the elements of true greatness. He was fearless, frank and unmistakably clear in his utterance. He was lacking in pomp and pride and cupidity. He was a true prince and his people recognized him as such, even though his speech at times was crude and his manner forbidding. How different from those whose lips drop words of honeyed sweetness, who are neither hot nor cold, but changeable as the summer breeze and open to the bidding of every influence.

There is no calling so honorable as that of the preacher, and there is need to-day as never before of princes in the pulpits of the land. Pride and lust for gain are unbecoming at any time but never more unbecoming than in a follower of the lowly Nazarene. The salvation of our land depends upon the faithful ministration of religious leaders, and we cannot afford to have those who are like the clergy in Milton's time.

"Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw,
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.

What made Israel great was her religious leaders—princes all. What Canada must develop if she is to save her soul is men who have a call to leadership. And only he who in true humility has abased himself lost himself that he might find himself in higher service, can ever lead others in the quest of holiness and God.

The Political Leader

In the field of politics we need leaders, too, and the best are those of princely type. Is it not strange that the greatest princes were not born in palaces, but in the homes of the common people? Bright, Lincoln, and our own Lloyd-George, these are noble souls, and it is upon the leadership of such we must depend.

God give us men!

*Men whom the lust of office will not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office will not buy,
Men with opinions and a will,
Men who have honor and who will not lie."*

Men of this type Western Canada can produce—and has produced. We must see to it that none other receives countenance.

Never in the history of the world was there greater need of true leaders than to-day.

THE FUGITIVES

Written for "The Western Home Monthly"

By EDITH G. BAYNE

"**W**OULD you recognize the woman?" asked the Captain. "I—I don't know," faltered Miss Gloria Wynne, a little frown of perplexity wrinkling her brow as she continued to dandle the crying infant up and down. "Would you know her again?"

The Captain, whose forefinger had been marking his place in the book he held, as they conversed, now closed the volume and laid it aside. Impossible to read with the child wailing like that!

"I'm afraid I wouldn't," he admitted, ruefully.

Miss Wynne's vague doubts were beginning to develop into actual consternation.

"I've frequently read of such tricks," she said, slowly, "but never dreamed I'd be a victim!"

"I gathered but a hazy impression of her but I remember she was small. She seemed greatly excited—I really didn't pay much attention."

"Nor I! She just got up suddenly and mumbled something about a friend out on the platform and asked if I'd mind holding her baby a minute. It's—very odd."

"Let's see. She wore blue, didn't she?" hazarded the Captain, scratching his chin reflectively and gazing hard at the opposite seat that formed the other half of their section and which the mother with her child had occupied.

"No, grey I think. Or wait—I believe it was shepherd's check! And she left this black bag behind in her hurry."

Gloria indicated the article which was rather worn at the corners and had evidently been used for many purposes besides the legitimate carrying of money and dress samples. She had hesitated about prying into it for a clue, however.

"I've been up talking to the conductor. He remembers that her ticket was to the city. There's a telegraphers' strike on, he said, so we'll—just have to wait, I suppose."

"It's certainly unaccountable," said the officer with a glance at his wrist watch. "All of an hour, too, since we left Meadford."

He glanced uneasily at the red and puckered little face, then across at that vacant seat again which yielded no clue whatever. All it contained now was Miss Wynne's neat grip and a fragment of orange peel.

"The main thing is to get him to stop crying!" said Gloria with a sigh.

"P—perhaps it's a pin," the officer suggested, delicately.

"Do you think so?"

"Shouldn't be surprised. I know I'd do some hollering myself if something sharp were jabbing into me."

Gloria rose and walked down the aisle clutching at a seat here and there to steady herself. The single car was just the usual odoriferous, dusty, day-coach of a branch line, and it was crowded with a semi-hilarious, badged delegation of the Loyal Order of Moose en route to a convention in the city. Gloria noted with a sinking heart that she was the only woman on the train, and it was almost a straight run to the city, forty miles away. She felt more helpless than she had ever thought it possible to feel, she who had a reputation for efficiency and for leadership and who had never yet acknowledged defeat in all her conquering progress through school, college, business and professional life! Of what use was a university degree if you couldn't make a baby stop crying? Here was a situation with which neither law nor logic seemed able to cope. And there was absolutely no one to call upon for aid. She didn't want to bother that nice looking officer any more. He wanted to finish his book. And he had been so polite already, sharing his seat and patiently offering advice!

Of course, it might be a pin.

But a furtive and somewhat cursory investigation proved the fallacy of this. Some of the passengers were glancing at her and her vocal burden with ill-concealed disgust and impatience.

Colic then? He had kept it up so long! But wasn't a colic cry sharper than that? Oh, dear, what was to be

done! It must be hunger or pure cantankerousness!

Tired finally of trying to maintain her balance in the swaying aisle and finding that "walking him" produced no very satisfactory result she reluctantly returned to her seat. Gladly would she have taken the vacant one, but it was stationary and faced the end of the train, and riding backward invariably made her ill in a few minutes. There was nothing for it but to seat herself beside the officer and trust that his patience would hold out! He was reading again and continued to do so in an effort, no doubt, to make her feel more at ease. She was grateful for this fine feeling.

And the baby continued to cry.

She laid it face downward across her knees and gently "trotted" it. She picked it up and held it against her shoulder, patting it with a rhythmic movement. She swung it cradle-wise in her arms. She sang to it softly. All to no purpose. So then at the Captain's request she gave it over to him. He in turn employed all the time-honored methods of infant soothing from crooning a lullaby to throwing it up and catching it again, accompanied by such inane and futile remarks as "Coochy-coo! Whose little sweetheart are you?"

The officer was growing visibly worried and Miss Wynne was bordering on a state of panic when at last the train slowed down at a flag-station and a woman got aboard. She was motherly and middle-aged and a bit stout and "breathy" but kindly good humor fairly beamed from her broad, benevolent face as, burdened with a number of brown paper parcels, an umbrella, a hatbox, a flowering geranium and an old-fashioned shiny leather valise she stood peering down the aisle.

"The car is crowded," said the Captain as he removed Miss Wynne's grip. "I'm afraid you'll have to sit here."

He had to raise his voice above that of the baby, and the woman smiled and nodded her thanks. She shed the greater part of her impedimenta, placing the geranium carefully on the window ledge, while with good-humored interest and a little contempt she watched Gloria's frantic efforts to hush the baby.

At length she set aside her remaining packages and put out her arms.

"Give him to me," she commanded, and Gloria nothing loath obeyed. "There—there—there—there—there!"

The good woman droning thus sat down and by sheer force of will apparently succeeded in calming the child. When he had been reduced to mere sobbing breaths she looked across at Gloria who was gazing out of the window abstractedly.

"Is he breast-fed or bottle-fed?" came suddenly to the ears of Miss Gloria Wynne.

In bringing back her glance Gloria's eye caught a smile on the face of the young officer. The question staggered her but an instant. Being a resourceful and highly independent young woman and hating with all her proud, self-conscious soul to be laughed at, she said, hastily:

"He's—er—half and half."

Laugh at her, would he! After the high tension strain she'd just been through! Well, she could carry it off with a high hand. She'd show him!

"Oh, you're weaning him?" and the motherly woman nodded sympathetically. "Well, it's an anxious period and I don't envy you none. You're lucky to be getting it over before the real hot weather though."

From behind the Captain's book came a sound that was neither groan nor gasp nor gargle but a compound of all three. It ended with a fairly convincing cough. Gloria was furious now.

"The baby seems fond of you," she remarked, striving to be calm and unconcerned.

"I don't know the young one that won't come to me," said the good lady with a complacent smile. "I'm the president of the Morningside Mothers' Clinic, my name's Goodsole—Mrs. Adam Goodsole—and I see a deal of children. I've buried five of my own," she added with a sigh.

Gloria acknowledged the introduction with a smile.

"My name," she said clearly, coolly and with an admirable air of being at ease, "is Mrs. Farnham, Mrs. Stephen Farnham."

She didn't notice, nor would she have cared, that the young officer at her side started violently and looked at her in surprise, not to say alarm.

The baby here registered nausea and Miss Wynne reached for her silver drinking cup in the depths of her handbag and hurried to the filter.

"Dear me, it's almost criminal to give him such cold water," said Mrs. Goodsole when Gloria had returned. "Ice water'll chill his poor wee tummy. Where's his bottle?"

"It—it fell out of the window," said the ever-ready Miss Wynne.

"Well, we'll make this do then. Poor lamb! Someone's been jouncing him up and down too soon after he's had a meal. No wonder he's sick to his stummick!"

Gloria look frightened.

"I—I didn't know—" she began.

"Oh, you ain't the first helpless young parents I've known," comforted Mrs. Goodsole with a superior smile. "The woods is full of them. Only yesterday at Cousin Anne Elliott's where I've been visiting I saw a silly young thing give her child a pickle to suck. He wasn't as old as this baby! I do think the government ought to do something. There, there! (to the infant who broke out anew at this point). B'ess his 'little heart was they twyin' to turn him into a 'little churn, naughty muzzer and fazzer!'"

Gloria flashed a furtive glance at her silent companion and there was malice and joyous triumph in it as she noted that his face was unduly carmine. Mrs. Goodsole regarded the young man critically but with a kind of reluctant admiration, too. He was a personable fellow and stalwart in build and, anyway, what woman is indifferent to a uniform?

"Your man's a soldier, I see," she observed at last. "Been over to France?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Gloria quickly, for fear of denial on the gentleman's part. "But he doesn't talk much. He's—er—been shell shocked."

"Oh, I see— Dear, dear, what ails the poor wee lamb now?"

For the baby had gotten into its second wind and was going strong.

A fat man across the aisle, trying to snatch forty winks, his hat pulled over his eyes and his feet on the opposite window sill, groaned at this point, rolled his head around and cried:

"Can't some o' you make that kid quit howlin'?"

Mrs. Goodsole sniffed and cast on him much the same kind of look as that of Mrs. Jiggs when she screws up one eye and addresses her spouse as "You insect!"

"P—p—perhaps it's a pin," ventured the Captain.

"Do you suppose he's hungry? I've walked him and walked him," said Gloria sighing.

"That was wrong," chided Mrs. Goodsole. "I tell you, by the time you've had five—"

"I'll bet you anything you like it's a pin," maintained the Captain, in a bolder tone.

Mrs. Goodsole regarded him pityingly.

"It'll come back to you by degrees," she said, soothingly, and then discoursed of barley water before meals and flannel binders all the year round, Gloria listening soberly and interjecting well-timed queries here and there. Presently Mrs. Goodsole made an interesting but somewhat disconcerting discovery, and she laid the infant down on her lap and beckoned to Miss Wynne.

"Give me a fresh one," she commanded in what she no doubt intended for a whisper.

"Give you a—what?" asked the bewildered Miss Wynne.

Mrs. Goodsole's outstretched hand awaited something. That was plain. But what?

"Better give me two, I guess. One's hardly enough," amended this motherly commander-in-chief, and there was that in her tone and manner that indicated her intention of brooking no delay.

She appeared to be one of those women who are not only in the habit of issuing orders but of having them obeyed as well. As one mesmerized Gloria sought the fat black bag that the mother of the infant had apparently forgotten, and as she opened it and noted its contents understanding broke upon her. Blushing furiously she passed out the desired articles. Mrs. Goodsole saw a newly-vacated seat across the aisle and moved across with the baby.

"Great heavens!" said the officer in a low, hurried voice. "This is—is—it's positively—"

"Yes, isn't it?" agreed Miss Wynne, restrainedly.

He gulped and searched helplessly for words.

"Why on earth did you allow her to think—" he began. Then—

From across the aisle: "I'll take another safety pin. This one's a little bent."

"I knew it!" muttered the Captain.

Gloria fumbled in the bag and found pins and a tin of talcum powder, also a powder puff. She passed them across. At that moment the brakeman put his head in at the door and shouted:

"Morningside! Morningside!"

"Dear me! Why, that's my station next!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodsole, hurriedly finishing her task.

When she had given the infant into the arms of its supposed mother she gathered up her bundles and drew on her white cotton gloves. The officer rose and armed himself with the shiny valise and geranium.

"Better give me the plant and you take the hatbox," said Mrs. Goodsole, fussily. "I know you'd be just as apt to drop my precious flower as not! Men are such helpless critters! Thanks just the same, though, you're real kind, sir, and I do hope you'll get over that loss of speech. It's a dreadful calamity," and she sighed.

The Captain took up a position immediately behind the woman, in the aisle, and as the train whistled for her station he started for the door with her belongings but not before he had heard the following bit of wholesome admonishment:

"Now, my dear, take my advice and don't stop the barley water just yet. He's thriving on it. And I think you'll find that X's talc powder is away ahead of what you're using. It's better even than fuller's earth. If he cries between feedings just let him cry! It's splendid for his lungs. And you mustn't walk the floor with him. Of course, I know that all young parents make that mistake with the first child, but I tell you when you've had five—"

"Here you are," called out the Captain as the train jerked to a full stop.

"Thank you so much," murmured Gloria, putting out the hand on which she wore her mother's wedding ring.

Mrs. Goodsole took it in hers and stooped to implant a warm smack on the girl's cheek. Then she kissed the baby who was now cooing and gurgling.

"Good-bye, my dear. And"—(in a lower tone), "don't make a doormat of yourself! Not that I think you do for you look the spirited sort, but I'm just warning you. He"—(with a backward nod)—"is the masterful kind. Anybody can see that. But he's real good-looking—I don't know when I've seen a handsomer man—and I suppose he's conceited enough. You don't want to let him have all the say, mind you. Give a man an inch and he'll take an ell—dear, dear, he's calling again! I reckon his speech is coming back to him all right enough! Good-bye, my dear."

When the Captain, after a "breath of air" that in lieu of a smoking room he took in the vestibule, returned to the car it was to find Miss Wynne playing with the infant in sheer abandon. The elf now revealed deep blue eyes and two cunning dimples.

"Isn't he just too sweet for words!" she exclaimed.

The Captain grunted.

"I love him already," she said, rapturously. "Look at the cute little duck-tail curl, and aren't his eyes the bluest ever?"

"The point is," said the Captain practically, "how are we going to get rid of him?"

(Contd. on page 9)

Black Tips—The Story of a Hare

BY H. MORTIMER BATTEN



RAMP—tramp—tramp! on the snowy space without, but the hare never so much as twitched a muscle. His winter "form" in the grassy hollow, so placed that it caught the sun while being sheltered from the wind, had hitherto proved sufficient hiding from human foes, who many a time had passed within a yard of two, never dreaming that "within that tuft of grass there crouches a hare." So to-day his faith in the old, old trick of lying low held good, for this was his first experience of snow-time—snow that is the deadliest of all the hare's foes.

Tramp—tramp—tramp! Slowly now the steps drew nearer, then stopped. The man had followed the tracks to the tuft of grass, and beyond that—no tracks! He stood motionless, peering straight ahead, and the hare knew that he was being watched. This silence was unnerving, then came the cracking of a twig—crack, crack, crack—held between the poacher's fingers and carried for just such occasions as this. There is nothing arouses the curiosity of a wild beast so much as this stealthy cracking sound, and many a hare would have erected its ears, thus giving the man the mark he needed, but not this hare! His powerful hind legs shot out, tearing up the cosy carpet of his nest, shooting him outwards into the pale winter sunshine, full speed from the first lightning bound.

The man was taken a shade unawares, yet there would have been no chance for the hare had not the land been in his favor—had he not known how to take full advantage of the hollows. Away he went, his black-tipped ears erect, gliding, floating, skimming the pasture, keeping always to the hollows, never showing himself against the skyline—a marvellous running machine, ready to meet his foes on their own ground and beat them at their own games. What the man saw was a flash of black and yellow, which darted over a mound and down into a hollow ere he could bring his rusty old fowling-piece to bear. He ran to the brow, peering this way and that, but—no hare! When next he saw little Black Tips, he was boldly breasting the rise, full in view but safely out of range.

Through the gate of the pasture, into the creeping forest, where the blue-tits chirped in the hazels, Black Tips swept along, then pausing and listening at intervals he emerged at length in the pasture beyond, where a second cosy form awaited him. Here he crouched, blinked sleepily, and closed his eyes, for this was the hour of sleep—of sunshine.

Tramp—tramp—tramp! Nearer it came, through the wood and into the pasture, then straight towards the form. Jack did not wait for the cracking of the twig—this was a new experience for him. To be tracked thus by a dog would have been nothing new, but—a man!

Up and away little Black Tips went, swifter even than before, but the man was ready this time. There was a loud report, the hare found himself enveloped in a cloud of stinging snow, and a stray bullet entered low in his back like the strike of a snake. Back twitched his long ears, he doubled his pace, running low; patter-pat, patter-pat went his paws, sending up little spumes of powdery snow. Back above the wood overlooking the valley, keeping well under the wall, then out into the vast bent allotment at the foot of which he had started. Here he made a wide loop in his trail, like a figure 9, and crouched in the grass at the point where the loop of the nine, almost, but not quite, touches the vertical stem. Thus he was enabled to watch his back trail and see his pursuer long before the latter came up to his form.

Black Tips did not sleep now. A good straight run he had no objection to, but

this slow, stealthy following, following, set his nerves on edge. He crouched, every muscle tense, and soon his wound, slight though it was, began to stiffen. He felt reluctant to leave his cosy nest, and might have sat tight till too late had it not been for that loop in his trail.

Tramp—tramp—tramp! The hare saw the man coming on at his easy wolf-like swing. He passed within five paces, his eyes upon the trail, and Jack slipped out the other side, swiftly, silently, unseen. And the man, following up, saw how he had been fooled.

Through the gate, on the north boundary, high along the hillside overlooking the village, peaceful in its snowy mantle, Black Tips sped, a new fear upon him now—the fear of that "tramp—tramp—tramp" from which there was no hiding. At the next gate a hairy sheep-dog, urged by a shepherd boy, dashed to meet him, colliding with the bars and wriggling through just as Black Tips came up. The hare stopped in surprise, the dog, charging, missed him by a foot as Black Tips, without effort, hopped aside—then away again, down hill, now, towards the village, heading for the open road.

The sheep-dog was fast, the hare at a disadvantage on the steep down grade, yet Black Tips skimmed unhindered through the gate and out along the roadway. He was looking behind him as a hare always does when closely run, and did not see the big red automobile that swung suddenly round a corner to meet him. He heard the screeching of brakes and a shout from the driver, swerved aside in the ace of time, then under a small white garden gate to the right.

As he did so there was a confusion of noises out in the roadway—another shout, a thud, then a prolonged and painful "ki-wawa — ki-wawa — ki-wawa-a," trailing off into a sorrowful whine of despair. Someone said: "Right over him, weren't we?" And someone else answered: "With both wheels, I'm afraid, sir."

Jack crouched trembling under a giant rhubarb leaf in the front garden of the cottage, listening to the confusion of noises arising from the roadway so perilously near, but soon the car moved on and all was quiet again. Trembling, the hare waited for that dreaded "tramp—tramp—tramp." Which way would he turn if it came now? On one side was the road, opposite the house, to his left lay a chicken run, also three kennels where two kind-eyed setters were already setting him, while a spaniel, anxious to show his eagerness to do something, was carrying about his biscuit-bowl, retriever fashion. On a door near by hung a row of magpies, several stoats, a sparrow-hawk and a bundle of rusty steel traps, and had he possessed any choice in the matter Black Tips would have shunned this place at all costs, fearing, as he did, the very atmosphere of warfare that hung about it.

But an hour passed—two hours, three hours, then—"tramp—tramp—tramp!" A man came in at the garden gate—a man, oh horror, who carried a gun, but it was not the man who had followed! He paused a moment, seeming to look straight at the hare, then strode across to the dogs, patted each of them, and finally liberated the spaniel for a roll in the snow. The little dog snorted, ran to the garden gate, and picked up the trail. Jack crouched low—in mortal terror now! If he were located he would have to bolt—straight towards the man! There was no other way for it, the dog cutting off his retreat from the road.

Slowly, with scrupulous care, the spaniel sniffed at each individual track, wagging his tail wildly—on—on, towards the crouching hare. Pitter-pat went Black-Tip's heart—pat-a-pat went his paws on the frozen ground—out of

the rhubarb clump, running low, full into the open opposite the man!

Yet the man merely watched! His gun remained in the crook of his arm, and when finally the spaniel gave chase, giving tongue wildly and attaining a speed of at least twelve miles an hour, the man called the dog angrily to heels! So surprised was Black Tips that fifty yards up the field he stopped and looked back, to see the man and the dog side by side still looking after him.

The hare that profits by previous experience is the only hare that lives, and the events of that day were each, in turn, pigeon-holed in Black Tips' mind. He did not know just what had happened in the roadway, but he knew that on the roadway he had got rid of the pursuing dogs, and the roadway, therefore, was a good place to go when thus pursued. Similarly he knew that in this cottage garden he had found security from a persistently intent human pursuer, and when thus pursued again his tracks would lead straight to that particular rhubarb leaf, for at this place man was at peace with him.

CHAPTER II.

The spell of frost and snow persisted; hard times fell upon the land in which little Black Tips lived. The rabbits came down from the mountain tops to gnaw the bark in the poplar grove, even entered the village gardens to clear up what remained in the way of green-stuff.

Black Tips himself took to frequenting the village. Directly behind a group of straggling cottages was a little enclosed patch of land filled with coarse grass and overshadowed by two old and stunted apple-trees. This plot of land seemed to belong to no one, for no one ever entered it. As a matter of fact it belonged to the Church, and it was there Black Tips made his sanctuary. At this time his daily foes—those whom often before he had purposely led on a wild tally-ho through the meadows—pressed him hard. They were well-fed, he was starving.

There was, for example, the little fox-terrier at the Rectory, the first to discover the whereabouts of Black Tips. Sunday was a dull day at home for the terrier, and it was on Sundays that he spent his time hunting Black Tips. At first the hare easily got rid of him by the simple expedient of running up the burn to a point at which a single tree-trunk lay across a deep, still pool, forming a natural bridge. The trunk was smooth and glassy with ice, and while the hare was able cautiously to pick his way across, the terrier always tried to take it at a run—losing his foothold ere he gained the other side, and, pawing wildly, fell into the pool below.

Then there was the huge black cat hailing from the village inn. It, too, located the hare's hiding, and took to creeping up silently, as though intent on surprising Black Tips while he slept. At their first meeting the hare turned, savagely thumping the ground and bounding towards the cat, appearing so large and formidable a beast that the feline turned with a snarl and crept away. But instinctively the cat knew Black Tips was weakening, and when next she came the trick did not work. Instead, the cat crouched low, ears laid back, eyes glaring, and Black Tips was warned not to go too near. Thereafter the feline made his life a nightmare. Always she was sneaking up, crouching within springing distance, haunting the paddock day and night with her unwelcome presence, till one day Black Tips fled in panic from the place, never to return.

Of man himself the hare had no fear in these times, for during such periods of famine the people of the hills call a truce with the wild folk which they could strike down at their very doors. Thus Black Tips no longer feared the

man with the gun, and one morning found him nibbling a cabbage-stalk within reach of the little spaniel by the keeper's door. Three dogs sat and blinked at him, but made no movement to disturb him. Then came other hares, and others, waiting about the doorway of the house for such food as might be thrown out to them. The dogs became accustomed to them and knew the truce, and the kindly woman of the house found green-stuff enough to keep the starving creatures alive. Two little roe deer often accompanied them, taking food from the woman's very hand. And so the period of hunger was tided over, and the welcome rains came at last.

This was the month of wild March winds, and Black Tips became as wild as the winds themselves. All the taming influences of those weeks of hunger had done nothing to kill the wild spirit within him, and now, with ears acock, he fled like a mad thing from the yap of the shepherd's dog, or the cheery singing of the plough-boy. Other hares he met in the pastures, for day and night now he was roaming from field to field, from upland to meadow, and when he rested no man can say, for this was the love-moon of the hares.

There was not, however, much poetry or romance in Black Tips' love-making. It consisted chiefly of a series of desperate encounters with other ambitious young gentlemen like himself. The hare who could jump highest and kick hardest won the fair lady, who coyly crouched in ambush near, keenly watching the encounter though pretending to take no interest in it. The two rivals would leap high in the air, striking at each other with their hind legs, each striving to kick the other over the wall and into the next field. Black Tips was young, and though he took many a sound beating he similarly delivered one or two. Then away again in pursuit of the coy little lady, till finally, having won her by strength of arm—or rather hind leg—the marriage union was complete.

But it lasted only for the spring. As the days lengthened and a vast abundance of food crowded the meadows, Black Tips and his lady-love took to living their lives apart, to meet again as casual acquaintances but nothing more.

Many hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures beset the hare's path ere the sun turned south again. Scarcely a day passed without bringing an escapade of some kind. Black Tips met his foes out in the open, and, dependent only on his speed and his knowledge of the country, beat them in the open. The long-eared sheep-dogs he could fool at any time of the chase he chose. He had only to run through a certain gate closed in with wire netting in order to get rid of the best of them for long enough to enable him to back-track and, leaping aside, break the line of scent. The open roadway, where the scent hung thinly, and the tree over the burn, often served him well, especially in the latter part of the summer when, for reasons of his own, he abandoned gateways as unsafe things.

This was because one moonlight night he had been disturbed at his feeding ground by a little mongrel dog which was systematically quartering the ground. Straight away, with ears erect, Black Tips sped, straight for the gate, and across that gate a fine-mesh net was spread. Little Black Tips felt its death-like grip close upon him; he struggled to free himself, only to become more closely entangled. A piteous scream went up in the night stillness as a man stepped out from the shadow of the wall and came towards him. One last, desperate struggle—not on through the net this time, but back the way he had come. He was partly free—only his hind legs were entangled, and the man stooped to catch him. Again little Black Tips squealed, (Cont'd on page 8)

Fireside Stories of the Atlantic Coast

BY BONNYCASTLE DALE

WE WERE seated on some sea-lion and panther skins in front of the fireplace on the floor of the big bare room in the century-old house. Outside the surf beat with an angry note on the bar. The crackling flames from the Nova Scotia spruce logs lighted partially the dim scene. Our old sea-captain was there. Likewise the mate of many "sea-tails" and the two sailors who had odd adventures to relate.

Whilst I father these rude yarns, I am also backed by many a record to believe them. Although the dye and coloring may be fanciful the warp is true and believable. Alas! and alas!

wonderful thing, sir. There were wild, roaring seas between us and the shore where no man might cross and live. Just about midnight our old schooner broke in half and as I live and tell it, the stern drifted between us and the bow and the bank and we staggered across that pounding bridge to the land. Oh! wait a minute, sir, we were not safe yet. Dark cliffs three hundred feet above us; we climbed them—it took till daylight—and we all cut and torn. At daylight we saw all that was left of the Barbara Macdonald and she only six weeks launched. You may write yarns, sir, but the old Atlantic has stranger ones yet. Yes, we got back home for that Christmas Eve I was

made joyful by the arrival of their menfolks. Listen to their story, as the sailor resumes his:

"We sailed on October 11th. Now, it was in the middle of November, when we were just about off the Gulf Stream, that we ran into a hard gale. It made our leak bigger and we had to man the pumps. Three days later, when she was rolling heavily, one of our men fell to the deck and broke his leg. And the next morning another seaman got caught on the deck by a roaring sea that mounted us and he was swept back and forward like a toy. His leg went, too. If he had not got into the galley he was a goner. All next day passed before we dared try and get him back, so awful were the seas. Then we were short of grub, so luckily we did see a steamer and got food.

"Almost two months had passed again before we sighted Nova Scotia and we were almost in a harbor when it came up as thick as pea soup and off to sea we had to head. We drove far off the next ten days, and we was beginning to think we was in bad luck when the weather changed a bit to fair and we tried for harbor again. Then we saw the light; were sighted and reported, and towed in, and were not a bit the worse of it—excepting the two fellows what hurt their legs. Yes, we was on dry bread and water for the last week. Even the boat doesn't look a bit too bad."

Now the Captain spoke up, in his long, soft Scotch-Canadian drawl:

"We were coal laden—coast ports of north Atlantic. Down a bit by the head, maybe, and a trifle of a list to starboard. You see, we had run through a so'wester into slob ice and then into field ice and we were pounded something awful. Our old foghorn just thrummed in the fog which had set in. "Boom!"

would go another horn on some hidden tramp and we would watch out that she didn't bump the sides out of us. Once, during the worst of the blow—I had just come on watch at midnight (I was before the mast then)—I heard a thumping ahead in the fog, the regular "Thump! thump! thump!" of a great liner's mighty engines. Out of the fog ahead leaped a mighty black wall, straight for our lumbering coal-laden hulk. Matey and I threw that wheel over so hard that we almost buried her in the trough of the mountains that were runnin' along with us. Sir, that great blank wall passed so close to us that I could have speared her with the long pike. "Thump! thump! thump!" and she was past and we were wallowing in her wake. All night long we stared into that peaseoup fog. Once we heard breakers dead ahead and we sloughed around and climbed into the seas like a cork in a tideway.

At daybreak, or when the fog seemed a bit thinner, Capt'n he pops up an' takes a turn at the wheel, trying to fidget out with his thick fingers on the spokes just where we were. I caught the sight of a long, lean wave that never could rise in deep water. Just as I was pointing at it we took the ground with an awful bumping roll. We slipped over the first ledge and came up so hard on the second that we struck the deck like sticks of hardwood thrown off a load. The great creaming seas climbed aboard and swept the deck clean. Only five of us made the mast and lashed tight there. It was an awful day we spent watching her go to bits above the waterline. The cook-house and shelters went like match-wood, and then the hatches tore away and the deck-load of coal, and some of the hold coal, swift off out in a rattling stream.

Finally the last shrill whistle died down in the lashed siren—steam dead. When night fell again through that fog there was not much left of the old Mullford above seas. We were lashed firm but it was awful cold and we could not get an answer from two of the men. The way their heads hung told the tale—dead. I seemed to drowse through it. When a ragged end of a wave lashed us away up there we suffered a bit harder, that was all.

"Whirr-r-r-r!" sounded a sharp, long blast of whistle. Three heads slowly sloughed about (two mates were dead without a doubt as they never moved all the night long). "Whirr-r-r-r!" went that glad whistle again. Finally we made her out in the dim light. She was right about where we had struck and she was almost pounding, too. About she swept and out of sight again. A navy boat by her trim rig and clever handling. In ten (Cont'd on page 37)



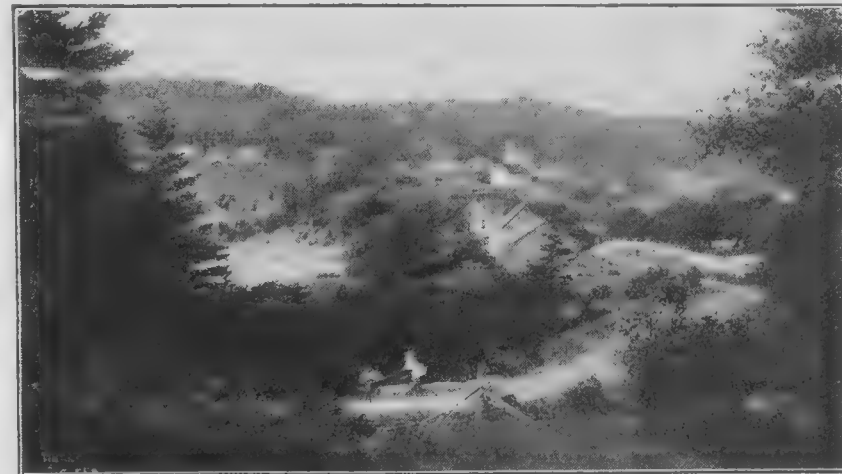
Northwest Arm, Halifax, N.S. The pleasure section of the city

So cruel is the wild Atlantic, so furious are its storms this fatal year of nineteen-twenty, that the wildest imagination of the novelist could not equal its terrors; no pen could exaggerate the liquid mountains that race before these tormenting winds. Alas! and alas! the losses of boats and men come so close to us that I have to be careful not to write down the very catastrophies that have occurred to our own dear friends. From the desk where I write this sad mementoes of the lost ones stare me in the face, and one never knows who will next be a victim of the storms.

A sailor takes his pipe out of his mouth, deftly inserts a chew and says:

"What a cruel master our old servant the sea is!"

"For twenty days," said the sailor to me, "we were tossed about like a football. We were for St. John's with miscellaneous. We wanted to be there too, sir! You see, we wanted to be there for Christmas Eve and our wives and wee tots didn't know where we were. It's a miracle that I'm sitting talking to you, sir. First we hove to under the foresail. Then the great gusts started to rip it and matey went forward. The big sail went to ribbons and he was swept clean off her. Then the water started to freeze us up like a big iceberg and we ran before the gale with every sea sweeping her clean from bow to stern. Then the snow came like a big white land ahead and we drove into it with bare poles like the ghost of a ship. Far out of sight of land and not a bit did we know where we had drifted to the last ten days. Then it got warmer and blinding fogs set in and the great seas swung us up and hurled us down in their dark troughs—they were just mountains, them seas, sir. We got a bit of sail on her and headed her we did not know where. Just after dark that night we struck hard. Our boats were all gone in the storm and we had to cling to the icy ropes and there we hung on her bow most half the night. Now I want to tell you the most



Our Digby Neck, Nova Scotia.

a-telling you of, and mighty thankful men we were, too."

"Do you know of a ship what wants men?" he asked. You can't hammer the Atlantic sailor so that he does not hanker for the next voyage.

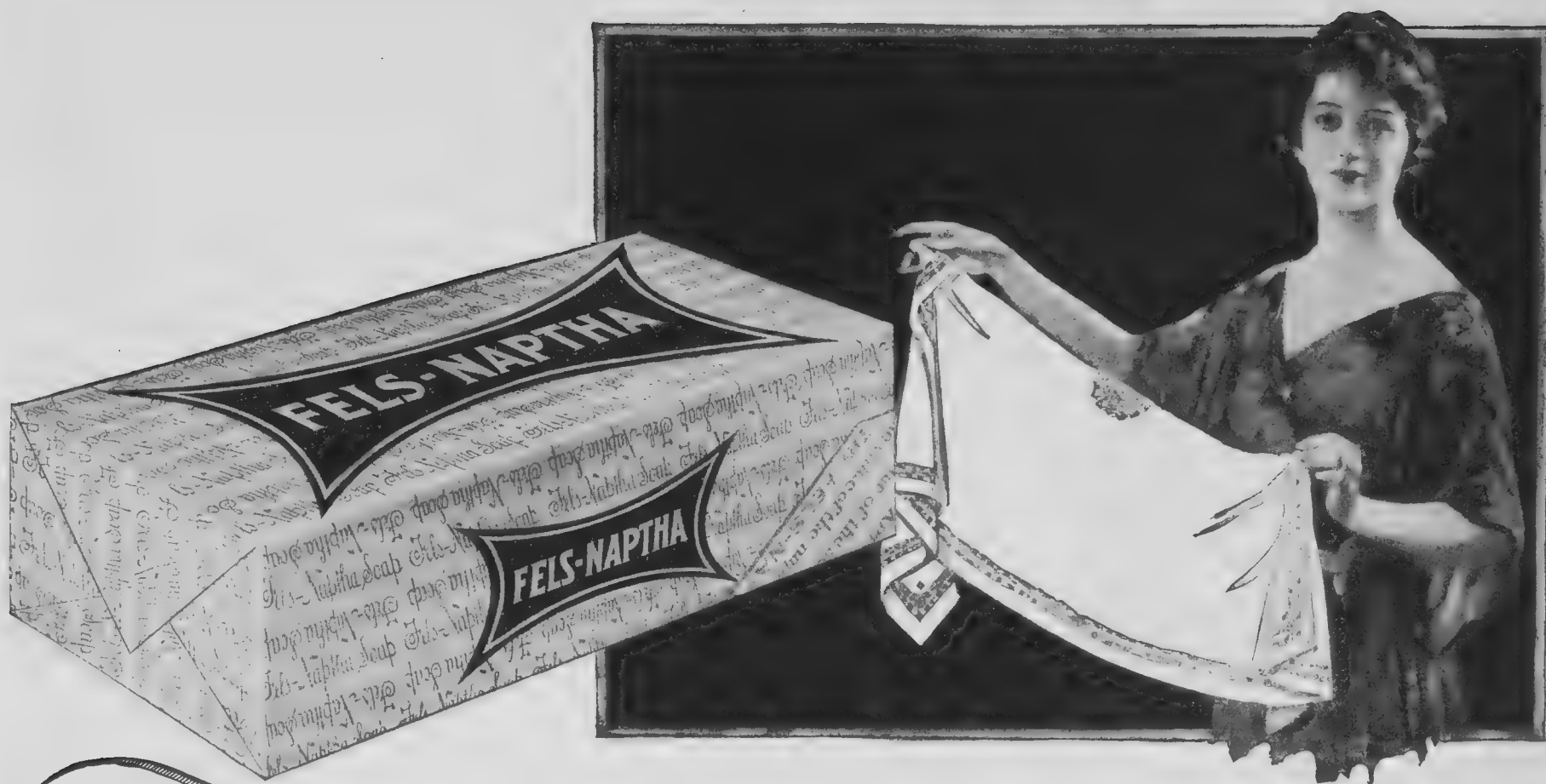
"I think," he continued, "we can give the St. Clair Theriault up for good. Most two months coming across with a cargo of salt. She's a new schooner, sir. This is her maiden voyage. Lots of them are lost the first trip, sir. And she was reported bottom up off Bay of Fundy. All her crew's folks are for sure she's gone. All aboard lost. That's how it be, sir—"

"I was on her; I'll tell you."

Two months and two weeks gone and not a single ship sighted her. Weeping mothers and wives and children in that Nova Scotia bay. And yet the melancholy fact of her loss was not theirs to hang even that wee bit of assurance upon. Tales came and went as the days passed and weary eyes scanned the headland, and sorrowful neighbors crowded together in their little homes. But while there's life there's hope, and one day the little village by the sea was



Cooks at a Nova Scotia bean feed.



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Black Tips

By H. M. Batten

Con'd from page 5

Hitherto the open gateway had proved his way of passage from field to field, but never again did he face one! Sooner would he leap the wall, showing himself against the skyline, and this he formed the habit of doing. Though perilous in one way it nevertheless enabled him to obtain full views of the surrounding country at regular intervals, and when the keeper saw the hare which always leapt the wall instead of heading for the gate, he knew there was a night poacher on his range.

One morning Black Tips was startled by a new and terrifying sound which somehow sent shudders of fear through every fibre of his body. It was a long-drawn, bass "woo-o-o-o," followed by the blast of a huntsman's horn, and into the bent allotment, following his trail, came a pack of immense brown and black-and-white dogs. They were short legged, slow-moving creatures, yet there was something quiet and systematic in their ways which seemed to indicate that they were terribly sure. The men who were with them followed on foot—the beagles!

Black Tips was up and away with a good 100 yards to spare, floating, gliding over the landscape, looking behind. Something seemed to tell him that this was to be the day of his life when, ounce to ounce, pound to pound, he and his foes were to be weighed in the balance together. The morning echoes awoke with that thunderous "woo-o-o-o" of the hunting pack. It gave speed to Black Tips' feet; lightly he sped over the boundary wall, heading northwards where the mountains tailed off into green foothills, each hill capped with a blue haze of pine trees. Three miles he put between himself and the hounds, then, conscious now of their slowness, confident in his own speed, he back-tracked and zig-zagged, tied knots in his trail and broke it a dozen times, then sped up the hillside overlooking the valley, where he had time to scratch his ear and speculate.

Slowly, steadily, the hounds came on. They reached the tangle of tracks, began to cast wide till one of them struck the trail again beyond the maze and headed towards him, giving tongue. Again that death-like "woo-o-o-o" rang out, and, following the lead, the hounds came on, deterred hardly a minute by the elaborate tangle of trails which little Black Tips had delayed so long to make. They did not see the hare, for he was up and away again at speed—over the pine ridge and down into the valley, skirting a wall-side here, leaping a laughing brook. For miles he ran, and not till all was quiet did he pause and soundlessly mount the wall-top as a point of observation.

"Woo-o-o-o! Woo-o-o-o!" The hounds came over the hill, working steadily towards him, following his trail with unerring accuracy, with infallible certainty.

Black Tips slid down and on. His heart was thumping now—not with exhaustion, for as yet he had scarcely exerted himself, but with fear. It was the consciousness that his marvellous speed—his only weapon of self-defence—was of no value against these foes that tracked and tracked and never failed. A strange weakness began to possess his limbs, tempting him to run panic-stricken in foolish circles, or to back-track to some place he knew and crouch there. Now the river barred his way. He had lost time zig-zagging through the wood, and he lost time again by running up and down the bank in the hope of finding an easy crossing.

Suddenly the hounds burst full in view, not fifty yards away, and the terrifying death-sound rose to a crescendo as they saw him. Into the river plunged the hare, to emerge on the other side a dripping skeleton of his former self. Some of the hounds had crossed lower down and were ready and waiting for him. Burdened by his heavy coat Black Tips was compelled to zig-zag for his life. He sped across the meadow, putting forth his energy for

the first time. And so after a mile or two he had again left the pack behind.

Again he paused, and watched, and waited, and listened—that fatal step—but he had not long to wait this time. Scarcely had he refilled his lungs when the hounds were on him again, slowly following—following. He had made a wide detour of his home range, the centre of which was marked by the village and the keeper's house, and now he headed back in that direction, hard pressed as never before. It was not fatigue that pressed him, but that haunting, following "woo-o-o-o."

Never before had the country seemed so full of foes. Men and boys were waiting on every hill-top watching the sport and ready to lend a hand by turning the hare. Sheep-dogs lurked in unexpected corners, shot out from farm buildings to turn and pursue him, so that he was forced to take unchosen routes where wet ground and unknown obstacles handicapped his going.

Real terror now was upon the hare. Many times he faltered and stopped as though uncertain which way to go, so beset was he by enemies. Once he reached the open roadway and fled at speed for a mile or so, but only to be turned by a whole crowd of school-children who joined in the chase.

Over the wall and across the meadow he headed, to be turned again by a string of sportingly attired men and girls—turned back the way he had come, on to the roadway, to find the whole pack close to his heels.

There was need for speed now, and, too weary to take the wall again, little Black Tips headed down the village street. Patter-patter went his paws, "boo-woo-hoo-oo" bellowed the pack close behind. Past open doorways he sped, where men and women stood in groups, shouting and waving as the tortured creature sped by. Once a man struck at him with a garden rake, once he found himself dodging in and out among the legs of a group of frightened children. His ears were laid back now, he was hardly able to keep pace with the hounds.

At the end of the main street the road forked left and right, and here the hare suddenly raised his ears as he swerved to the right. His speed was gathering now—his old buoyancy and ease of gait seemed for the time to return. Over the wall to the banks of the burn he headed—up the hillside, following the laughing stream, and here was the object of his revived hopes—the fallen tree which so often had proved a friend in need!

But, as he set his foot to cross, little Black Tips saw the head and shoulders of a man rise from the bushes on the other side. The man was waiting for him—a villager who knew his runways!

Baffled, beaten, his last hope shattered, his last retreat shut off, the hare turned—heading he knew not where. The hounds burst into view again, men were running down the hillside; there was only one way he could take, so he took it.

O little Black Tips, the end is very near at hand! Soon we shall see the Crowning Glory of the chase, a solitary little creature tortured out of existence, a wonderful running machine, run to destruction! See how he falters at every stride, ears laid back, eyes starting from his sockets! He has tried every trick he knows. He has failed! How could it be otherwise with the hand of the whole country against him?

Over yet another wall, to drag, limply, slowly across the road again, and—at last!—through a gate. Into the very churchyard he goes—down the sunny pathway between the yews, then on with dragging steps to the very doors of the Seat of Holiness.

Which way will he head now—now in the hour of his direst need? There comes a fresh outburst from the hounds, struggling to enter the gates of the Holy Ground, and a little fox terrier bounds to meet them—for this is his domain, a property within his keeping.

The church door is ajar—within is quietude and calm, and through those sheltering doors, yes, to the very chancel steps, there

(Continued on page 9)



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The Fugitives

By Edith G. Bayne

Cont'd from page 4

Miss Wynne drew herself up suddenly. "We?" she observed, stiffly. "The problem is mine."

"Oh, but I'm no less involved!" he returned, quickly. "We—er—seem to be the parents pro tem, you know."

Gloria blushed. She appeared to hesitate and then remembering that he had heard her give herself the title of "Mrs." she gathered courage.

"Very well," she said, finally. "If you don't consider it too much trouble, I'll be glad to have your help in the city. We'll go at once to the Refuge and leave him there. It is very kind of you, I'm sure. I suppose you have a little one of your own?"

"I'm not married," said the officer with a smile.

"Well, I don't happen to live in the city," explained Gloria twirling her mother's wedding ring about with just the requisite amount of self-consciousness, "or I'd take the baby right home with me and help him till we advertised. I've been talking to the conductor and it was he who advised me to go to the Refuge."

The Captain looked fixedly at the plain gold band.

When the train drew in to the station the Captain took the infant and Gloria's grip, the latter carrying only the baby's mother's fat bag and they started across to the taxi stand. But halfway there they were halted by a stout man in plain clothes.

"This your own child?" asked this person coming up hurriedly.

"Well—er—no," replied the officer, rather more than a little embarrassed and glancing helplessly at his companion. "You see—"

"It's this way—" began Gloria, blushing under the cold glare of the arc lights which were no colder than the eye of the plain clothes man.

"I've been asked to stop a young woman with a baby that doesn't belong to her," said the official in a crisp tone. "And now I must have an explanation."

"That's all right," said the Captain, eagerly. "The baby was dumped into this young lady's arms back at a little station called Meadford. We were on our way with him to the Refuge."

The official looked suspicious.

"That sounds very plausible, sir. I hope it is true," he said. "And you'll be willing to hand him over at once to the station matron I suppose? Otherwise, I'll have to—er—hold you both."

"Hold us?" exclaimed Miss Wynne, in amazement.

"For attempted abduction."

"Great Caesar's ghost!" and the Captain shifted the infant to his other arm and exchanged glances with his partner-in-crime. He laughed shortly.

The man in plain clothes decided that the glances were guilty ones; that the laugh was one of defiance.

"I think I'd better arrest you, anyway," he said.

Gloria grew pale.

"As—as if we hadn't been through enough!" she said, with a look of comical despair. "By whose authority do you—" she began.

"Lady named Courtice," broke in the plain clothes man. "The telegraphers' strike has just been lifted and she got her message through ten minutes ago. I suppose she's been trying to catch you all along the line. She got off the train to speak to a friend and the train went on and left her. The message is incoherent. Dare say she's very much upset. Would be, naturally. Will you both come along with me, now?"

"We will not," returned the Captain.

He drew out a card and extended it. The plain clothes man gave it a glance, then a sharper one, and immediately was very apologetic.

A few words of explanation on the part of both followed. Then Gloria kissed the baby good-bye and left it in the matron's kindly care. Five minutes later in silence and a closed cab she and the Captain were bowling along a smooth city avenue, en route to Gloria's aunt's home.

"This will teach me a lesson," remarked Gloria, finally, and her tone was humble to a degree. "My aunt isn't even expecting me. You see I was running away."

"Running away?"

"From Cousin Gracia Manley's house party."

"Oh?"

"Providing myself with an alibi. Cousin Gracia has a mania for entertaining celebrities and she wanted me to be there

specially to meet one of them, a noted war correspondent and hero, Stephen Farnham. I used his name in the train because it was the first that occurred to me, I suppose. Cousin Gracia's celebrities usually bore me stiff. I—daresay I've shocked you."

"You have," said the Captain, soberly.

"For you see—"

"Yes?" as he broke off, hesitatingly.

"You see, I happen to be—Stephen Farnham."

When Gloria had gotten back her breath and a portion of her equilibrium after this announcement she timidly extended a hand.

"No wonder that man at the station was all apologies!" she said.

"Oh, that's a grandstand stunt I don't pull off very often," said Captain Farnham as he gripped the small hand proffered him so humbly. "But the fellow was so suspicious I simply had to play my ace. And by the way, I, too, am running away from the party."

"No! Why?"

"First because I abhor a parlor parade and the limelight generally. So I suddenly had an important engagement in the city and left Woodridge. Secondly—"

"Yes?"

"Well, Mrs. Manley intimated that there were to be some clever people present. She mentioned one in particular, a Miss Wynne. I think the name was. I don't like these ultra-brainy women. Can't talk up to 'em you know. So I—I beat it."

The taxi stopped at a stand lighted by two large opalescent globes on stone pillars.

"I suppose you think me a cad," observed the Captain as he got out and turned to assist Gloria. "So I'll take myself off without further—"

"No I don't. And you won't," returned Gloria, masterfully. "Come on in and meet my aunt. I'll wager it isn't every night she has a V.C. to dinner!"

Black Tips

By H. M. Batten

Cont'd from page 8

steals—a Shadow from the Wild, one of the few to whom Nature has given no chosen sanctuary.

At the threshold of the church, bristling from tail to brow yet in mortal terror of his life, prepared to defend his master's property against this horde of foreign foes, there stands a small fox terrier! The leading hounds hang back, overawed by the absolute audacity of it, and the terrier, trembling with fear, leaps upon the foremost and flings him back.

Then from the yew trees, gasping for breath and stumbling as he runs, there comes a man—a ragged, disreputable man, whose very ease of stride seems to betray him as a poacher. In the ace of time he catches up the terrier in his arms, slams the door of the church behind him, then turns with savage anger upon the pack.

"You cowardly brutes!" he yelled, using his hob-nailed boots with effect. "You bullying, cowardly devils! Thirty of you after one small beastie, but he's fooled you now! Get out! Get out!"

* * * * *

At the hour of sundown a ragged, disreputable man stole like a thief to the doors of the church, and listened. Quietly he raised the latch and peered in. He had not entered this place since his childhood's days, yet as this simple sinner stole up the aisle, leaving the doors wide open behind him, there was something in the bowed head and quiet footsteps which seemed in keeping with the sacred things about him. The pale sunshine, falling athwart the chancel tiles, showed for a moment on the moving figure of a hare as it darted for the open doors, then was gone.

The man turned to follow. "Good-bye, little Racehorse," he murmured. "It was me and the terrier what kept them out for you! We may do a bit on our own, but we like to see fair play and straight deals. I may get you next tracking snow, though you tricked me last, but—" and he turned again to the altar—"this ain't for the likes of you and me," he said, "not till we're real hard pressed, but I reckon you'll be safe from me in here, sonny. Good-bye!"

And he, too, like a Shadow from the Wild, slid back into the sunshine.



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Ranks of the Useless

By Miss Sydney Snook

BURKE had been relegated to the ranks of the no longer useful, or so it was surmised, in view of the circumstances, and free discussion of this latest dictate from the editorial sanctum where Edward Kane held undisputed sway filled the city news room of the Herald office. A group of reporters gathered at Tom Rhea's desk went over the matter from every angle. It was really a solemn moment, shadowed by a slight feeling of sadness and, perhaps, misgiving, for the office would not seem the same without Anderson Burke, known among his associates, old and young, as Dad. He had been there for many years.

Dad's summons to the office had not been unexpected, even to the others of the force, and still less unexpected to Dad himself. The belief that it would occur sooner or later had been lurking in the background for several months, since Kane's becoming managing editor. His sentiments concerning Dad's place in the office were well known. He did not dislike Dad personally, it was believed, though the reserved Kane's likes and dislikes were not made generally public, but he affirmed that no self-respecting newsgathering force should have a member of nearly sixty years.

Dad was nearing his sixtieth year but with powers undiminished, as hale and hearty physically and as mentally awake as the youngest and most enthusiastic cub reporter. No other reporter could find news or write news quite so well as Dad, it was admitted in most cases, though opinion on the matter slightly differed.

"Dad's too editorially inclined to write a top-notch news-story," one young reporter commented in a superior manner with a half glance towards the forbidding office door which had closed behind Dad a short time ago. "I see Kane's point of view, all right." He had imagined that his first statement was the one Kane would have made.

"O, you do," was the quick retort from Tom Rhea, a staunch defender of Dad, "well, you may, but I don't. I think it's a darned shame. Dad has trained more reporters in this office and good ones, too, most of 'em, than Kane ever laid eyes on. He just got the efficiency idea and got it strong, too. I'm all for efficiency methods, all right, but I'll be darned if you don't have to violate a pet theory once in a while and use a little bit of common sense. Dad's been in the newspaper game all his life and, believe me, he knows it from start to finish. I don't think he's getting a square deal." Rhea kicked the end of the desk savagely. "I bet a dollar Kane is telling him in chilly tones that it's from no sense of personal aversion—none whatever—but merely a matter of scientific efficiency. The greatest good for the greatest number stuff."

That Dad would be fired, and permanently fired, was agreed. Kane was not one of your men to change his mind. Once decided, then done, was his practice. Hard luck for Dad, they felt.

And they were not wrong. Kane, capable and clever, determined that for the sake of efficiency Dad should go, explained impersonally that it was merely a matter of his age. Dad had nothing to say in reply, no arguments to set before Kane. His pride forbade. In the inner editorial office he sat quietly before Kane, facing him squarely, but with little to say. He might have explained that for nearly forty years he had served faithfully on the Herald staff through prosperity and through strife, a service marked by untiring efforts from the time he was a young man with all the radiant enthusiasm of youth and the paper was a small weekly journal, until now he was nearing sixty and the paper had become a metropolitan daily. Burke had started out as the only reporter, assistant editor, and general business manager in one when the paper was founded in an eastern city. The management had changed, and the staff had changed many, many times but through all the changes Burke had remained, as boy and as older man. He

had served as managing editor at various times, but it was the reporter's game that he loved. He was better at getting a story than at telling others to get it, he often explained.

But Kane fired him. When he closed the door of Kane's office and passed down the length of the news-room before the eyes of the reporters, slightly curious but withal sympathetic, he was calm and his expression betrayed no emotion. Dad looked as he always did. A sudden silence fell over the little group of reporters at Tom's desk as he appeared, but he attempted a grin and succeeded, seeming not to notice their unwonted quiet. "Hey, boys, what's doing? Everybody taking a vacation? How's Miss Jane?" smiling cheerfully at the young girl who was writing a society column on the Herald, "What's going on in clubs?"

With the exception of Tom Rhea, they all answered him in like manner. In the artificial glow of the desk lights they could not see how pale his face was, nor the pain in his eyes. Dad was a brave man, and he bore this bravely.

He left the office that night, gathering up from his old desk in the end of the room a few slight personal belongings. Tom Rhea followed him to his desk when he was preparing to leave. Dad had been the first to receive Tom into the Herald office seven years ago as a new, totally inexperienced reporter. He had trained him, helped him, and stood between him and many a lecture sometimes, perhaps, deserved. It was almost with tears in his eyes that he put his hand on the older man's arm. "Dad," he began fiercely, "it's rank injustice—there's no fairness—"

"Never mind, my son, don't say any more about it," Tom was interrupted.

"But where are you going, Dad, and what are you going to do?"

Dad smiled. "I am going to be a farmer, Tom. I have a little place out near the edge of town. I always thought if I weren't in the newspaper game I'd take up farming. But I could never tear myself away. However, that's neither here nor there. I'll be out near Wakeland and with my flowers and garden take up a life a little more suited to my years," he added whimsically, without a trace of bitterness. "I'll be out there when you want me, Tom, and come as often as you like."

Dad did not come back to the office or even drop in from time to time as it had been expected that he might do. He remained quietly in his new home at the very edge of the city, set apart as it were from the busy rush and din to which he had been accustomed. It had been a surprise to all the Herald staff that he had not come around. Even Tom wondered why he did not come into the office some night for an old-time talk. They used to have great talks! But he did not come. None of them realized that the hurt of being pushed back grew less poignant if he stayed away.

All of Dad's days were quiet ones as he lived in his little cottage with its bit of garden plot and small yard. A sincere liking for the new life began to grow upon him. He liked it particularly in the evening when with his pipe lighted he sat in the corner of the little porch behind its screen of honeysuckle vines and smoked and thought. But out from the sweetness of the long summer evenings and out from the smoke haze of his peaceful evening pipe, Dad's thoughts penetrated just as keenly the world's conditions and marked just as carefully its trend of events. He read a great deal and talked now and then with certain friends of the old days who sought him out. Among them was Tom Rhea, and frequently Jane Kelsey with him, who fell into the habit of coming out to see him as often as he could find the time.

"We like to come just as often as we can, Dad," Jane had said simply on the occasion of her latest visit as they sat in the cool shadows of the porch. "Of course, we only get a few minutes at a time, but it's refreshing. Back at the office we look at everything that happens with a sort of hurried glance just to get copy in on press time. You

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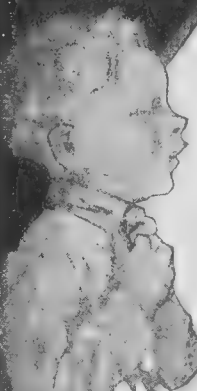
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Ranks of the Useless

By Miss S. Snook

Cont'd from page 10

seem to think it all out, though, to know the reason for things happening as they did instead of some other way, and why they happened when they did, and what is almost sure to happen immediately afterwards. Everything you say seems so—so seasoned."

Dad only laughed quietly, but Tom took up the same thought. "That's right, Dad. Take the Wakeland plant business you've been talking about to-night. You say that the factory employees are certain to strike under the circumstances, and you trace back each event to its source of discontent—red flag waving and all that."

"Yes," nodded Dad seriously, "that may be soon, sooner than any of us think, perhaps. It's just as well to keep an eye on things like that—watch 'em. How about it, Miss Jane Kelsey," he added lightly, "will you keep an eye on the world's industrial fevers?"

"Now, you're laughing at me," she accused. "But I am willing to admit it frankly—I did not know about this Wakeland disturbance. They ought to have you at the head of the firm, Dad," she said with a touch of friendship's pride, "you know how to handle men."

Dad laughed. "My dear child, I, a humble truckster to be a great financial head! What would I do, pray?"

Later that evening as Dad lay awake looking out into the night through an open window, he saw a dim red light in the sky which seemed to grow brighter while he watched. He waited quietly a few moments and then jumped, startled. Right in the direction of the Wakeland textile mills—just what he had feared. Rapidly on the heels of the realization of what was occurring came the thought of the Herald.

He moved about quickly then. He must catch the early morning edition. The attempt might be vain, but it would mean something to scoop the town on the biggest news for years. It was the Herald's reputation to get news first, but in this case by the time they got a reporter out from town there would be opportunity for men from all rival papers to get there, too.

Yes, it was up to Dad. He dressed quickly, putting on his old red sweater and cap, and struggled around in the dark recesses of the back porch for his bicycle. Dad forgot that he was nearly sixty years old and he did not once remember that he had been fired from the Herald staff by Kane. He remembered only that he must get to Wakeland, scene of riot and fire and even death, he made no doubt, and get there at the earliest possible moment. "It was rather a hard night ride in the darkness over roads that were not always smooth. Only the moon threw patches of light along the roadway through the dark network of the trees."

But Dad rode steadily on in the darkness, borne up by a certain sense of excitement which nerved him for anything which the night's adventures might hold. His pulse beat quickly, and his eye was bright. A short distance from the main entrance gate to the mills, Dad sprang from his bicycle and leaving it in the dark shadows of a tree ran forward quickly. Mingled noise of hoarse shoutings and shrill cries and the rushing of many feet reached his ears. Men and women and even terrified children thronged the grounds. Direful mutterings were heard on every hand. Faces were wild and distorted, showing in a weird light by flames which leaped towards the night sky. The crowd seemed bent towards destruction, and the din was terrific.

Into the seething, rushing mass of humanity, Dad worked his way as quickly as possible, determined to get it all and get the early happenings. He was a reporter enough to know that the task was not easy. The Herald's morning edition was uppermost in his mind. Other papers were getting men on the ground. He worked rapidly, moving here and there, recording in a series of vivid mental pictures the awful scenes which appeared before him. Twice he narrowly escaped injury from crushing blows which were being dealt right and left, felling many to the ground. Once he stumbled but regained his footing and

sped on. The strength of the man even at nearing sixty did not forsake him.

Fire was wrecking damage in many portions of the plant, and the danger was becoming greater. Nothing seemed able to stem the tide of pent-up violent emotions let loose in a sudden, surging wave of wrath which was engulfing thousands in its path of destruction. Dad was getting the facts but he was still seeking the most vital touch of human interest for the biggest riot story in newspaper history.

Running towards the main building where the quarters of the company officials were located and where the heaviest vengeance was being wreaked by the angry mob, Dad, had the time been sufficient for him to analyse his suspicion, would have felt sure that the summit of the evening's disorder would be reached in an explosion at the main plant. The surmise proved correct.

But it was not for Dad to watch what happened for any length of time. He could not explain afterwards the exact circumstances but a sudden thundering crash, wild shrieks, a deadening sense of confusion, and Dad, along with many others, was thrown to the ground. For a moment he could not move. It was only by the sheerest nerve that he half-way forced himself up only to fall back with a groan. "Get me out of here," he said desperately, clutching at a passerby, "get me out quick! I must get out of here." Going so far, he could not fail. He must reach the Herald office even though the last ounce of human effort and energy were expended. If all else in his life up to date had been a failure, he must not fail in this—the greatest attempt he had ever made. "It's my leg," he said, "get me out of here. To the Herald office!"

Someone lifted him. The pain was terrible, and Dad, with a groan on his lips, lost consciousness.

In as gentle a manner as possible a small group of men carried Dad, a limp burden, through the city news-room of the Herald and into the private editorial office of Kane. "Right here," directed Kane, adjusting a pillow for Dad's head on the office couch, "put him here." Dad's face was pale, but his eyes were keenly bright. He had regained consciousness on the way and was perfectly calm.

"Get a reporter here, Kane," he said. "Where's Tom?" Tom was standing at the head of the couch.

"Here, Dad."

Without waiting longer to begin than it took Tom to run a sheet of paper into Kane's typewriter, Dad dictated such a story as he had never given out before in the Herald office, Kane leaned against his desk, smoking and watching Dad as he talked. Tom's fingers flew over Kane's typewriter and when the end of one sheet was reached, it was rushed back to the compositor. A hushed awe was over the little group who watched. The doctor who had been called kept a careful eye on Dad while he gave out his story, a story which was to hold the attention of the press for days and days to come, but could not see that he suffered any ill effects. Dad talked with fire and feeling, taking his hearers along with him.

When he had finished, Dad relaxed with a sigh. He had caught the early edition. The town was scooped on the biggest news-story of the day. He had won out in the last race he would ever run in the newspaper game. He had given his best.

Kane looked down at the injured man, lying helpless on the couch, wounded as a good soldier. "It was the highest type of loyalty I have ever witnessed," Kane declared, deeply moved. Dad's hurt was one time alone could heal, for reporter or not reporter, the fractured bones of a man of sixty do not knit like those of a boy of twenty. Kane, standing at Dad's side, hesitated a moment. Then he said frankly, "Dad, won't you come back when you can walk again?"

The moment might have been in the nature of a triumph for Dad, but he did not choose it that way. He shook his gray head ever so slightly and looked up at Kane, smiling, though he suffered intense pain. "I think I'll stick to the gardening, Kane, and let the younger fellows handle the news."

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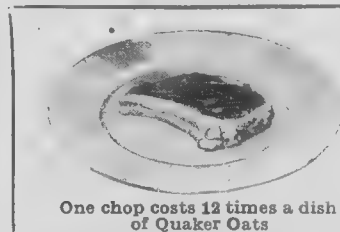
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The Quest for Loyalty

By JANE LLLIOTT

TOMMY hadn't the remotest idea what the word "loyalty" meant. He was only two years old when the war broke out, and his father, a rolling stone, always in search of excitement, had enlisted and gone overseas. And on the muddy fields of Flanders, just as dawn was breaking over a barren, desolate country, on a raw morning in the early part of March, '18, he had given up his life for a cause, the greatness of which he was only beginning to realize, and in his sacrifice he had blotted out the memory of a shiftless existence. But Tommy's mother did not weep, and Tommy knew nothing about the father who in this one sublime act had given him so glorious a heritage.

And as for Tommy's mother, with whom he had lived in a dirty room at the back of the third floor of a dirty tenement in an equally dirty street, she was not the kind of a mother of whom when he was older, he heard the other boys talking proudly. Unkempt as the dirty room in which they lived, her rough voice and unloving, forced attention drew no warmth or love from the stifed heart of little Tommy, whose heart was full of love had there been any creature on which to lavish it.

And then, one day Tommy had been taken for a long, long walk by his mother, away to the other side of the city and when he got tearfully tired, she had pushed him down on a bench in a park and told him to stay there. And Tommy never saw her again, for she never returned to find him. No, Tommy at the age of six had found nothing to love in his companionless world, and the love in his heart was by this time afraid to show itself, and he was as rough and abrupt as a child of six can be.

And now Tommy was nine. A month in a children's shelter with the kindly matron and attendants had only served to bewilder him, and then he was adopted by a well meaning philanthropic woman, who had more money than real love or Christian charity, and who had taken charge of the child for the sake of philanthropy, and had immediately sent him to a large boys' school in that prairie city as the easiest way to discharge her obligations to her ward during his youth.

But it was a large school with large classes, and Tommy was not used to boys or companions at all, and he drew off within himself, uncomprehending the abrupt advances of his dormitory mates and resenting their laughter and fun. No one had time to see just what was wrong with the starved little boy, and, suspicious as a child can grow, who has always been treated roughly, he did not return the friendliness of the few who persevered in their advances, and as boys are boys their chumminess turned to teasing and practical jokes and the child became even more bitter. They even found out that he was desperately unhappy. If only in those first few days there had come a man with a big and comprehending heart life would have been so much easier for the boy. But the masters, seeing him in scraps with the other boys, and too weary to investigate closely, thought him of a disagreeable disposition and punished him accordingly. Every man's hand was against Tommy and through no real fault of his own. No. He had not yet found anyone to teach him the meaning of the word "loyalty" that magic something, by the power of which great men are made and miracles are wrought in this everyday world.

And now he was nine. He had heard the boys talk of loyalty to the team, he had heard the masters speak of loyalty to the school and the colors, but he did not understand. How could he? How could he be loyal to some thing or person which he did not understand, or for which he had no affection, for the basis of loyalty is understanding, and, above all, love?

There was, however, one thing that stirred Tommy's heart and interest as nothing else had. It was a very small spark, but it was eventually to prove his salvation. One person had been consistently kind to him, had continued to treat him gently even though his advances had been answered again and again with abrupt rudeness, and for the chaplain of the school, a man with the heart of a boy and a great understanding, Tommy had more respect than for any other person who had entered his life. The masters were good men, and the boys were good boys, but there was something different in Dr. Clark, a wonderful something that pierced the rough armour of the child and penetrated into the shy heart. Tommy did not know it, but it was the spirit of Christ in the chaplain to which he instinctively, and even against his own volition, responded with a feeling that disturbed him.

Dr. Clark took it for granted that he would be nice, and he didn't seem to notice that he was rude and cross. At first, Tommy resented the new feeling that gradually took hold of him. He had never liked chapel any better than any of the other boys; the hard benches and the long lessons made him ineffectually weary and fidgety, but that was before Dr. Clark had ever spoken to him. Now he felt a strange and disturbing wish to go, and felt a peculiar pleasure in listening to the lessons. He didn't understand much of it, for he had never listened very intently, but the earnestness of the man now made a personal appeal to him.

The interest budded into friendship between the man and the child, a friendship gratified by rare meetings and chafes it is true, but one that grew stronger with each few words and the knowledge that he had a friend did wonderful things for Tommy. He was bitter yet and abrupt and rude, but his finer side had been awakened at least, and the desire to run away from the school, which had developed as his strength and body had become less urgent.

Then one day Tommy had asked the man the meaning of loyalty, this thing that was spoken of so often in the school and that he urged in Bible classes. And his friend had tried to make him understand, but the boy had gone away with a still hazy idea that loyalty was something beautiful, something fine, but something that he did not possess as far as he knew, and he had a great thought that if he only had "loyalty," whatever it was, he would be happy.

And then he found out. An older boy, the notoriously bad boy of the school, emerged from the head's door as Tommy crossed the "quad" from his talk with Dr. Clark. He had been expelled for his most recent offence, but seeing Tommy he decided to have one more fling, and began to taunt him. Remarks on his being a waif and thrusts at his lack of polish only made Tommy burn hotly, but a taunting jest about his friendship with the chaplain brought him to a halt with fingers that itched. The boy, delighted at seeing his victim roused, turned then to taunt the school. Now Tommy never had loved the school or its masters, but suddenly he felt an inexpressible feeling to come to their defence. Another slighting remark about Dr. Clark finished it. Friend, school and masters mixed inextricably in one righteous cause. Tommy, throwing all caution to the winds, pitched into the bigger boy.

Now fighting in the "quad" was a most heinous offence and also a heavy and uncomfortable penalty lay before Tommy if he received another demerit mark during that week, but he was filled with the rightness of his cause and "dug in" careless of what might follow.

Just how awful a fight in the "quad" was could be gathered from the expressions of the little boys, who half-fearfully gathered around the tumbling pair. Then a prefect saw from an upper window, and (Contd. on page 13)

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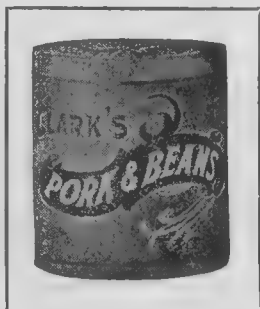
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"And the First Shall be the Last"

By Sada V. Blair

NOTHING worth while had happened for so long in the sleepy little village of Benford that everyone was feeling stale and out of sorts. Conversations on sundry verandahs that faced the St. Lawrence at that point had flickered and gone out day after day, and many a nap was being openly indulged in because there was nothing to stay awake for. July bid fair to be set down in not a few Benfordian diaries as a decidedly prosy and sticky cycle, to be avoided next year by a trip somewhere, when suddenly Philip Ward was back again from Detroit, or possibly Buffalo, with a stunning little roadster. Benford waked from its unanimous nap, and lapsed conversations sprang into instant activity, all because this was Phil's first trip back to Ontario since he had left home immediately after the death of Melissa, his third wife, the year before. Had he come back in seemly widowhood a few would have resumed their naps; but to have returned with all the panoply of a recently acquired motor outfit meant but one thing, and all Benford knew the symptom at first glance. Hence the sleepless afternoons on Benford verandahs.

If Philip himself had any plans he gave no sign for at least a month, and the situation grew acute among those who, for the sake of the roadster, were not averse to being catalogued as "Phil's wife. His fourth, you know! Wouldn't you despise to think about the other three? But then, I suppose, one could think about the car instead. It would be some comfort not to have to share that with the other three anyway!"

Meanwhile the car dodged in and out of Benford to the Ward farm, or stood idle in the dooryard while its driver did mysterious things indoors. No one was able to find out just what he was doing, for he had acquired an unwonted ability to hold his own council, and friends who passed the farm and stopped for a chat were tactfully but firmly kept in the yard.

Packing boxes were filled and carted to the station, but the same train that carried them to a Montreal orphanage dropped others just as unwieldy billed to Philip and bearing the imprint of a Toronto housefurnishing establishment.

Benford was agog. Society divided itself into factions, each setting forth with the air of having inside information, its conclusions as to Phil's next move. On one point all factions were a unit—Benford had never seen the like before.

Then one day someone saw Philip lock the front door, give a satisfied backward glance, and jump into the car. But he didn't turn towards the village. Instead he stepped in the accelerator and disappeared up the road that led—where did it lead? Benford put its collective head together and thought.

But collective thinking does not arrive without its interruptions and uncertainties; and long before it had dawned on the minister's wife, who had known Phil from his babyhood, that it "might be Hetty Blake," he had decided that it not only could but would be Hetty.

Hetty was perhaps the only spinster in the village who felt no thrill of excitement at the announcement that Philip Ward was home again and opening up his house. It was likely that he would be bringing a wife from the States, and what if he did? Life was very pleasant among her flowers, and she had quite forgotten the sorrow she had felt when he had gone away in anger from his first wooing. She had almost forgotten, too, that second time when she had sent him away because of her mother's dependence on her. But she had not forgotten the third time when he had failed to come! It may have been this that rendered her indifference as nearly perfect as it was. That there was a flaw in her armor

was apparent when she drew back in alarm as Philip's car stopped at her gate just as she had gone out to water her plants.

She set the pitcher on the bottom step and waited near the roses. As he came near she suddenly remembered that she had stood just there when she was seventeen, and memory flashed a picture of him flinging himself on his horse and riding off in the moonlight without a word. She moved hastily away from the roses. It would never do to stand there lest memory trick him too.

But Philip wasn't looking at the roses. He came straight up the path, striding along in his old impetuous way. Holding out his arms to her, he said but one word—"Hetty!" She hadn't known until that moment how wonderful her name was, for suddenly all the years between then and seventeen were swept away by the magic of the word, and neither of them remembered that it was broad daylight, nor that their hair was gray.

Later, as he led her out to the patient

little roadster, he said timidly, "Hetty, the past is gone. Will you promise to remember that? All the rest is ours—just ours." It was awkwardly put, but she knew what he was trying to tell her, and she laid her hand in his and nodded. Strangely enough, it seemed not to matter that she was not seventeen, and that youth was forever gone. Nor did she notice the dashing little car at all. Its beauty and speed were wasted just then. She only knew that after all life had not passed her by, and she was glad.

When Philip threw open the door of the home he had prepared for her, and she found not one thing to remind her that she was not the first bride whom it had welcomed, unbidden tears rewarded him for the delicacy of feeling which his boyhood love had renewed in him.

In less than nine days thereafter, Benford settled down for another nap, rousing up only long enough to find out how the first wife's children felt about it, for they all came trooping home to greet their fourth mother, who didn't "despise to think of the other three." She hadn't time. Philip and the grandchildren kept her too busy and too happy.

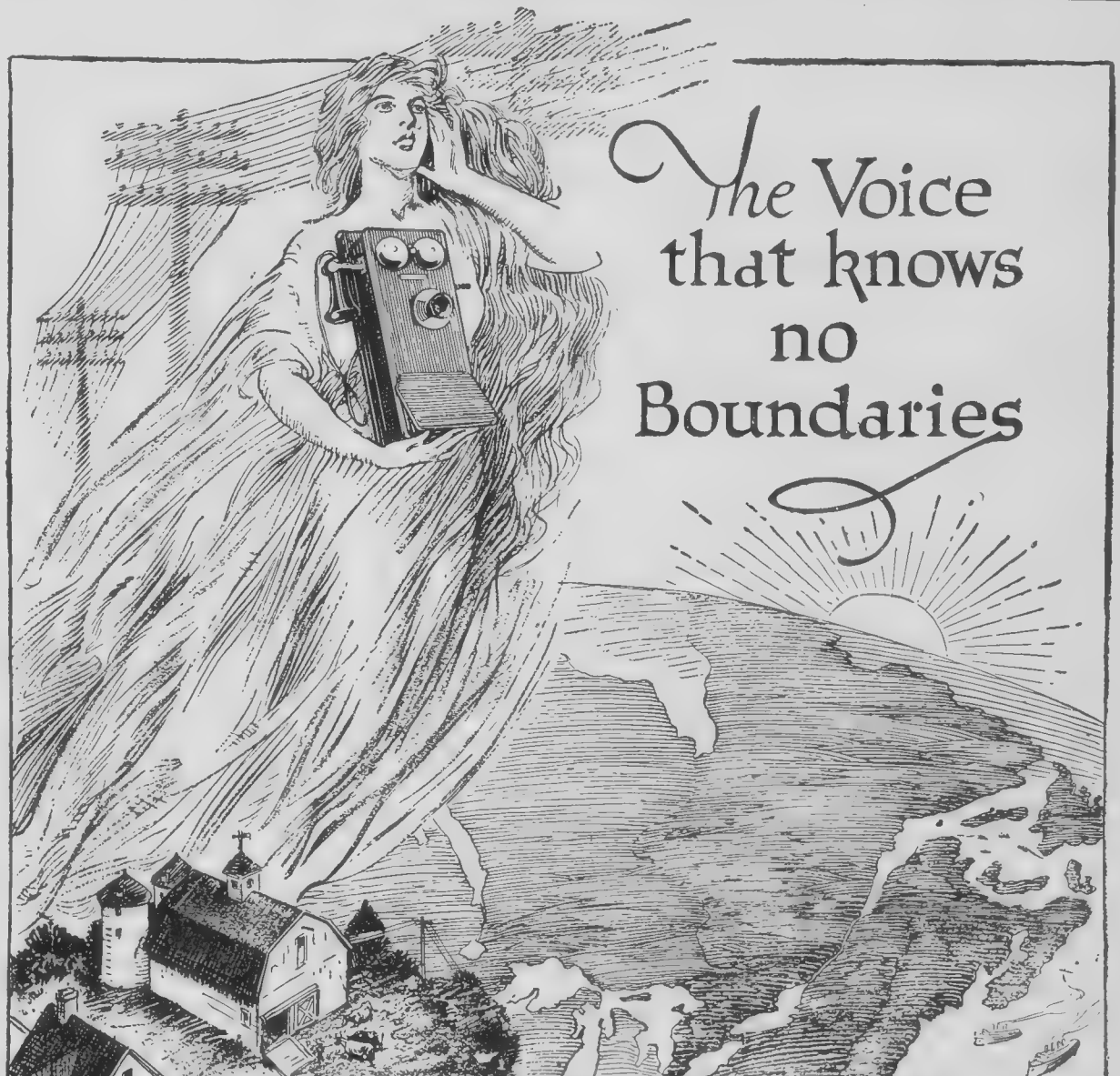
The Quest for Loyalty

By Jane Elliott

Cont'd from page 12

the cricket team ran up just as the two dusty and torn opponents were being forcibly separated. Tommy had had the best of it, and he eyed his enemy with satisfaction, although, like a true Spartan, he remained speechless as to the cause of the row, as he was led off to punishment. It was the other boy who, muddy and fearful, had blurted out the cause of the fight, before he was freed from the crowd and allowed to go on his way out from the school gates. And as the boys scattered the remark was heard: "The little bouncer has some decent spirit after all. Let's look him up."

That small boy, who saw the light in that big prairie city school, is now one of the most brilliant and most courageous of the medical missionaries in the dark country of Africa. And what draws the dusky men and women and children to him is his manliness, his courage, and his Christian spirit. Dr. Clark lies in a quiet corner of a picturesque cemetery in Southern Alberta, but his spirit lives on and will grow as Christianity is spread wider through the converts of his pupil.



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An Artist in Wax

By Gertrude E. Altree Coley



HIS story really began one evening three months ago. I remember it had been a perfect spring day, but the night was cool enough to make the log fire feel cosy. Herbert was lazily looking at a fashionable arts and crafts magazine when he suddenly shattered the peaceful silence by a derisive burst of laughter.

"Well!" he commented, "We had the renaissance of the rag rug, the old patch-work quilt has become the ornament of priceless collections, and now its the turn of the wax flowers."

"Wax flowers?" I queried.

"Yes, those monstrosities under glass domes that belonged to our grandmothers' days. But we must not jeer at them. They are being 'discovered' by connoisseurs and are fetching all sorts of fancy prices."

"It does seem rather silly," I answered, as I folded up a frock I was embroidering for Baby, "but perhaps poor Miss Devereux will be able to dispose of hers. She has four groups under those funny shades."

Bert turned the page. "Has she?" he asked carelessly. Then he added, "I saw her to-day, she was just coming out of that baby shop you go to. She seems to be getting a bit queer. You know what a warm, sunny day it was, the sidewalks were as dry as a bone, and yet she had her rubbers on."

"Oh, Bert! Not really?"

"Sure, I saw them!" he assured me as his eyes swept down the page.

But I looked at him unhappily, "Oh," I said, "can't you see why?"

He glanced over at me in surprise, "Why, what does it matter?"

"It just means that the poor dear has no shoes that are fit to be seen on the street," I replied.

He looked at me uneasily. He is one of the kindest of men and cannot bear to think of anyone being in distress, so, in a sort of self-defense, he adopted an attitude of unbelief.

"Nonsense," he answered, "you imagine things. She can't be so poor as that."

"But she is! I am sure of it. She hasn't had any new clothes for ages, and oh! my dear, she is getting fearfully thin. It is dreadful to think of it, because there isn't a thing we can do to help her. She is so frightfully proud and sensitive that I think it would kill her to know that she was even being pitied. It is too pathetic to hear the little fables she invents to account for her different economies."

"Oh, that's nonsense," said my husband again, in a crushing way men have when confronted with a difficulty they don't like to acknowledge. "If she is really in want she ought to be made to accept something. It's ridiculous to think of anyone starving whom we know."

"Yes, but I don't know what to do. I wouldn't dare offer anything. Not anything that counts, I mean, like a new pair of shoes. Of course, she doesn't mind accepting the usual conventional hospitalities."

"Can't she do something to earn money?"

"What can she do. Everbody is required to be so smart and up-to-the-minute, nowadays, and she is so absolutely opposite to that."

A silence fell between us as I thought perplexedly of our friend. She was English and quite elderly—over sixty, I should think. She came to this country some years ago with a brother who had since died. I seemed to be the closest friend she had, but though I loved her, and I think she loved me, I always felt a little in awe of her. Her straight shoulders always rebuked my tendency to flop, and her old-world dignity of bearing and refined accent seemed to set her immeasurably apart from the hurly-burly of our western life. It seemed dreadful to think of her coming into competition with its merciless rush and passion for efficiency.

"I believe you are worrying yourself over nothing," said Bert, returning to his original position, "She has an income from England."

"She had. But she told me once that the war made a great difference to many

people's incomes, and I am sure she was referring to her own. It was when we were talking of a subscription to something."

Herbert was silenced if not convinced, and I resumed after a moment, "If those wax-work things are really becoming valuable couldn't we somehow get someone to make her an offer for them?"

But he shook his head slowly, "I don't think it is likely. It is only a fad that a few choice souls would indulge in, and there's nobody of that sort in this town. The only relief I can suggest is to have her here as often as possible, twice a week, say, or just as often as you like; then we can be sure that she is getting one good meal anyway."

It was very dear of him and I agreed to the plan, but I was very dubious as to its success. I knew Miss Devereux and he didn't.

The next afternoon I went to see our friend to ask her to come to dinner on the following evening. She lived half a mile away at the top of a big old house which had been the home of wealthy people once, and which still had, with all its dinginess, a flavor of gentility about it that attracted people of small means and polite occupation. One always heard the dismal tinkle of a piano in the first floor apartment on the right which was labelled "Madame Jeune—Piano", while the opposite door announced "Miss Jeannette Foster, Hair and Cuticle Specialist". Miss Devereux's two small rooms were at the head of the second flight of stairs. There was a short interval between my knock and her opening the door, and though she bent and kissed me in her stately way, she seemed to hesitate before inviting me in.

Coming from my own modern home with its wide spaces and carefully thought-out scheme, Miss Devereux's room always seemed stuffy and cramped. The shabby little mantel-shelf was quite overpowered by three imposing groups of the wax flowers, while behind them and leaning against them at all angles were photographs, some fairly fresh, others stained and discolored with age. I had been introduced to them all, from "My nephew, a major in the Coldstream Guards", to a slender girl in orange blossoms and a lovely lace veil who married the fifth son of the Bishop of somewhere, I have forgotten the name.

The table, which was pushed against the wall, was covered with an old crimson velvet table-cover which reached almost to the floor and concealed the common, turned legs. The fourth group of flowers stood on the table and in front of it was an antiquated, inlaid work-box. A roll of fine nainsook, which had apparently been hastily folded up, lay beside the work-box, and through the half-open lid there peeped some equally fine, narrow lace.

While we were exchanging the comments on the weather, without which Miss Devereux never began a conversation, I found myself puzzling in a subconscious sort of way over the nainsook and the lace. I was beginning to wonder whether I might not have been mistaken about her circumstances, for lingerie of that quality did not indicate poverty, when I remembered Bert's words, "coming out of that baby-shop you go to"—and with something like a sense of guilt I knew that I had stumbled upon her frail means of self-support.

I had brought a pint of cream with me and I put it on the table. "I ordered this cream in the morning," I said—whenever I went to Miss Devereux's I had to occupy most of my walk rehearsing an excuse for any little offering I had brought—"but we are going out this evening and it won't be required, so I wondered if you could use it. It would only go sour if I kept it till to-morrow and it seems wrong to waste things nowadays, doesn't it?"

I toyed carelessly with my gloves as I spoke, but her eyes—she had a particularly blue, searching gaze—were fixed on mine, and the faint pink in her cheeks deepened a little.

"Thank you, it was very good of you to trouble yourself, I'm sure. But unfortunately"—she laughed a little ner-

viously and noticing the half-open lid of the work-box she closed it down tidily—"unfortunately it reminds me that we cannot have any tea this afternoon. It is so stupid of me but I have allowed the tea-canister to become empty without getting any more. I am taking hot water just now, it is said to be so much more wholesome, but I ought to have remembered to get some for my visitors; so very stupid of me."

"Not at all," I contradicted cheerfully, "it is the best way of removing temptation from your path if tea isn't good for you. And, anyway, I can only stay a few minutes, I just came to ask if you would come over to dinner to-morrow evening; we shall be alone and should be so glad if you would."

She hesitated a moment and there was that little shadow of proud reserve on her face that always seemed to place me at an immeasurable distance from her.

"Thank you," she said, "it is always a pleasure to come, but, if you will excuse me, not to-morrow evening."

"Can't you really?" I urged. "We shall be so disappointed."

But she shook her head with an air of finality, "I think not; thank you so much," she said, and I knew I must urge no more. She had come only a few days before, and to her sensitive pride the pain of actual want was easier to bear than the humiliation of feeling that she was an object of charity, however delicately it might be offered. But I knew, too—how, I can hardly tell, for her self-command was all but perfect—that at that very moment she was faint for want of food. My soul rose in rebellion against such refinement of

Perhaps she would accept—I hadn't an idea of their value—say, twenty dollars; it would help somewhat. The matter was easy enough to me, I was going to have a new summer dress, I wouldn't get it, that was all.

Ready with this offer on my tongue I waited. She turned to me with eyes that were bright with something more than the unshed tears and there was a new, happy note in her voice.

"Certainly I can spare one to such a dear young friend as you, and if you will accept it as a little gift with my love I shall be very glad."

"Oh, but I couldn't," I protested in dismay. "They are quite valuable, it may not be generally known, but collectors know. I couldn't think—"

She stopped me with an imperious little gesture. A flush stained her cheeks, and her shoulders, which had shown a weary droop, regained their fine erectness. For the moment she had forgotten the misery and humiliation that was so galling to a nature like hers, and once more she was akin to the race of genial, free-handed squires from which she had sprung.

"Indeed, it is a very great pleasure, I could not think of accepting anything for it. I am so glad to know that you care for it. I am not very rich," she smiled gaily, "and it is a real difficulty sometimes to know what to give to friends that they will really appreciate."

"Now, which group do you prefer?" She had risen and was drawing nearer to the tall shade that was on the table. "These have been said to be very well done, and perhaps they do rather over-crowd me. Still, if you would like



From actual photograph taken at Edison Shop, New York City

The First Man to Fill Out the Mood Change Chart

William J. Burns

Head of the Wm. J. Burns International Detective Agency

MOOD CHANGE CHART

An Analysis of Your Mental Reactions to Music, as Re-Created by the New Edison, "The Phonograph with a Soul."

Date of Test Nov 16, 20

1. Place Edison Shop (Where or Where?)

2. Time (Mark X in square)

Morning ☐ Afternoon ☒ Evening ☐

3. Weather (Mark X in square)

Dull ☐ Cold ☒ Bright ☐ Warm ☐

4. What kind of music did you feel like hearing? (Mark all words which describe each mood with X in square)

Under: Vivacious Joyous Solenn Mysterious Worldly Marmal Exciting Gay Simple Dreamy Sad

5. What was your mood immediately preceding test? (Mark X in square)

Serious or Worried or Gay Carefree Depressed or Nervous or Exhilarated or Composed Fatigued or Sad or Unfettered or Joyful Discouraged or Optimistic

6. As a result of the test, what were your most noticeable mood changes? (Sections to get, get to serious, worried to cheerful, nervous to composed, etc.)

MOOD CHANGE

From serious to cheerful

From nervous to composed

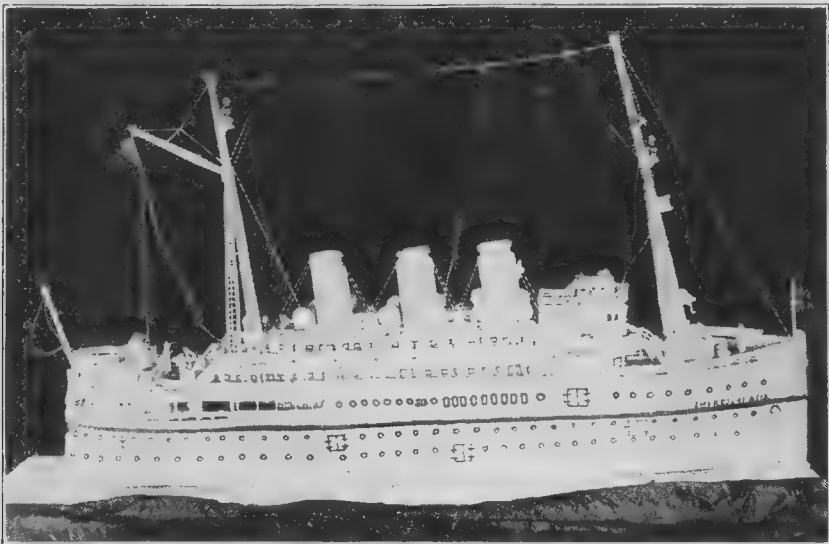
7. Please comment on manner in which mood changes occurred:

I came from a very serious conference and noted the fact that listening to the music produced in the Edison Shop my mood changed from serious to cheerful.

Place of Test: Edison Shop, New York City

Music Re-Created by: Edison Laboratory, Orange, N.J.

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PASSENGERS ON GREAT OCEAN LINER EAT THEIR SHIP YET TRAVEL ON IT. UNIQUE CAKE FOR CHRISTMAS.

There is an old saying that you can't eat your cake and have it. This was entirely disproved on board the great Trans-Pacific ocean liner, "Empress of Asia," plying between Vancouver and the Orient, on Christmas Day, when the passengers, as part of the Christmas dinner, ate their ship in the main diningroom. The ship, of which photo is shown herewith, was an exact model of the great liner made of cake by the ship's chief baker, Alexander Stewart. The cake was thirty-eight inches long, weighed sixty pounds and occupied four days in the making. Every part of the model was edible save the flags and lamps.—Francis Dickie.

self-torture; the whole situation was so perplexing and impossible that, in a way, I lost my head. I looked impulsively up at the wax flowers.

"Do you know, my husband and I were talking of wax flowers, last night," I said. "Neither of us had seen any since we were children until we saw these; and we thought—I wondered—if you would dispose of one of them to me, I mean, of course, for a consideration," I floundered feverishly while my very spine grew hot under her quiet gaze. "Herbert was reading that they are becoming quite valuable, people are collecting them you know, and I should love to have one good specimen of the art."

As I finished, her eyes wandered to her flowers and after a pause she said slowly, "I didn't know that you cared for them. They have been out of fashion for years. Of course, I am aware that they have even excited ridicule, but they are very dear to me." She stopped, still gazing.

Somehow, as I followed her eyes, I saw her in the old hall she had told me of, in green England. I could see her in a crinoline, fashioning, so long ago, those unfading petals and ever vivid leaves. Her eyelids reddened faintly as she looked, and my own smarted in sympathy, but my heart beat with hope.

one of the others—"?" She paused interrogatively.

They were all merely wax flowers to me, and as I had totally missed my object it mattered less than ever which I accepted. Still, I had to keep up the pretense now and I professed enthusiastic preference for the one she was touching.

"But can you really spare it?" My tone of solicitude was genuine enough; I longed for some road for retreat.

But her gracious response left no way open. "Of course, I can; I am delighted. After all, it will make my room less like a sort of floral Madame Tussaud's." She laughed, though her eyes lingered on her treasure.

"But how shall you get it home?"

This was somewhat of a difficulty. It was unthinkable, we both agreed, to entrust it to the mercies of a messenger, and as I was afraid that she might bring it herself, it ended by my taking it home then and there.

As I bore my preposterous burden homeward, carefully shrouded in brown paper, I was divided between a desire to laugh ruefully at my defeat, and to rage at the idiotic impulse that had caused it. If only I had remained calm, I reflected miserably, I might have represented myself as a go-between for a friend who had

Cont'd on page 48

MR. EDISON selected William J. Burns, the great detective, as the most sophisticated man in New York, and Mr.

Burns gladly made the test to assist Mr. Edison in his Research work. Mr. Burns' chart is reproduced. It registers a decided mood change, but it represents the emotional effects of music only on one man. Mr. Edison needs thousands of these charts, because his research work must be conducted on the law of averages.

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Please examine the chart that is reproduced above. The Edison dealer in your locality will furnish you as many of these charts as you require. If you do not own a New Edison, the Edison dealer in your locality will welcome your making the test in his store. Should you like to call in some of your friends, the Edison dealer will probably be willing to loan you an instrument and the necessary Re-Creations, so that you can make the test in your own home. Watch for his announcement in your local newspaper.

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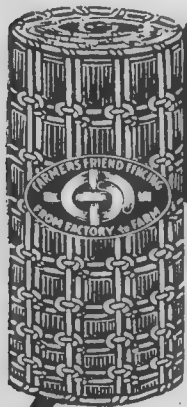
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Grandmother's Adventure With a Bear

A True Story

By Teresa Cuddy, Sellwood, Ont.

Grandmother often told us the story. The dear old lady is living still, though fast losing her memory; so, as I shall not again hear it from her lips as she used to tell it, I must write the story while it is fresh in my memory.

About sixty-five years ago, the northern part of Eastern Ontario was nearly all a forest. Here and there a small tract of cleared land showed the home of a settler who had been lured into the depths of the wilderness by the wealth of lumber which its forests contained, with visions of a future day when the mere patch of clearing would have broadened into a stretch of farm land, with a spacious homestead instead of the small shanty which stood in the middle of the clearing; and when the shrill whistle of the locomotive should break the forest stillness.

Grandfather was one of these settlers, and in such a place did he and grandmother live with their two small children. She was young and strong then, and not afraid to do her share in their pioneer work. Neither did she lack courage, for often did she remain in that lonely place with her little ones while interests in the lumber industry called her husband away for days at a time. It was during one of these periods of her husband's absence that she proved her courage and presence of mind.

Wolves and bears were numerous in the woods of Eastern Ontario at that time, and the following tells one of many adventures which were met with by the early settlers.

One autumn night Grandmother was sitting before the fire resting after her day's work. Her little ones lay asleep on a bed in a far corner of the one large room which was their home, and Grandmother's drooping lids gave promise of a protecting arm around their soft, warm bodies before many minutes would elapse.

But what was that? Why should the window-panes rattle loudly on a calm night? Grandmother looked—and there, outside the window, five feet from her chair, stood a huge bear, with his fore paws on the window sill, and watching her with greedy eyes. Did Grandmother scream and faint? No! Her first thought was of her precious little ones, luckily unconscious of the great danger. Why, only one stroke of that great paw and the window panes would no longer stand between Bruin and a satisfying supper in a bright comfortable room. What did Grandmother do? With wonderful presence of mind she immediately extinguished the light which from a large lamp had brightened the whole room. Then hastily opening the long stove door she drew from the fast dying fire a burning stick, and ran straight to the window where the great brute still stood, evidently a little awed by the sudden change within the room.

It is a well-known fact that wild animals have a great fear of fire, and the flame which darted from the stove straight toward the intruder had its effect. He turned from the window, but not to re-enter the woods from which he had come. The fear of that sudden flame through the darkness did not drive away the great hunger that had brought him to the window. The small dog had set up a howling by this time, and Grandmother, thinking that Bruin had started off, and not desiring a second visit, slightly opened the door to frighten him still further by putting the dog after him. Just as she was about to call "sic him" his great form came bounding through the yard towards the door, and she had barely slammed it shut and drawn the bolt, when the angry scratching was heard on the step outside, followed by hoarse growls. Poor Grandmother? Again she started towards the dying embers for a torch with which to guard the weakest spot in the shanty walls, the large low window at the end.

But by this time Bruin had found another victim—a cow that had been roused by the barking of the dog and

had started up, immediately drawing the bear's attention. Around the shanty once, twice—and just as she was about to fall a victim to his hunger, his attention was arrested a second time by the pigs squealing in a nearby pen. They evidently had smelt the beast and were terrified by his nearness. Bruin started for the pen and for several minutes Grandmother, standing by the window with her flaring torch, could hear nothing but the loud squealing of the terrified pigs as Bruin made his savage raid upon them. There were two pigs in the pen, and after a short time only one could be heard, and the sound grew fainter and fainter as his tormenter dragged him into the woods, there to satisfy the great hunger that drove him from them about an hour before.

Needless to say, Grandmother did not close her eyes during the remainder of that night. When the last sounds had died away she covered the window with a heavy patchwork quilt (for window blinds were a luxury then, and had no place in the early settler's home) then after re-lighting the lamp, she walked weakly to the bed where her darlings had slept on through that awful hour of danger; and throwing herself on her knees, and kissing again and again the curly heads, she poured forth her soul in thanksgiving to God and His Blessed Mother for saving them from the dreadful end which might have been theirs that night.

Next morning when Grandmother removed the heavy quilt and looked out, she saw first the small dog stretched out near the corner of the shanty where Bruin had lain him out the night before by a stretch of his great paw. A little farther away a barrel which had held soap grease was lying and its contents scattered about. The pen was empty.

Grandmother watched anxiously all that morning for the appearance of some of the neighbouring settlers, and was overjoyed at last to see a man emerge from the woods by the narrow trail, a settler whom she and grandfather had known for a long time, and who lived on the next clearing a few miles through the woods. She ran to meet him, and clinging to him told of the terrible experience of the night, ending in a great sob, which was followed by an outburst of tears, tears which at last relieved the strain which had been on her nerves that whole long night. The kind man was greatly touched and praised her for the courage she had shown in defending her home and her little ones. He took them to his own home where they remained until her husband returned a few days later.

The tale of Bruin's boldness spread among the settlers and a party of them were soon on his trail. They traced him through the woods to a great hollow log, in which they found a portion of the pig he had carried off the night before. Knowing that he would come back for this portion, they decided to hide and watch. They were soon rewarded, for the bear came that night, only to be surrounded by rifles and brought to earth.

On the second day a solitary pig emerged from the woods and came to again occupy the pen from which he had escaped during the struggle two nights before.

Doctor Johnson and His Dinner

Doctor Johnson, who was a lover of good cookery, used to assert that whenever a dinner was ill-got it was because of poverty, avarice or stupidity. One day he was eloquent on this subject, when his hostess (Mrs. Thrale) asked him "if he ever huffed his wife about his dinner."

"So often," he replied, "that at last she called to me, and said:

"Nay, hold, Mr. Johnson! Do not make a farce of thanking God for a dinner which in a few minutes you will protest is not eatable."

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Paying Treaty in Far North Little Heard-of But Highly Interesting Event in North

By Francis Dickie

"And this agreement shall go on forever and aye."

Thus in part runs the wording of an agreement between the Canadian Government and certain nomadic tribes of far northern Indians who live to-day much as their forefathers did hundreds of years ago. The carrying out of this treaty presents one of the most interesting sights to be viewed in the far northland, but one seldom seen by the traveller as it occurs only once a year and in places remote. As almost nothing has been written of this, the following facts are given.

In the far northland, though the Indians still have the same hunting and

throughout the northland, generally some trading post on the bank of one of the larger rivers which flow through the region, are made the appointed meeting places. To these once a year the Government agent comes carrying in his grips tens of thousands of dollars in one and two dollar bills. Larger denominations are never used.

Out on the open plain the agent stands surrounded by the vast concourse of red men, chiefs, headman, aged hunters, young bucks, squaws and myriads of children. One by one the Indians come forward and receive their yearly treaty, the white man checking off each name in



Treaty Day

fishing privileges as their forefathers and are practically as independent as before the white man came, the Government in return for the nominal taking of the country made a treaty about half a century ago in the name of the "Great White Queen," which reads in part: "Her majesty agrees that each chief after signing the treaty shall receive a silver medal and suitable flag, and every third year thereafter he shall receive a new suit of clothes." Every common member of the tribe yearly receives \$5; the chiefs \$25; and the headmen \$15. In addition each tribesman receives as much ammunition and twine for nets as amounts to the value of a dollar. Certain places

his book as he pays. The agent is always a man carefully chosen for his work, one with knowledge of the natives gained by years of close personal touch. Generally he speaks one or more languages.

As there is little possibility of this land ever being settled, that part of the wording of the treaty which stipulates that the government will yearly pay out so much money per person according to their rank "forever and aye," in all likelihood will be paid forever and aye, in keeping with the original wording, which is more than can be said of many treaties made with aboriginal people by the white invaders.

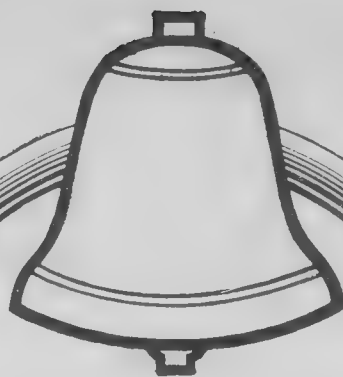


Very Old "Calling Card"

Found in Far North Recalls Search For Northwest Passage Which Went on For Centuries

The search for the North-west passage around through the northern waters of North America into the Pacific Sea, the short cut to China, which ancient mariners dreamed of, is one of the most famous pieces of exploration work in history, and was carried on from the beginning of the 16th century until 1906 when Amundsen finally made the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific via Hudson Bay waters and Beaufort Sea. (See map of America for full comprehension of this). Among the noted names in history in connection with the search are: Cortes-Real, Frobisher, Barents, Hudson, Button, Baffin, Davis, Fox and Franklin. A less known but clever

navigator was Captain Christopher Middleton, an English naval officer, who in the year 1741 arrived on the coast of North America and wintered in the mouth of Churchill River on Hudson Bay. High up on the rocks overlooking the river near where the vessels were frozen in for the winter, some of the crew cut the calling card, and there it stands to-day. It was photographed recently by a Mounted Policeman who came upon this relic of the great search for the Northwest passage, and brought the picture out to civilization. America has so few ancient landmarks, particularly in the northern regions that the discovery is of interest.—Francis Dickie.

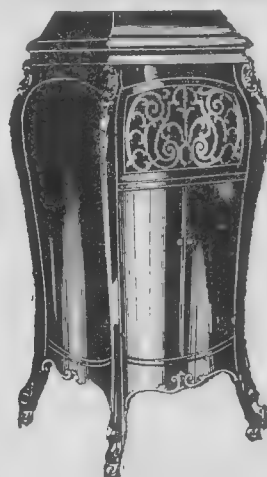


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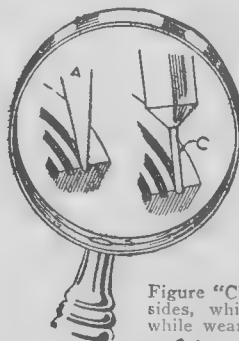


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Figure "C"—Sonora semi-permanent needle, with parallel sides, which fits the record groove accurately always while wearing; and prolongs life of record.

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KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

In the dark days of war we were told to keep the home fires burning and we did. To-day we have a different slogan, but it means the same thing. When war was on we concentrated every effort on keeping the united strength of the nation behind our war activities and today there is just as great a need to concentrate our efforts as a nation upon the mighty problems which peace has brought to our doors. Today we are faced with a number of very serious facts including the following:

1. Our industries are not operating at capacity.
2. We are a debtor nation.
3. We have unemployment in the larger centres.
4. We need capital to develop our resources.

Dealing with the first fact, we recognize that changing conditions, falling prices and deflation all play a part in cutting down manufactures. But the fact remains that although our own factories are working on short time in many instances, we are buying more goods from other countries than ever before. Is it not astounding that while thousands of Canadians are without employment in the larger cities, we are sending hundreds of millions of dollars out of the country for goods that can be made in Canada? During the twelve months ended December 31st, 1920, our total imports amounted to \$1,336,921,021 as compared with \$941,013,613 in 1919 and \$910,149,140 in 1918.

It would be foolish to suggest that we should eliminate this buying elsewhere entirely, because many of our imports cannot be supplied by Canadian industries, but on the other hand there are many millions of dollars worth of goods brought into this country every year which could just as well have been supplied by our Canadian factories.

Must Develop Industries

There are many reasons why we should develop industries suitable to Canada. We have vast stores of raw material which at the present time are being shipped out of Canada in their raw state, manufactured elsewhere and shipped back to us as manufactured articles. Our raw material is being used to give employment to workers in other countries whilst our own workers are unable to secure employment. This is not in the best interests of the nation.

We have a heavy war debt and we owe many millions to foreign investors. We can only hope to pay that debt off by selling goods to foreign countries in excess of what we are buying from them. During 1918 we sold over \$330,000,000 to other countries more than we bought from them. In 1919 the surplus was increased to \$360,000,000, but in 1920 we fell behind and registered a deficit or unfavorable trade balance of \$34,000,000. How can we expect the Canadian dollar to be worth 100 cents as long as this condition continues?

Picking here and there among the goods imported into Canada during 1920, we find the following: breadstuffs \$27,629,259; coal, \$98,000,000; fish, \$4,056,203; vegetables, \$6,265,907; wool, \$84,427,832.

The Duties of Canadian Manufacturers

At the present time a "Made in Canada" movement is under way and Canadians are being appealed to to support home industries, but there are a number of duties and responsibilities which our manufacturers must keep in mind while they are telling the purchaser what he should do. If the Canadian factories can supply us with goods just as good and just as cheap as their foreign competition, then they have a right to demand our business. But unfortunately

some people have the impression that our manufacturers are not playing the game, that they take advantage of the tariff protection they get and that instead of giving the public the benefit of the favorable exchange rates with Europe they are pocketing the profit thus derived. We believe that these impressions are due to the actions of a very few unscrupulous, short-sighted manufacturers and should not be used as a criticism against all Canadian manufacturers. But the fact remains that the "Made in Canada" campaign should be something more than an appeal to the buying public; it should also act as an appeal to Canadian manufacturers to clean out the black sheep in their ranks and see that the people get full value for their money. Canadian products should be first in quality, price and appearance when compared with products of other countries and the manufacturers should tackle this end of the problem as energetically as they expect the buyers to tackle their end of it.

Royal Bank Aids Business

The rapid growth of the Royal Bank in recent years has been an event of great importance in the history of Canadian banking. That this growth is founded on a solid foundation is revealed by the reports submitted to the recent annual meeting of the bank's shareholders by the chief officers of the bank. These reports were noteworthy because of their reassuring nature and the note of confidence which was struck therein should do much to remove any pessimism as to the future of Canada. Both Sir Herbert Holt, the president, and Edson L. Pease, the managing director, dealt with the problems of commerce, but each indicated that if Canadians played the game, lived up to their contracts, and maintained a feeling of confidence all would be well.

The Royal Bank has been doing its share to assist its clients over the period of deflation—this is plainly shown by the increases of \$40,000,000 in current loans at the end of the past year, as compared with the beginning of the year. Sir Herbert Holt referred to the practice of cancelling orders which has been rather prevalent in recent months, and issued a word in warning in respect thereto. Credit is sensitive. It is the motive power of commodity exchange; without credit a business calamity would fall; and, while not fatal, the repudiation of contracts begins to destroy that confidence called credit upon which commerce is founded.

Turning to the future, Sir Herbert sees no need for pessimism, but he does not ignore facts. We may not have reached the end of reaction in prices. He declared, "I see no escape from the common level." This is to say, prices in Canada must come down to the United States level before we can feel that recession has ended.

UNION BANK MAKES SOLID PROGRESS

There is no better proof of the confidence of the people in a banking institution than to see the savings deposits in that institution grow from year to year. The 56th annual report of Union Bank of Canada covering the year ended November 30th, 1920, shows a very satisfactory increase in saving deposits, despite the many demands that have been made upon the people's savings during the past year. These deposits now total \$85,610,464, a very marked increase when compared with the figures at the end of 1916, namely, \$60,144,940.

Two new items appear in the annual statement this year, which indicate the financial assistance the bank has been giving to agriculture and industry. One of these, "Demand loans in Canada

secured by grain," amounting to \$10,732,755, gives an idea of the valuable services rendered by the bank during the crop moving season. The other new heading is "Loans to governments and municipalities," and amounts to \$7,648,176.

The Union Bank is the only one of the larger chartered banks which has its head office in the West, and the bank has been particularly active in providing banking facilities in Western Canada. It has been a real pioneer in this respect. Its branches have often been the first sign of progress in many a settlement which to-day is a thriving community.

The bank has, during the past year or so, done much to develop Canadian trade in the Far East, and through its connection with the Park-Union Foreign Banking Corporation, which is jointly owned and controlled by the Union Bank and the National Park Bank of New York, it is able to transact business in all large eastern centres, including Yokohama, Tokio, and Shanghai.



MR. H. B. SHAW

General manager of the Union Bank of Canada, who presented, at the recent annual meeting, the strongest statement that the bank has issued since it commenced operations 56 years ago.

Financing in North Dakota

Government ownership and operation of financial institutions has received a severe blow during the past few months in North Dakota, with the result that the financial affairs of the state are now in a chaotic condition. The final blow was the deadlock which was created at the recent state elections and the passing of a law by the people restricting the autocratic powers given to the State Bank of North Dakota. About two years ago the Non-Partisan League, having control of the government, commenced to put into practice some of the theories which they had advocated. These included state hail insurance, state-owned and operated banks and state aid to industries and housing. The government created the State Bank of North Dakota with a capital of \$2,000,000, and it was decided that this capital was to be secured by selling bonds to the public, but in this they were not successful, as no buyers could be found for the bonds. The government passed a law requiring all public funds, such as those of cities, towns, villages, municipalities, school boards, etc., etc., to be deposited in the State Bank. This law was strenuously objected to, but it had to be obeyed.

The bank had no capital—the bonds could not be sold—so the government had to fall back on its deposits to use in carrying out its other schemes, and as a result it has loaned \$3,000,000 of its deposits on 30-year farm loan mortgages, it has loaned \$2,700,000 to small local banks throughout the state, and \$1,000,000 has been loaned to various state departments and industries. The government commenced to build a \$2,000,000 elevator and flour mill at Grand Forks, and gave state aid to housing schemes in Fargo and Bismarck but the whole structure collapsed early in December last. (Contd. on page 25)

UNION BANK OF CANADA

56th ANNUAL STATEMENT—30th NOVEMBER, 1920

The Fifty-sixth Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Union Bank of Canada, was held at the Head Office of the Bank, in the City of Winnipeg, at twelve noon, on Monday, January 10th, 1921.

The President, Mr. JOHN GALT, in the chair.

DIRECTORS' REPORT

The Directors have pleasure in presenting their report, showing the result of the business of the Bank for the year ended November 30th, 1920.

During the year 15 branches and agencies were opened, and 10 were closed, as follows:

OFFICES OPENED

Province of Ontario, 6—Honeywood, Mansfield, Minesing, Oshawa, St. Ann's, Toronto (Dawes and Danforth).

Province of Manitoba, 2—Benito, McConnell.

Province of Saskatchewan, 5—Birch Hills, Carmel, Mossbank, Pinkham, Saskatoon (West Side).

Province of Alberta, 2—Calgary (Stock Yards), Edmonton (Stock Yards).

OFFICES CLOSED

Province of Manitoba, 5—Graysville, Homewood, Margaret Roseisle, Winkler.

Province of Saskatchewan, 2—Kyleville, Scott.

Province of Alberta, 3—Alcomdale, Grassy Lake, Loyalist.

The number of branches and agencies in operation at the close of business on November 30th was 393.

The number of staff employed at close of business on November 30th was 2,303.

The usual inspection of all branches and agencies has been made.

In accordance with an announcement made by him at the last Annual Meeting, Mr. R. T. Riley, Vice-President of the Bank, has recently resigned from the Board, to devote more time to his own affairs, and Mr. W. R. Allan has been elected Vice-President to succeed him.

To fill the vacancies on the Board, Messrs. G. M. Black and D. N. Finnie, of Winnipeg, have been elected Directors.

JOHN GALT,
President.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance at credit of account, 29th November, 1919.....	\$ 198,222.87
Net profits, for the year, after deducting expenses of management, interest due depositors, reserving for interest and exchange, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts and for rebate on bills under discount, have amounted to.....	1,603,842.39
	<u>\$1,802,065.26</u>

Which has been applied as follows:

Dividend No. 132, 2½ per cent., paid 1st March, 1920.....	\$ 198,247.45
Dividend No. 133, 2½ per cent., paid 1st June, 1920.....	199,988.80
Dividend No. 134, 2½ per cent., paid 1st September, 1920.....	199,996.30
Dividend No. 135, 2½ per cent., payable 1st December, 1920.....	200,000.00
Bonus to Shareholders of 2 per cent., payable 1st December, 1920.....	160,000.00
Transferred to Rest Account.....	400,000.00
Written off Bank Premises.....	150,000.00
Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund.....	50,000.00
Contribution to Sick Benefit Fund.....	15,000.00
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation to 30th November, 1920.....	79,536.24
Balance of Profits carried forward.....	<u>149,296.47</u>
	<u>\$1,802,065.26</u>

General Statement of Liabilities and Assets

AS ON NOVEMBER 30th, 1920

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Gold and Silver Coin.....	1,609,944.49	Capital Stock.....	\$ 8,000,000.00
Dominion Government Notes.....	16,976,372.00	Rest Account.....	6,000,000.00
	18,586,316.49	Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward.....	149,296.47
Deposit with the Minister of Finance for the purposes of the Circulation Fund..	365,000.00		6,149,296.47
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves...	5,000,000.00	Unclaimed Dividends....	17,838.68
Notes of other Banks.....	818,333.00	Dividend No. 135, payable 1st December, 1920..	200,000.00
Cheques on other Banks.....	9,180,179.97	Bonus to Shareholders, payable 1st December, 1920.....	160,000.00
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	158,330.90		6,527,135.15
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	4,551,868.87		14,527,135.15
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities not exceeding market value.	8,790,636.23	Notes of the Bank in circulation.....	12,673,644.00
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian.....	11,900,843.26	Deposits not bearing interest.....	49,714,051.67
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks not exceeding market value.....	3,581,988.10	Deposits bearing interest..	85,610,464.14
Call and Short (not exceeding 30 days) Loans in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks.....	5,418,177.66	Balances due to other Banks in Canada.....	627,615.47
Call and Short (not exceeding 30 days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada.....	3,119,133.31	Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	2,601,010.53
Demand Loans in Canada secured by grain.....	10,732,755.47		151,226,785.81
	82,203,563.26	Acceptances under Letters of Credit....	3,450,511.93
Loans to Governments and Municipalities.....	7,648,176.39	Liabilities not included in the foregoing..	1,012.50
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest).....	69,849,784.93		
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest).....	4,496,251.20	Report of the Auditors to the Shareholders of the Union Bank of Canada	
Real Estate other than Bank Premises...	229,079.49	In accordance with the provisions of sub-sections 19 and 20 of Section 56 of the Bank Act, we report to the Shareholders as follows:—	
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank.....	135,499.43	We have audited the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers at Head Office and with the certified returns from the Branches.	
Overdue Debts, estimated loss provided for.....	162,403.97	We have obtained all the information and explanations that we have required, and are of the opinion that the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank.	
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off.....	985,969.61	In addition to our verification at the 30th November, we have during the year, checked the cash and verified the securities representing the investments of the Bank at its chief office and principal branches and found them to be in agreement with the entries in the books of the Bank relating thereto.	
Liabilities of customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra.....	3,450,511.93	In our opinion the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the affairs of the Bank, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the books of the Bank.	
Other Assets not included in the foregoing.....	44,205.18		
	<u>\$169,205,445.39</u>	T. HARRY WEBB, E. S. READ, Auditors of the firm of GEORGE A. TOUCHE & CO.	<u>\$169,205,445.39</u>

JOHN GALT, President

H. B. SHAW, General Manager

Winnipeg, 20th December, 1920.

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Trade Expansion Reviewed at Royal Bank Annual Meeting

Sir Herbert Holt, President, Stated That Considering the Times, Canadians Are a Fortunate People—Government Ownership of Railways and Fleet More Expensive Than Pension Charges and Other Legacies of War.

Edson L. Pease, Vice-President and Managing Director, Points Out That Business is Being Brought Down to a New and Sounder Basis—Foreign Branches Important Factor in Building Up Foreign Trade of the Dominion.

C. E. Neill, General Manager, Reviews Most Successful Year in History of the Bank—Total Assets Now Stand at \$594,670,013, an Increase For the Year of \$61,022,928.

The fifty-second annual meeting of the Royal Bank of Canada, held at the Head Office of the Bank, brought together a very large number of shareholders and was attended by members of the Board of Directors from all over the Dominion.

During the past year, there have been many developments throughout the world that have had a direct bearing on trade and financial conditions. On this account there was special interest in the addresses submitted by Sir Herbert Holt, the President, Edson L. Pease, the Vice-President and Managing Director and C. E. Neill, the General Manager.

There will be special interest in the resume made by Sir Herbert Holt regarding the entire Canadian situation. Sir Herbert also referred in a very interesting manner to the unfortunate results that were being shown by the Government operation of railways and the mercantile fleet, pointing out that this system of Government operation was likely to be more expensive for the tax-payers of Canada than all the pension charges and other legacies of the war combined. He insisted that what the country needed most of all was a business-like administration of its assets. If this could be afforded, Canada could face her problems with added confidence.

Cuban Situation

Sir Herbert also dealt very fully with the situation in Cuba, where financial disturbances have occurred as a result of the changed conditions, as applied to the sugar crop. Summing up the situation in that country, Sir Herbert said:

"Thanks to the precautions taken by our management in early warning our officers in Cuba of the inevitable reaction that would follow the excessively high prices and instructing them to adhere to our policy of making no advances for speculative purposes, I am pleased to tell you that we have made no loss, and do not anticipate making any loss, as the result of the present financial disturbances; in any case, full provision has been made for unforeseen contingencies. We are conducting business as usual, not taking advantage of the moratorium, being satisfied, after an experience of over twenty years, that there is no safer banking field than Cuba."

Revaluation of Assets

C. E. Neill, General Manager, dealt with the features of the growth and development of the Bank during the past year. He said, in part:—

"The substantial growth in the Bank's resources has resulted in a satisfactory increase in earnings, the net profits being \$4,253,649.24, equal to 23.70% on our capital, or 12.01% on our combined capital and reserve.

"The usual dividends and an additional bonus of 2% have been paid to shareholders, and a balance of \$546,928.20 is carried forward in Profit and Loss Account.

"I desire to draw particular attention to the fact that in addition to writing off all bad debts, the fullest provision has been made for any loans of a doubtful character.

"In view of existing conditions, a particularly careful revaluation of the assets of the Bank has been made, and it is gratifying to know that our position is a very satisfactory one. In this connection I wish to draw special attention to the fact that the loans of the Bank are very widely distributed and that we have no unusually large individual advances of any kind on our books.

"Our loyal and efficient staff has rendered particularly good service during the past year.

High Cost of Government Operation

Referring to the question of Government operation, Sir Herbert said in part:

Government control has practically disappeared during the year just past—wheat, paper and sugar being the commodities to be freed from regulation. Government ownership of transportation systems has developed. Without any advantage to the public in efficiency or rates, the operation of our national railways during the last twelve months has resulted in a loss which will probably more than absorb the amounts collected on Excess Profits and Income Taxes for the year 1919. Unless Government methods of operation are more efficient in this country than they have been in others, tax-payers in Canada may find the maintenance of their railroads and fleet more expensive than pension charges and other legacies of the war combined. Of a total of \$6,400,000,000 spent by the United States during the last year, \$1,037,000,000 went to pay the cost incurred by the Government in its control of the railroads. The present waste is obvious and the remedy should be speedy and effective. The needs of the country call for business-like administration of its assets. If this be afforded, we can attack our problems with added confidence.

Further Liquidation is Inevitable

Discussing the general outlook for the Dominion, Sir Herbert said in part:

While I see no need for pessimism at this time, we should look the situation in the face. The present reaction is a temporary set-back only, but before normal business activity is restored, further liquidation is inevitable. In the United States this liquidation has proceeded far more rapidly than here, and the fall in prices has been much greater than with us. I see no escape from the common level. This further fall will involve business losses, curtail-

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Violin Bows.....1.00 up	Accordeons.....15.00 up

All Carrying Charges Prepaid on Orders of \$3.00 up.
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ment of manufacturing and partial unemployment of labor. Trade will then be placed on a sounder and surer basis. There is comfort in the thought that a return to normal prices will bring relief from the high cost of living which has become so intolerable.

Edson L. Pease, Vice-President and Managing Director, devoted particular attention to the constructive co-operation which the Bank has given to the development of the export and import trade of the Dominion and referred particularly to the advantages of the larger banks having their branches at outside points, in order to keep in close touch with its customers and to be able to give efficient personal service. In this connection, Mr. Pease said:

"Without exception, the operation of our foreign branches has been satisfactory, and in this connection I desire again to put on record my views as to the advantage of conducting foreign business where possible through the medium of our branches rather than through affiliations with other banks, which we do not control. It is only through its own branches that a Bank can keep in close touch with its customers and give efficient personal service.

"That the expansion of a bank does not mean a drain on the main organization is something which I have had occasion to point out many times. The figures of our foreign loans and deposits, as they stood at November 30th last year, affirm this fact.

Deposits \$164,000,000
Loans 102,000,000

That Town Girl

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

MRS. Julia Watson had a habit of telling the neighbors that she and her husband, Jim, were not as young as they had been. Therefore, it surprised no one when they tried to get hired help. But as they could not pay the price and men were scarce, seeding time came and found them still alone.

Then Jim decided that if he had a strong, capable girl, to help around the house and do some of the chores, it would be better than nothing. He inserted an advertisement in the weekly paper, and soon he had an answer from a girl, who said "she would like to come and live on a farm."

Thus it was that, a few days hence, Dora Robinson found herself at a small station two miles from the Watsons' place.

She looked a very disconsolate figure as she stood there—not at all like the "strong, capable girl" for whom the advertisement had been inserted.

There was no one to meet her, so leaving her trunk with the Agent, she took up her hand-bag and, asking the way to the farm, turned wearily in that direction. The Agent, Harry White, looking at her thin shoes, said, "I'm afraid you won't be able to walk there. The roads are very rough."

"There seems nothing else for me to do does there?" asked Dora.

"If I could leave the station, I'd drive you over myself. But I must stay here another three hours," said the man.

"If you'd tell me some short cuts, maybe I'd get there quicker," observed Dora.

"No," said Harry. "You'd better not take those. The road is bad enough, but as for the fields, you've no idea what they are like. I'll tell you exactly what I'll do. You leave your suitcase with me, and I'll drive over with that and your trunk this evening, after work. You'll find it easier to walk unhampered. Are you the new teacher, if I may ask?"

"I'm not," answered Dora. "I'm the Watsons' hired girl." She handed Harry the suitcase, and thanking him, walked off.

To say that he was surprised was to put it mildly. "Town" was written all over her, from the top of the hat which shaded her pretty face, to the small dainty shoes.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Harry. And then, because Dora's eyes had appealed to him strongly, and her dimples were bewitching, he began to wish his working day was over.

Preferential Tariff with British West Indies

"The preferential tariff agreement between Canada and the British colonies in the Caribbean, which now awaits ratification by the Dominion Parliament, will not only result in trade advantages, but will serve to strengthen the movement for closer union. A most gratifying feature is that Jamaica, British Honduras, Bermuda and the Bahamas, which did not join in the old pact of 1912, are parties to the new arrangement. Canadian trade with these British colonies, which was increasing steadily under the influence of the preferential tariff arranged in 1912, will receive fresh impetus from the very favorable conditions now in prospect. The trade of the British West Indies reaches surprisingly large figures, the total value of their 1919 imports and exports being about 250 million dollars. Of this amount, a little over 100 million dollars is represented by imports, one-third of which is supplied by the United States.

Business on Sounder Basis

"In summing up the general business situation, while I feel that casual optimism is out of place, and that we ought all to recognize the fact that business is being brought down to a new and sounder basis, I think that undue pessimism is just as bad as the other extreme. Whatever the difficulties we have to face in the near future, the fundamentals of Canada's position are sound, granted that the Canadian people work hard and exercise reasonable economy.

"In the period we are thus looking forward to, I feel confident that this Bank will play no small part."

Dora followed Jim to the barn. Here she stared at the six cows in bewilderment and, it must be admitted, a little fear.

"You needn't mind them, my lass," said the man, kindly. "They are all gentle. Watch me."

He milked one cow. It looked easy. "Like to try?" he asked.

Dora approached the cow timidly. Then she began. It was not so easy as it looked. She could not get enough milk to fill a fountain pen. Mr. Watson showed her again. He was very patient, for he saw that, in spite of her fear, she certainly was eager to learn. She had never been so near a cow in her life, although she was eighteen years of age. Suddenly she got quite excited. The milk came. It went down her sleeve. It went everywhere. She jumped up and wiped her hands. Daisy had never been treated in such a strange fashion before. She whisked her tail and knocked over the pail.

"Here," laughed Mr. Watson. "I guess I'll finish your job. Daisy doesn't know you yet. You may take my pail to the house. Perhaps you can help the wife."

Dora dragged the pail to the house. It was very heavy, and Prince, the dog, did not help matters along by jumping around her.

"I'm afraid I've spilled some of the milk," she apologized.

"Never mind," answered Mrs. Watson. "There's plenty left. Tell me all about it."

Dora told her, quite seriously.

"Oh, excuse my laughing," said Mrs. Watson, covering her face with her apron and shaking with mirth. "Don't think me rude."

"It's all right," said Dora, good-naturedly. "What do I do now?"

The woman initiated her into the mysteries of the separator. When Mr. Watson returned he found her quite busy. She turned and turned until her arm ached. Mrs. Watson felt sorry for her—she was so plucky.

"I'd help you if I could," she said, kindly. "But my arm is partly paralyzed. That's why I am so little use myself."

"You've done good work in your day," said Mr. Watson. "You're all right, mother. I'll help the girl." He finished separating the milk himself.

Truly these were kindly people, and Dora wished she might stay with them a long time, so she did all in her power to be of use. She did as much of the chores as she could; but for the milking, the Watsons decided she had better abandon it. Her wrists were not strong enough.

"She does her share of the housework," said Mrs. Watson, "and a little outside. She is worth her keep."

"You are looking better since she came," agreed Mr. Watson. "She doesn't cost us much. She eats like a sparrow."

"Yes," said his wife. "I expect she had a hard time in the city; but when she has been here a little longer, she'll get strong. There's nothing the matter with her. She needs good food, air, and a little mothering."

"You give her the last alright," laughed Jim, as he went to his work.

The Agent, Harry White, began to call frequently. There were Sundays, there were odd holidays and half days. It was surprising how much spare time he had, for such a busy man. But then, Dora was an extraordinarily pretty girl, above all now, when roses were beginning to replace the lilies on her cheeks.

"Next year," said Harry White to Mrs. Watson one evening. "I'm going to leave the station and work on my land."

Dora looked flushed. Was he really going away?

"His land touches ours," volunteered Mrs. Watson.

"That may be," said Jim, mischievously. "But a busy farmer has no time for visits. What will you do then, Harry?"

Oh, I guess I'll have a few odd minutes," he laughed.

Dora looked around for some mending. She seized on a pair of stockings and began to examine them for holes.

"It's too fine an evening for sewing," said Mr. Watson. "Why don't you two young people go for a walk?"

Harry jumped up eagerly, and Dora could not pretend she did not want to follow.

"What sort of a farmer's wife do you think she will make?" asked Watson, turning to his wife.

"A first class one," was the surprising answer. "They love each other, and they'll pull through (Contd. on page 25)

The Royal Bank of Canada



The Road from the Farm to the Bank should be well worn.

Go to the Manager of the nearest Royal Bank branch with your financial difficulties while they are small and he can usually help you.

Your affairs will be treated with strict confidence. The Bank's employees are pledged to secrecy about the business of every customer.

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TOTAL RESOURCES - \$535,000,000

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MUSIC AND MANNERS

If wise men and prophets are taken for authority, music has the greatest power of influence over the disposition and manners; it soothes and it cheers, inspires and consoles, and may be said to be the charm of infancy, the delight of youth and the solace of old age. The constant use of such a real and efficient contributor to good nature and cheerfulness should not be disregarded in early education. Children can be taught scientifically—they should therefore be taught to sing correctly; and the couplets they sing should be such as will interest them—as simple as their own ideas. They should contain striking and lively images, with pure and just sentiments, clothed in simple and intelligible language, without being puerile or vulgar. For the purpose of moral training, they should illustrate the preceptive lessons of religion, the duties of man in the social relations and obligation to his Creator. The Hebrews, Greeks, Romans and Egyptians, believed they could more effectively teach the lessons of virtue, by calling in the aid of music and poetry. These maxims they, therefore, put into verse, and set them to the most popular airs to be sung by children. Let Christian parents and teachers be persuaded to avail themselves of the same pure and happy influence, to subserve a purer system of morals, every way more worthy of every ingenious aid and association, which may recommend it to the youthful mind with a desirable and lively interest.

IDEALISM IN MUSIC

Those who follow the musical profession as their chosen vocation, together with their innumerable followers in shape of admirers, students, serious music lovers or mere pleasure seekers, are not the only developers of the musical inclinations of our huge population. A certain percentage of the latter has inherited musical gifts, and inborn love for music will bring about a natural desire for playing some instrument, singing or composing. To satisfy this natural impulse for musical expression in some shape or form induces people to employ teachers, attend concerts of all kinds, and in this way contribute their share toward the spread of musical art, either through their own efforts or through providing for instruction to others, or public musical performances in a financial way.

But the broader methods of bringing the value and cultural influence of music home to the masses, of nationalizing its benefits, so to say, of enabling the practical carrying out of idealistic plans in connection with higher forms of musical endeavor; all this has required artistic and musically inclined private individuals, from the earliest times to the present, who were blessed not only with enthusiasm but with the necessary world goods to provide liberally for the financial security of such plans.

JENNY LIND WAS CHARITABLE

While Patti was almost as celebrated as a money-maker as she was an artist, little or nothing has been heard of her giving to charities. Jenny Lind had a well developed reputation in this direction. Her charities amounted to much more than her personal holdings. While she was in America, she devoted the proceeds of every tenth concert to charitable causes; and among the many good deeds to her credit was the establishment of the Mendelssohn Prize, of which Sir Arthur Sullivan was the first beneficiary. The prize, which is still offered, can now be used for study in France, Italy, or elsewhere as well as in Leipzig, as originally arranged.

Jenny Lind's daughter, Mrs. Raymond Maude, is living quietly in London.

HISTORY OF SOME POPULAR IRISH AIRS

One of the dearest of all Irish songs is "The Last Rose of Summer", a song that belongs to the time of Queen Anne, but made famous by Flotow in his opera, "Martha". Thomas Moore came upon the melody in a roundabout manner,

for it was originally written by a man named Milliken, who was a wandering singer, and it was familiar over Ireland in a coarser dress centuries before Moore gave it its more polished words and setting.

"The Bells of Shannon", once a great favorite Irish melody, was written by Francis Sylvester Mahony, and immortalized those old bells on the steeple of St. Anne. "The Exile of Erin" by a Scotchman, Thomas Campbell, shows a surprising affection for the Irish, and a sympathy with the sentiment of their songs. Caroll O'Daly gave us "Robin Adair", and Arthur O'Neill has preserved to mankind the old Hibernian song, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

A FAMOUS MANUSCRIPT

All through the Middle Ages, the English composed ballads and songs, which dealt mostly with celebrated victories and patriotism. The famous "Agincourt Song" is an example of this style. John Dunstable (born about 1400), a contemporary of the early composers of the Netherlands, stands out as the most important of this period—and his fame at the time spread over the continent. He wrote mostly, for three voices, both in church and secular music, and musicians of other countries looked to him as a guide.

In spite of their early success in chorals and Dunstable's example, the English did not progress as they should in musical development. They seemed to lack initiative and waited for other musical geniuses to point the way—and no Monteverde appeared who could lead them into new forms of music which would influence the world.

However, the English accomplished something, for they possessed the oldest known specimen of polyphonic writing, the famous canon "Summer is icumen in," which excelled any manuscript of the Netherlands or Old French School; and the general characteristics which governed this latter school existed in England, as is shown by the few compositions still remaining.

ENCOURAGING MUSIC DEPARTMENTAL STORES

There is an auditorium in the Wanamaker store in New York where concerts and other musical affairs of a high order of merit are given right along. They have become a feature of the business. They have also—be it said to the honor of the Wanamaker people—given opportunity to composers, singers and players.

This recognition by leading business men of national standing and reputation of the value of music as a factor in the conduct of their business from day to day, has an importance in developing a love of music among the masses, an appreciation of what it means, which cannot well be over estimated. And this introduction of music into the big stores is becoming an established feature of business all over the country. It is not alone that in many of the stores community choruses are made up among the employees or that concerts and entertainments are given after the working hours, but music and song, and especially community singing, is being introduced as a good, wholesome and encouraging way with which to start the day's work. Song leaders for such work are coming into greater demand every day.

There is nothing outside the influence of the proper introduction of music into the public schools system, which will do more to further the cause of musical progress than the general recognition by the men who run big department and similar industrial enterprises, that music has a business, a direct dollar and cent value, for when people feel good, they feel like spending money, and that is just what the man who has a store wants them to do.

CHOOSING SONG WORDS

Where do composers get the words of their songs from? This question has been put quite seriously on more than one occasion. One might just as well

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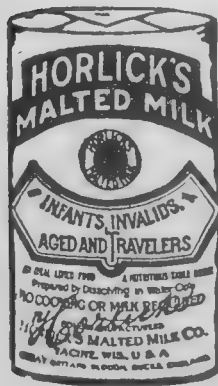
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Infants and Children thrive on it. Agrees with the
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ask, where do housewives get their supplies, for the answer would be no less varied. British composers have an exceptionally wide choice of words sources not only because they have the literature of all England, as well as the Colonies, but also because the English language has changed so little during the last 350 years. Our composers can draw upon the works of writers from a modernized version of Chaucer to those of the youngest poet of today. England has also always been a literary nation which again makes the standard of choice a high one. There are composers even of high aims and talent who have been content with the inferior effusions of the poetaster, but generally the serious composer has found his inspiration in the highest works of the greatest poets. Frequently, it is true, the effective musical setting of a fine poem has come only after many years, and even in some cases after a century or two, so that some of Shakespeare's songs had to wait till the eighteenth, nineteenth and possibly the twentieth centuries before their musical affinity found them.

"RAGS" AND MUSIC

Humor is not, as many would have it, the rarest thing in music. Indeed, it is most common; so common that it is regarded as valueless. Yet, it has great value, for humor is one of the essentials of a well-balanced mind. Without it all would be dull and uninteresting, music as well as the several other arts. Painting may be said to have its humor in cartoons; literature has its anecdotes; drama has its comedy, and music has it "Rags."

Syncopation, the true name of this type of music, is, perhaps, not as popular as "Rags." Separated, almost isolated, from all other classes of music, "Rags" have so multiplied and developed that at present they are the most common and most popular music of the country. Moreover, they bear that distinct characteristic of Americanism rarely found in other music. This characteristic, as all know, is largely composed of humor.

So irresistible and so fascinating is this humor in music that old as well as young, enjoy it. Think of the piece, Alexander's Ragtime Band. You smile or even laugh as you recall this melody. What was it that caused you to be so amused, so exhilarated, so light of heart? Outside of its humorous quality it cannot be explained. Why does Chopin's Funeral March produce a feeling of solemnity and sadness? Such are the psychological effects of music. Whereas many of the classics are serious, "rags" are humorous. Human nature is never continuously serious nor humorous; nor can music, the great solace of mankind, be the same.

Notwithstanding the great worth of this class of music, "rags" have not received due consideration or credit from the music world. Teachers have condemned "ragtime" as "touch destroyers," "timewasters," and other meaningless terms. The playing of "rags" does require a different touch from that used in other music; however, such a touch is easily developed, and is not essentially harmful.

EDUCATIVE ENSEMBLE

Musical education will not reach its highest development until it finds its place in the total "ensemble" of education as a whole. Musicians often have little genuine zest for anything but music, and so their students are often not instigated to gain training in other fields. This damages the educational status of music and impoverishes the life of the profession. On this side those music schools that are part of college systems have a great opportunity. And music schools that are independent should be urged to broaden their facilities or to encourage non-musical study among their students. With an art as with a person, "he that seeks only to preserve his own selfish life will actually lose it, while he that is eager to merge that life in something larger will find a new life that is better and richer."

In the Realm of Humanity

By M. C. B.

He who is not actively kind is cruel.—Ruskin.

In no part of Canada do animals suffer as they do in the prairie provinces. Turned out in winter to rustle for themselves in this severe climate with its awful storms, for the old and weak it is a pitiful struggle if they manage to pull through at all.

Many a faithful old horse who has given of his best to help pay for his master's comfortable home, is turned adrift in his old age to fare as best he may. The extreme heat of summer is torture for animals where there is neither tree nor shed to protect them from the blazing sun.

Scarcity of water works great hardship in the West. Animals enjoy pure fresh water as much as we do and many have to get along on our "dry" snow in winter and warm dirty slough water in summer. Knowing the indifference of some men and the forgetfulness of children who are intrusted with the care of animals and fowl, one can well believe that they often suffer from thirst and what suffering is worse than that?

In a recent letter from a Saskatchewan friend he says, "I am installing an expensive water plant on my farm. I am doing this chiefly for the animals' sake. I love to see the water dripping from their mouths and the look of satisfaction in their faces."

Another thing that animals have to contend with in the West is the fact that so many men have taken up farming here who were never used to the care of animals. As some one has said, "A man has to take out a license to drive a car—a thing without sense or feeling, but anyone may have the care of a sensitive, highly-strung intelligent horse no matter how inexperienced, stupid or brutal he may be."

I noticed a man holding a beautiful Percheron stallion in the show-ring who was amusing himself by touching his lighted cigar to its delicate nostrils and laughing, as a certain actor would say "like a silly awse." It would be well if some men could acquire a little more horse-sense.

Another instance of where a man shows up badly in comparison with the noble horse is when he is seated behind a team of mutilated (docked) animals—himself vigorously using his hat against the torturing mosquitos or flies and the poor horses at their mercy.

I saw such a team given a prize at our

Fair this summer. It is about time that docking and high checks would mean "out of the running."

His lordship, the Bishop of Toronto, has said that if the animals had not been created dumb, life on this planet would be impossible for us, such a chorus of moans from tortured creatures would go up to high heaven. Yea, verily—tortured with thirst, with cold and hunger,—with cruel blows, with aches and pains (even as you and I)—with over-loading, sore shoulders, cruel checks, bad shoeing and many other ills that horse-flesh is heir to—moans of tortured wild creatures in devilish steel-traps; moans of countless millions that furnish our tables with meat; moans of animals trained by cruelty to perform tricks at which we laugh and applaud heedless of the suffering involved.

Let us ponder then. Since these poor creatures are denied the power to plead for themselves, save by the mute despairing appeals of their eyes—since they are totally dependent on us who have been given dominion over them, since they have been created with bodies as perfect in their way as ours, and many of them with the human qualities of love, hate, fear, revenge, gratitude, faithfulness and wonderful intelligence and reason—and since not one of them we are told, is beneath our Father's notice—would it not be well for us to ponder on these things and see to it that we are not only giving a square deal to the animals that may be directly in our care, but that we are also doing our part to better conditions for all dumb creatures that suffer from man's injustice.

A Sad Awakening

You have read in novels how a great emotion will transform a man's countenance; how a poet's face, in the hour of inspiration, sets the sparrows singing on the housetops; how that of a man suddenly ruined causes unemotional horses to stagger. My own features are of the commonplace type—nobody thinks of regarding them twice—yet, I, too, have had my experiences, declares a contributor to "Punch."

They occurred to me one morning when I received a letter from Phyllis, which said briefly, "Yes, I think so." Not so much in that, you may say, but when I tell you it was the delayed answer to a proposal of marriage, you will understand. Shortly after reading it I stepped out into the street to walk to the office.

What a walk that was! The light

in my eyes seemed to brighten the very sun; the song in my heart was echoed from a hundred motor-buses. Never have the winds of May wooed so winningly a February morning.

Every man I met turned his head as if loath to take his eyes from my irradiated countenance. Every girl seemed to take the keenest pleasure in my happiness, and smiled at me prettily as if infected by its contagion. "Tis well," I thought (in blank verse), "that Phyllis now is pledged to me, or, by my troth, these flattering glances shot from beauty's eyes might make my heart unfaithful."

It was only when I reached the office and looked in the glass that I discovered the large black smudge on the end of my nose.

A Merited Rebuke

At the age of eighty-six Madam Reynolds still found much zest in life, and having retained all her faculties, she felt that a few of the physical disabilities of her age were of small account and portended nothing. Her nephew Thomas was a man of much worth, but of a certain tactlessness of speech which always roused the ire of his aunt.

A few weeks before the old lady's eighty-seventh birthday Thomas, who had been overweighted with business cares for years, started on a trip round the world which was to consume two years.

"I've come to say good-bye," he announced, when he appeared at his aunt's house, in a town fifty miles distant from his home. "I'm starting round the world next week, and as I'm to be gone two years, and perhaps longer, I thought I might not ever—well, you understand, I wanted to be sure to see you once more."

The old lady leaned forward, fixing him with her bead-like eyes.

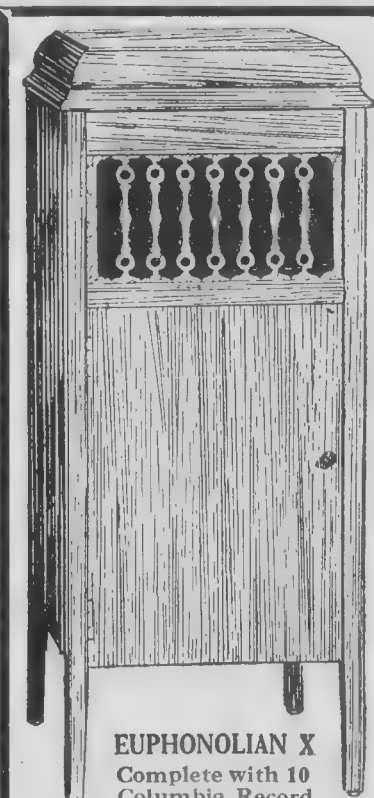
"Thomas," she said, imperatively, "do you mean to tell me the doctor doesn't think you'll live to get back?"

Stronger Than Two Per Cent

The police court magistrate of a town in Southern Kentucky was walking down the street one November evening with his friend John Markham, a distiller.

"Judge," said Mr. Markham, "have you ever tried my Number One brand of Old Markham?"

"No, John," admitted the judge, "but I tried three men in court this morning who had tried it."



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CANADA AND THE EMPIRE



THE problem of Imperial unity and the position of Canada and the other self-governing nations of the Empire in the Imperial system is being discussed more and more earnestly in all the great newspapers and journals of the Empire and by all its leaders in public life and thought. The Imperial Conference which is to be held in London in 1922 to deal with this whole problem is being looked forward to more and more keenly. The representatives of the Canadian nation will go to that Conference to discuss with the representatives of the other nations of the Empire questions of mutual co-operation in matters of common concern. They will not go as supplicants for the right of Canada to be accorded the status of a nation. The era of subordination has passed irrevocably. Sir Robert Borden gave expression to the whole truth of the matter when he said: "The strength of the Empire rests upon the eternal foundation of liberty and the ideal and consummation of autonomous self-government which is vested in the people of the self-governing Dominions as of right, not of grace." The strength and the unity of the Empire are one and inseparable with the equality of status of the self-governing nations of the Empire. There can be no central authority to delimit the extent to which they shall exercise the functions of nationhood, without a denial of the Imperial strength and unity. The Prince of Wales said it all in the fewest possible words when he said in his speech at Toronto on November 4, 1919: "The Dominions are no longer colonies. They are sister nations of the British nation." There is no conceivable future for Canada which is not based on that fact, which is unchangeable.

ONE PLAIN SIGN THAT TIMES HAVE CHANGED

During the first fortnight of last month The Philosopher was interested in looking through all the papers which come to his table from different parts of Canada, to note any expression of opinion about the fact that no names of Canadians figured in the New Year honors list at London. It is remarkable that there was little or no comment on that fact in the Canadian papers which The Philosopher saw—and he sees a fairly representative number of Canadian papers. That absence of comment is, indeed, in itself a striking expression of the Canadian people in regard to titles. They are an old world growth, unsuitable, to say the very least, for the soil of this country. Whatever else may be said for or against the present Dominion Parliament, there can be no faintest shadow of question or doubt that it expressed the sentiment and conviction of the people of Canada when it made its declaration in 1918 against any further titles in Canada. Since that declaration (in which there was an explicit exception made for decorations given in recognition of service in the war) there has been no addition to the list of Canadian knights and baronets. It is an entirely safe prediction that there will be no addition to that list. Knighthood is no longer in flower in Canada. Knights and baronets are out of place under Canadian skies.

CANADA FIRST

At a hearing by the Tariff Commission a couple of weeks ago, a plea was made for the admission to this country of British moving picture films, free of duty, on the ground that British sentiment would be encouraged in this country by the showing of British films. Several newspapers, while expressing sympathy with the idea that everything should be done to promote British sentiment, have rightly taken occasion to say it is highly desirable that more Canadian films should be shown in the moving picture houses of this country. Every true Canadian will agree without question that there is need of more attention being given to Canadian pictures. In literature, in music, and in art generally, Canadian life and nationality must find its own native expression. Otherwise Canada can develop no individuality as a nation, no national character of its own. Every nation that has made a lasting place for itself in history (some of them countries not equal in territorial extent to some of our Canadian provinces) has had its literature, music and art. We have made a beginning of these things in Canada. We must go on with the good work. The Western Home Monthly regards it as a foremost duty to encourage in every way possible the expression of Canadianism.

AN UNJUST WITHHOLDING

The whole matter of the right of the Western Provinces to the ownership and control of their public lands, minerals, timber, fisheries, water powers and other natural resources is one that rests between the Dominion Government and the Legislatures at Winnipeg, Regina and Edmonton. In plain truth and justice, none of the other Provinces have anything to do with it. Every one of the other Provinces has from the first moment of its existence as a self-governing entity, had the full ownership and control of its public lands and all its other natural resources. The same is true of every State in the Australian Commonwealth and

The Philosopher

in the South African Union. The same is true of New Zealand. Nowhere else in the British Empire, except in the cases of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, has the British constitutional principle that ownership and control of all public lands and other natural resources go with self-government been departed from. The purchase of Rupert's Land from the Hudson's Bay Company in 1870 was made by Canada, of which Manitoba was from the instant of the purchase, a Province; and though the present Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were then Territories, and did not attain the standing of Provinces until 1905, nevertheless they, too, paid their full per capita share of the price. That price was paid to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1870 in cash, which was raised on a Dominion bond issue, which matured in 1905, when it was paid off. In providing for the interest charges on that issue and for the payment of the principal at maturity, the people of Western Canada, as is set forth in the statement of the whole matter written by Professor Martin, of the University of Manitoba, paid more per head than did the residents of the other parts of the Dominion, for the reason that a protective tariff always bears more heavily on the pioneering people in a new region. The Western Provinces are asking only for plain justice. They ask for no more than all the other Provinces have had from the first. Their case is unanswerable. They should be no longer deprived of their equity.

THE SHAPING OF CANADA'S FUTURE

Money will buy a pair of boots, or a bushel of potatoes. Money is necessary, because it is the medium for the purchase of the necessities of life. But there are things which money cannot buy. It cannot buy the finest minds and the loftiest character. It cannot buy devotion and principle. It cannot, speaking truly, buy the best and most valuable services of the best men and women. And yet the best men and women, equally with the worst, require boots and potatoes and the other necessities of life, if they are to continue to live. There is no occupation more important than the teacher's. There is no service which requires, if it is to be performed adequately, higher qualities of mind and character. But there are few occupations, indeed, that are, on the whole, more poorly paid. More and better schools and more and better teachers are vitally necessary to human progress. All the world knows now that the extraordinary unity and cohesion of the German people in the war was the result of an educational system which, however wrong in its purpose, was carried through by the schools throughout the German Empire with wonderful success. The rulers and shapers of the German people realized that ideas and even character are plastic, like clay in the hands of the potter. And that potter was the school teacher. In two generations, with the world looking on (but, for the most part, unseeing), the teachers in all the schools throughout the German Empire, moulded the German people so as to produce a change beyond any standards of comparison. "The purpose of the rulers was so thoroughly wrought into the marrow of the people," writes Lee Russell, with striking conciseness, "that even now, in the agony and disillusion of defeat, there is no consciousness of moral corruption." Education was criminally misused in Germany. Every nation must now realize the value and necessity of the best possible educational methods. On the character and tone of the teachers in the schools of our country depends the future of Canada. There is no greater need throughout all Canada than the need of enlightened and resolute public opinion in regard to the worth of good teachers and the value of real education. This has been said over and over by many public speakers between Halifax and Victoria, and has been written in many newspapers and publications in all the Provinces. It is action that is needed, not talk.

A CHARACTERISTIC BOOK

The Philosopher has just read the volume of reminiscences entitled *My Three Years in America*, written by Count Bernstorff, who was the German ambassador in Washington when the world war began, and who continued to hold the position until the United States entered the war, when he had to go back to Germany, by way of Halifax, thereby learning a very convincing lesson of the meaning of British sea power. This book is written with no regard whatever for the truth, whenever it suits the writer to disregard the truth, or suppress facts, or color them to suit his purpose. The facts which connect him directly with the sinking of the *Lusitania* are on

record. He ignores them, of course. Nor has he anything to say about the German activities in the United States which were supervised from Washington and earned for him the nickname of Count Burn-stuff, in some of the United States newspapers. In regard to his plotting in Mexico, of which absolute documentary proofs were made public, including intercepted messages between the German embassy at Washington and the German representative in Mexico, he is likewise wholly silent. He argues at great length that he did everything in his power to prevent the United States from being drawn into the war. One of his main purposes in writing the book is evidently to influence public opinion in the United States; but Count Bernstorff shows plainly that his several years' residence on this continent did not make him understand the people of the United States. Among the remarkable things in the book is Count Bernstorff's assertion that in 1916, when Mr. Hughes was the Republican candidate for the Presidency, President Wilson had "firmly made up his mind" that if he were not re-elected, he would not continue in office until March 4, 1917, but would immediately appoint Mr. Hughes to the post of Secretary of State, and as soon as Mr. Hughes was ready to take over, would resign the Presidency. Mr. Hughes would thus, by the provision of the United States constitution, become President forthwith, without having to wait four months after his election. It is strange, if this is true, that Count Bernstorff should have been the only person whom President Wilson took into his confidence. That story is like the most of Count Bernstorff's book.

HUMAN MOTIVES

Every automobilist knows that the engine in his car has more power on a moist day. Just so human energy is affected by conditions. Our human working powers are influenced by certain subtle elements in the environment in which we find ourselves working. A great deal of attention is being devoted by scientific investigators to study of these elements. Professor Todd, of the University of Minnesota, goes to the root of the matter by asking "Why Do People Work?" This question has been studied by several other investigators. The seven main instincts noted by Professor Todd as standing out in their conclusions as to why people work are as follows, namely, self-preservation, love or home-making, self-respect, loyalty, self-expression or workmanship, worship and play. Different investigators, no doubt, would place these instincts in different orders. Without going into either that question or the question whether the seven instincts which have just been named are the seven main reasons why people work, it will be generally admitted what with the average human beings some of these instincts are in action. The Philosopher would be inclined to regard the sense of responsibility and citizenship as of great importance. No doubt that would be included in the sense of loyalty to duty, which also merges in self-respect. It is not easy to analyze human motives.

REWRITING UNITED STATES HISTORY

The leading editorial in *Americana*, the publication of the American Historical Society, deals with the movement for the re-writing of the history of the United States, which has produced already such remarkable results. That movement in the United States began only a very few years ago. It is now constantly gaining in strength. Historics, especially the text books used in schools, have been written with a bias which produced an entirely distorted view of the events and developments dealt with. Most unfortunately inaccurate ideas in regard to the Revolution which resulted in the establishment of the United States and particularly in regard to Great Britain in that connection thus got very firmly rooted. Those ideas and other ideas which are wrong in regard to the history of the United States are now being corrected. In several of the States there are commissions at work to accomplish this. In California, for instance, such a commission, which was appointed in 1918, has made its report and set forth its recommendations, which are being carried into operation. That commission consisted of two of the professors of the Leland Stanford University, two of the professors of the University of California and the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. They found practically all the text books of history used in the secondary schools of California to contain untruthful, or falsely colored, statements in regard to Great Britain, not only in regard to the Revolutionary War, but also in regard to the War of 1812 and of later events and developments, thereby, to quote the words used by the commission in its report, "creating a strong anti-British feeling, which is essentially unjust." Not only that, but the historical text books in use generally in the schools of the United States represent the United States as having been always and invariably in the right, even in the war against Mexico, seventy years ago, of which the great General Grant wrote "it was one of the most unjust wars ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation." In regard to the past ill-will in the United States against Great Britain, it is now generally recognized that it was due to falsely written history. The present and future generations of school children in the United States will not have their minds thus poisoned.

That Town Girl

By Mrs Nestor Noel

Contd. from page 21

the wise reply.

A big, bright moon made the evening nearly as light as day, and Harry White led Dora to a rustic seat not far from the house.

Then he said. "Are you tired of farm life yet?"

"Oh, dear, no," exclaimed Dora. "Mrs. Watson does all she can to make my life easy."

"Still," said Harry, "You must admit that you hanker for town again. All girls do."

"But I don't," answered Dora. "All my life, I have had the town. I hate its bustle and confusion—the noise in the streets, the indifference of the passers-by, the selfishness of the people. Here I am treated as if I were a girl—there I was only a piece of furniture."

"Would you live in the country always, if you could?" asked Harry.

"Yes," answered Dora, quietly.

"Could you ever consent to marry a farmer?" questioned Harry.

"That would depend on who the farmer was, who asked me," was the answer.

"I haven't much to offer," went on Harry. "But I love you very dearly and, if you could agree to bury yourself alive with me on a lonely farm, I'd do my best to make you happy. Will you consent to be this farmer's wife?"

"I'm not much use," demurred Dora. "I can't milk a cow."

all right. Besides, it's too late in the day to interfere, don't you think?"

"It never has done any good, as far as I can remember," was

Harry laughed. "As long as I have a pair of strong hands, I shan't expect my wife to do that sort of thing. A woman has enough to do to keep the house nice. I don't want a slave. I want a wife. You haven't answered my question. Will you marry me, Dora dearest?"

"Why, of course, I will," said the girl. "I loved you since the first day, when you told me I couldn't walk across the ploughed land, and you took charge of my luggage."

"This time," said Harry. "I'll take charge of you; but I warn you, I won't abandon my charge to anyone."

"I'm not a piece of furniture, Harry," said Dora.

"I know that. You are the dearest girl in all the world, and you're mine."

Government-owned Bank Refuses to Pay Depositors

Two disasters hit the Non-Partisan League at the same time. They were deprived of control of the government at the December elections, and the people passed a law on their own initiative enabling the public authorities to deposit public funds elsewhere than in the State Bank of North Dakota. The Non-Partisan League was not definitely defeated at the elections, for it retained a small majority in one house, although its opponents have a majority in the other branch of the legislature. If the law relating to public funds had been properly enforced the State Bank of North Dakota would have been compelled to close its doors, for it had no capital, and a considerable portion of its deposits were tied up in long term

investments. In order to forestall bankruptcy, the industrial commission, which controls the bank, decided to override the people's wishes and passed a resolution prohibiting any public authority from withdrawing its funds from the State Bank for redeposit elsewhere—in other words, the State Bank of North Dakota, owned, operated and controlled by the State, suspended payment.

This condition, coupled with three years of poor crops and existing financial troubles, precipitated a complete collapse of the Non-Partisan League's scheme. The State Bank is discredited, construction of the State-owned elevator and flour mill has been suspended, about 60 houses being built under the State housing scheme are unfinished, the public authorities cannot secure their own money and the people's will with reference to these deposits has been frustrated. There seems to be but one solution to the problems which the Non-Partisan League, with its dreams of the Socialistic state, has created, and that is the placing of the bank on a straight business basis and the reduction of the league's platform to possibilities instead of empty dreams.

State Hail Insurance Fails

In addition to its many other troubles North Dakota is face to face with a crisis in its state hail insurance scheme. During 1919 the farmers contributed approximately \$1,000,000 in premiums, and losses totalled about the same figure. The premiums were deposited by the government in the State Bank of North Dakota, and warrants have

been issued to those who sustained losses, payable at the State Bank. The bank has been unable or unwilling to pay these warrants, with the result that they are being traded around like paper money, but at a discount.

FRIENDS

Young Bill and I were always friends;
When we were only boys,
We always liked the same old games,
And shared each other's toys.

I liked to play with little Bill,
We always could agree,
And so I grew quite fond of him,
And he was fond of me.

I shared the best things that I had
With little Bill, and he,
When he had something pretty good,
Would always share with me.

The friendship of those childhood days
Lived on till we were men,
But now I can not feel t'ward Bill
The way that I did then.

For Bill has got a sweetheart now,
And I am sad for he
Is different, and he will not share
That pretty girl with me.

We're not the friends we used to be,
I'm feeling mighty blue;
I wish I didn't like so well
The girl that Bill likes, too.

R. G. Chase.

A Gilt Edged Security

ALBERTA 6 Per Cent GOLD BONDS

Good Bonds were never a more attractive investment for all classes of people than at this time, and among the many bond issues now offered, none will be found safer or better than

Province of Alberta Ten Year 6 Per Cent Gold Bonds

These bonds are issued in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1000, small enough for the small investor and convenient for the large investor. They are priced at par—no dealer's commission chargeable to the purchaser.

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From every viewpoint it is an absolutely gilt-edged investment.

If you have \$100 or more you cannot invest it more safely than in Alberta Gold Bonds.

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5 Per Cent
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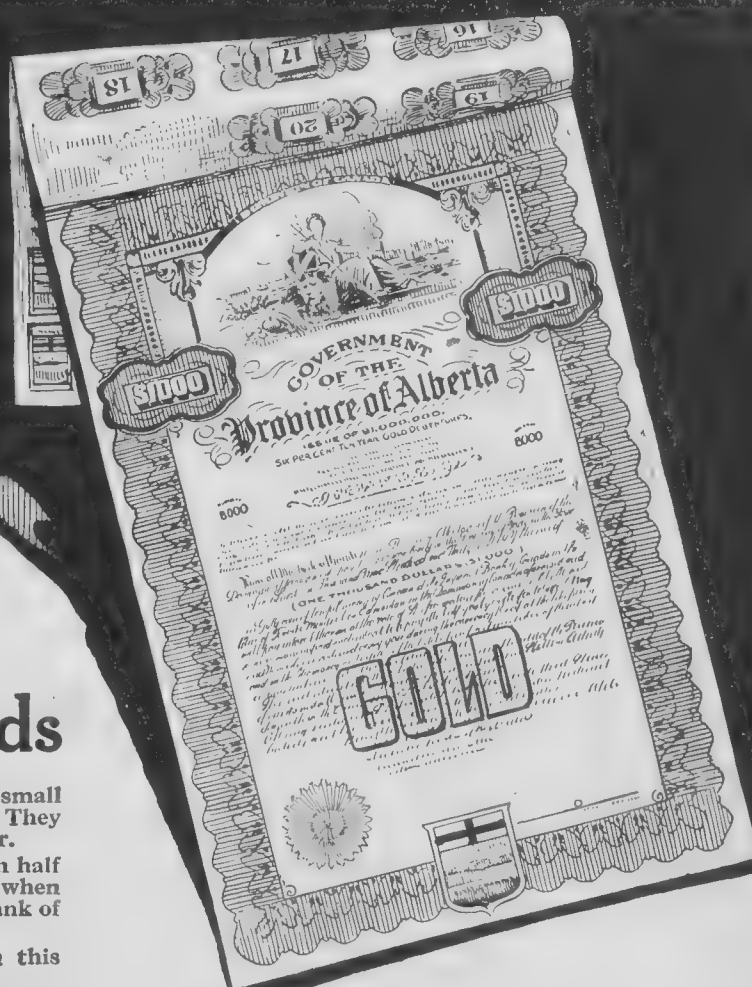
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Provincial Treasurer
Parliament Buildings, Edmonton, Alberta

W. V. NEWSON
Deputy Provincial Treasurer



The Young Man and His Problem

By
H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

BORROWED THOUGHTS

From a book by Mr. B. C. Forbes, entitled "Keys to Success," I borrow the following, and if this book should chance your way you may buy it without hesitation in the knowledge that you are buying not only a book but that you are making a first-class investment as well.

Mediocrity is the fruit of indifference.

The life barren of ideals is as a dark sky barren of stars.

All trade, all industry, all commerce, spring from teamwork.

All successful men are not millionaires; all millionaires are not successes.

Life is an endless chain of judgments; we cannot escape the daily treadmill of decisions.

To work means to serve, to perform some useful service, to contribute some effort to turning the wheels of the world.

AUTHORS AND BOOKS

Can you recognize books by their authors, or authors by their books? If you are able to do this, you have in some measure achieved that understanding of books which recognizes that "literature exists so that where one man has lived finely ten thousand may afterwards live finely."

What books do these names suggest to you:

Kipling, Dickens, Bennett, Scott, Tolstoy, Lytton, Grayson, Hardy, Dumas, Goldsmith.

What authors do these books suggest to you? Wuthering Heights, Mill on the Floss, Old Mortality, Last Days of Pompeii, Ethics of the Dust, Lorna Doone, Hereward the Wake, The Crisis, Romany Rye, Representative Men.

FUNDAMENTAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Read this heading again, please. Would you not find it useful to know the fundamental accomplishments or, in other words, the useful activities of life? Well, here they are as classified by Mr. Walde P. Warren, whose books you will always find entertaining and instructive:

1. How to think accurately and comprehensively.
2. How to express thought in talking and writing.
3. How to work skilfully with the hands.
4. How to take one's place among men.

There is a lot of philosophy compressed within these four statements, and if you do not save your magazines I suggest that you clip this paragraph.

TAKING THOUGHT

Don't answer too quickly. Take thought of your reply. Words have wings and cannot be recalled.

O many an arrow will reach the heart,
For which it was never intended;
If a careless marksman wings the dart,
And a hurt can never be mended.

And many a friendship may be lost,
And many a love-link broken,
Because of neglect to count the cost
Of words that are lightly spoken.

I remember reading that it was said of Mr. Gladstone that when confronted with a difficult question in the House, he would reply gravely, "There are three courses open to Her Majesty's Government," in order to give himself time to think of even one course.

"Thought," says Cranch, "is deeper than all speech."

CIVIC PRIDE

Every western community, city and rural, can, if it will, find cause for pride in its surroundings or in its possibilities. But if possibilities are to be realized, they must be realized consciously. So, to the young men of the West, I present a paragraph, old to some perhaps, and new to others, but always in season. It is the Oath of the Young Men of Athens.

"We will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks. We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty. Thus, in all these ways we will transmit this city, not only not less, but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

TEN QUESTIONS

How much time do you spend in quiet thinking and reflection? It is good to think a little, and in case you happen to be in the mood just now, here are ten questions for which I acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Harry C. Spillman, in his Studies in Personal Development:

1. Do you believe that Carlyle spoke truly when he said that for every man who can stand success there are one hundred men who can better stand adversity?

2. Do you think that any man by honest fruits of his labor can earn a million dollars?

3. What is the very best thing you can say about your old home town?

4. Have you ever made a survey of outside capitalists who have come into your community and organized paying enterprises out of ideas that home talent had overlooked?

5. If you should inherit ten thousand dollars to-morrow, how do you think you would invest it?

6. Do you think the majority of the tradesmen in your community are doing business on the basis "He profits most who serves best?"

7. Why do you think the present average age falls thirty years below the Biblical allotment?

8. Have you learned to disregard the doubts and fears expressed by those who can really know very little about your strong points?

9. Can you be happy in your own company?

10. Have you practised the art of concentration until you can hold your mind steadily upon a given thought even in a crowded car or a busy railway station?

SMILING

This heading bears no relation to a certain well-known song, but there are smiles and smiles, and in discussing the subject in humorous vein, Mr. James W. Fisk, with reference to types of salespeople, shows just how many negative kinds there are. He talks about:

The pitying smile when the customer signifies a desire to look at a cheaper article than the first shown him.

The sarcastic smile when the customer intimates that he is a more competent judge of his own needs than is the clerk.

The knowing smile when the customer says she is buying an inexpensive garment for the maid.

The idiotic, meaningless, vacant, perpetual smile of the clerk who considers a smirk his stock in trade.

The bored smile when the customer speaks proudly of the exceptional cleverness of her sister-in-law's second cousin's children.

The "Heaven-help-me" smile exchanged with a fellow employee when the customer finds difficulty in deciding between two silverware patterns.

SERVICE

The intent behind this page is S-e-r-v-i-c-e, but we can serve more truly and often if our readers will write to us occasionally and tell us something of their problems and of the matters that they would like to see discussed.

"A man, sir, should keep his friendships in constant repair," so write to us freely and often.

CO-OPERATING WITH THE GOVERNMENT

The government of the Dominion of Canada is your government. Don't register your impressions of it by means of another man's opinion. These are days when ill-balanced and prejudiced statements are abounding. If you want to find out what your government is really doing, why not co-operate with it? How can a young man do this? There are many ways, and here is one. Once a month for six months make a point of writing a letter to a department of the government at Ottawa.

If you are interested in agriculture, drop a line to the Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, or if you want a good map, write to the Secretary of the Interior. If you are interested in economic questions, tell the Secretary of the Commission of Conservation. You will hear from them by return mail as a rule, and you will receive some wonderfully interesting reports, splendidly illustrated in most cases. You can't know too much about your own country.

LOGIC

Logic is the science or art of exact reasoning, and, as a rule, conclusions based upon sound reasoning are pretty safe to follow out. Of course, there are times when no one stops to resort to logic. In 1914, when the call to arms came, the Briton the world over decided to shoulder a rifle first and reason the thing out afterwards. Still, many an unfortunate occurrence, particularly in the area of speculation, might be avoided if the young man would reason logically with regard to so-called gilt edged propositions.

Halran E. Read says that if a man is to reason, his reasoning must first be based on facts.

In order to get a comparison of facts one must know at least two facts before he can draw any conclusion of logic.

Hence we have, as the simplest form of logic, two facts from which a conclusion is drawn. These two facts are known as "premises," and the premises with the conclusion are called a syllogism.

As an illustration, take the following:

First premise—All men can breathe.

Second premise—Smith is a man.

Conclusion—Therefore Smith can breathe.

The common errors of logic are to draw conclusions from the wrong facts, and to interpret one fact or premise to mean more than it does. In the following illustration there is an error in the first premise, and therefore the conclusion is wrong:

First premise—All men are six feet tall.

Second premise—Smith is a man.

Conclusion—Therefore Smith is six feet tall.

In the boom days of real estate, the buying public was often deceived by illogical statements. Thus a salesman would say: "If this was a good investment, Mr. Rich would invest in it. Well, Mr. Rich has invested in it, and therefore it is to your advantage to buy."

There is wrong reasoning here because the argument does not show that Mr. Rich sometimes made unfavorable investments and that this might be one of them.

Before you part with your savings, test the logic of the proposition.

It is said of John Wesley that in defending the authenticity of the Bible he put the matter in logical form as follows:

The Bible is either the work of good men and angels, of bad men and devils, or of the inspiration of God.

It could not be the work of good men and angels because they would be too honest to say "Thus saith the Lord" when they wrote the passages themselves:

It could not be the work of bad men and devils when it solemnly warns us that the wages of sin is death.

Therefore, it must be the inspired Word of God.

CO-OPERATIVE WORK

Among the great writers of the last century was a Frenchman, by name Frederic Bastiat. He wrote much concerning the ways and conditions of the workers, so-called, and always in a well-reasoned manner.

With most of us, it is exceedingly difficult to interpret correctly even the simple doings of the day, for, as Rousseau says, "Much philosophy is wanted for the correct observation of things which are before our eyes." And here is a point of view, presented by Bastiat in 1850, which is as true to-day as it was then, and which, if generally admitted and understood, should do much to quieten the current spirit of unrest.

"Let us take, by way of illustration, a man in the humble walks of life—a village carpenter, for instance—and observe the various services he renders to society and receives from it; we shall not fail to be struck with the enormous disproportion which is apparent.

This man employs his day's labor in planing boards, and making tables and other articles of furniture. He complains of this condition; yet in truth what does he receive from society in exchange for his work?

It is impossible not to be struck with the measureless disproportion which exists between the enjoyments which this man derives from society and what he could obtain by his own unassisted exertions. I venture to say that in a single day he consumes more than he could himself produce in ten centuries.

The social mechanism then must be very ingenuous and very powerful, since it leads to this singular result; that each man, even he whose lot is cast in the humblest condition, has more enjoyment in one day than he could himself produce in many ages."

Home Doctor

Why We Should Masticate Our Food

When we do not chew our food properly the evil consequences are many, and often serious in their effect upon health, and even life. In the first place, a person who does not chew his food sufficiently is sure to eat too much. That is especially true in the case of soft foods, which are sometimes literally shoved into the stomach! Food that needs mastication will generally get a little, even from the worst sinner, although sometimes it gets only enough to make the act of swallowing possible.

Thorough mastication acts in two ways to diminish the amount of food you take. If a proper proportion of the time spent at the table is occupied by the work of mastication, the amount of food taken is naturally less. Furthermore, those who chew properly do not crave food as others do, for they digest what they swallow, and are free from the unnatural hunger that torments the rapid eater. Mr. Fletcher, the dietitian, has proved that he can maintain a high degree of health and vigor on a much smaller amount of food than most people think they need.

Another real danger to the health of the rapid eater arises from the unbroken lumps of food that pass into his stomach. In some cases the digestive juice struggles with them in vain, and they cause much discomfort, and often serious disorders—perhaps even appendicitis.

Children should be taught to chew their food well, for the healthy condition of the mouth and teeth in after life depends upon their doing so. If the jaw does not grow properly, there is not enough room for the teeth. Now, the growth of the jaw depends in large measure on the mastication it is called upon to do. The teeth themselves suffer also. They miss the active circulation of the blood, the stimulation of the gums, and the cleansing of the mouth by the salivary glands that follow upon the act of chewing.

Help For the Nervous Heart

A person who has a nervous heart must first find out what causes it to be nervous. The condition has so many different origins that there is no single course of treatment for all cases. At the same time, some form of excess is usually at the bottom of the trouble. Whether it is excess of play or excess of work, the symptoms will be similar, and the results will be equally disastrous unless the fault is corrected. Neglected functional heart trouble often becomes an incurable organic heart trouble.

When your heart begins to show signs of irritability,—when it palpitates or works irregularly or feels occasional pain,—have a physician who understands the heart examine it. He can determine how serious the condition is; self-diagnosis in heart trouble of any type is simply a waste of time.

When the excess consists in a youthful over-indulgence in athletics, alcohol or tobacco, the proper treatment is evident. Relief depends on the common sense and self-control of the patient. When, however, the trouble affects the busy and aging head of a family who cannot yet afford to retire from work, it is a more difficult matter. And yet careful management and good sense can do much to help these cases, too. Those who cannot take as much rest as they ought to have, often find it possible to take enough to get on with. If they cannot go to the Riviera or Switzerland, they can get an extra hour in bed every night, a quiet half-hour after the evening meal, a tranquil and restful Sunday, and the light and nourishing diet for which their condition calls.

It is true that some cherished habits must be given up, temporarily, at least. Tobacco in any form is bad for the nervous heart, and tea and coffee come under the same condemnation. At the same time, those who are accustomed to tea or coffee, especially at breakfast-time, often do better when they decrease their allowance gradually than when they abandon the habit abruptly.

Let the owner of a nervous heart persuade himself to humor that faithful servant. Let him give up running for trains, carrying heavy bags, and overtaxing himself in any way; by and by he will find that his heart has had the rest it needs, and is willing again to toil for him with little or no complaint.

Health and Good Temper

The French people have been stirred by a recent book that preaches the duty we owe to ourselves and to one another to be good-humored, contented and cheerful.

Raymond Fougerey, the author, is wise enough to know that the road to good humor is good health. "Have you ever found good humor," he asks, "in a person suffering from cramps in the stomach, or corns, or toothache?"

The stoical smile of martyrdom is admirable, but it does not take the place of the infectious gaiety of perfect health. The good temper that accompanies and rewards good health is something that we owe to the people about us as surely as we owe it to ourselves.

Man was intended to be a sweet-tempered animal. When we are well—when our food digests perfectly, and pure blood courses freely through our arteries—it is unnatural to feel cross, no matter what the provocation may be. On the other hand, dyspeptics and persons whose circulation is sluggish are querulous and morose. They would not be different if the whole world were at their disposal.

The few simple rules that Fougerey gives for maintaining good health are all well known, but not all well practised. He dwells, for example, on the sense of

well-being that a good bath confers, especially when it is followed, in the case of the sedentary, by simple but vigorous exercises. We take the bath, but omit the exercises; or, if we begin them, we fail to keep them up. The fatal morning comes when we omit them "just this once," and the next morning it is harder than ever to go on with them.

Another of Fougerey's rules is as well known, and as often ignored: "Eat wisely, avoid excess, spare your stomach."

Blood-Pressure

Physicians have always studied the pulse, because it gives valuable information concerning the body's condition of health or disease; but it is only recently that they have begun to use the term "blood-pressure" frequently, and to regard the amount of that pressure as of great importance. That is because they now have instruments for accurately measuring the pressure, which previously they could only estimate by feeling the pulse.

Blood-pressure, or the degree of tension of the blood current within the arteries, is chiefly significant because a permanent increase in it is quite sure to be followed in time by hardening of the arteries, and by the degeneration or disease of important organs, especially the kidneys.

The blood-pressure is increased by a number of causes that increase the force

of the heart-beat, or contract the smaller blood-vessels. Any excitement—anger, joy, fear, "nervousness"—raises it temporarily; but that is of little importance unless the emotion is frequently repeated or unless the person already has diseased arteries. The blood-pressure that is permanently high is more serious. That comes from long-continued mental excitement, such as worry, business anxiety, or political strife, or from the action of certain poisons that are formed in the system, and not properly excreted.

These poisons come from the waste products of digestion, especially in large meat-eaters. They raise the blood-pressure by causing the smaller arteries to contract.

In small amounts these poisons are excreted at once, but in persons who eat large quantities of meat, especially of beef and mutton,—poultry and fish are less harmful,—they are sometimes formed in amounts so large that the kidneys cannot dispose of them promptly. When this happens, especially if it occurs in a person who is under a constant mental strain, like the politician, the financier, or the chronic worrier, there is grave danger of a permanently high blood-pressure, and following that, of hardening of the arteries, and of kidney disease, mental disturbance, or apoplexy.

If you must worry, be a vegetarian; if you must eat meat, do so only once a day, or, better still, every other day.



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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Every Patriot is For Unity

Every true Canadian is against sectionalism.—Toronto Globe.

No, Unless at a Safe Distance

Should female Bolsheviks be referred to as Bolsheviks.—Calgary Herald.

Why Call Names?

The public is sometimes compared to a flock of sheep. Why not goats?—Ottawa Citizen.

Germany's Laden Shoulder

The indemnity leaves a little room on Germany's shoulder for a chip.—Toronto Star.

An Improved State of Affairs

They have inaugurated a new President in Mexico without anybody being shot. Truly the world does move.—Vancouver Sun.

The World and War

It begins to look as if the world will not get rid of war until the world really wants to get rid of war.—Journal of Commerce.

The Two Can't Travel Together

The ring master has not yet been found who can train low prices and high wages to canter around the ring together.—Duluth Herald.

Later He May Be Retired

The Hungarian throne, says a cable report, has been offered to Prince Axel. Thus the wheel of rumor goes round.—Stratford Herald.

No City Has Everything

New York has more fine shops than Chicago, but Chicago has a long lead in murders. No city has everything.—Chicago Tribune.

An Extreme Extremist

Amundsen, who discovered the South Pole, is now attempting to drift on the ice across the North Pole. The fellow appears to be somewhat of an extremist.—Detroit News.

All Will Agree With This

One of the severest earthquake shocks in many years is reported to have centred last month in the middle of the Pacific ocean. And an excellent place for it, too.—Hong Kong Weekly Press.

Adding Insult to Injury

Thieves stole a \$1,000 beaver coat from a "miracle worker" who was holding meetings in Montreal. And if he gets that coat back, it will be a miracle indeed.—Edmonton Journal.

France's Feeling

France still has a standing army of 840,000 men and 40,000 officers. Apparently France feels that the world is not yet safe for democracy, or anything else.—Washington Star.

He Can't Be Bottled Up

It has just come to our attention that General Pop is minister of war in Holland. Now, when General Pop shoulders his gun—but why go on?—Saskatoon Star.

Propheteers

There is an excess of minor prophets in literature, journalism and politics. There is too much propheteering. It is, like profiteering, one of the products of the Great War.—London Express.

To Abolish Money in Russia

The financial department of the Soviet Government has been instructed to prepare plans for the abolition of money. They haven't very far to go to do that in Russia.—Wall Street Journal.

A Crop That Never Fails

Ponzi, the "get-rich-quick" swindler, who had such a marvellous career in Boston last year, must spend five years in prison. But there will be a brand new crop of suckers in 1925.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Fall of Venizelos

Happier far is the lot of the Greek who shines shoes than the Greek who shines as a statesman. The shoe shiner builds up a business. The Premier builds up an unholy and crushing opposition.—Buffalo Express.

A Contrast

Canada has problems all right, but we should be thankful day and night that Canada is not in the position of China, where 50,000,000 people are reported to be starving.—Montreal Standard.

Financial Item

"Many securities," says a circular issued by a Chicago investment firm, "are practically unsaleable at the present time, but might be exchanged for others equally desirable."—Minneapolis Journal.

A Plain Issue

In an actual choice as between the League of Nations and a "billion for battleships," the League should win. If armaments win, then the human species will have begun to take leave of its senses.—Springfield Republican.

More Wonders of Finance

Financiers tell us that the world now owes \$300,000,000,000. And then they add that since all this indebtedness is owing to persons in the same world everything will come out all right in the long run.—Victoria Colonist.

What British Workmen Do Not Want

Lenine calls British Labor leaders "yellow," and accuses them of betraying the "cause." He cannot get it through his head that the British workman doesn't want a repetition in his own country of what has happened in Russia.—Hamilton Spectator.

Fraudulent Stock Promoters

It is hard to arrive at exact figures, but it seems likely that the operations of fraudulent stock promoters are costing the country not less than a quarter of a billion dollars a year.—New York Tribune.

Canada Will Pull Through

Those who are pessimistic about the general situation in Canada might do worse than recall the statement of the Irishman that "he had never died a winter yet." Canada will pull through all right.—Toronto Telegram.

And a Peruvian Bite?

Peru has ordered 50,000 rifles in a European country. Perhaps the South American country is going to give Chile or some other of its neighbors a demonstration of the well-known Peruvian bark.—Brantford Expositor.

A New York Explanation

A New York paper points out that the larger the city the more criminals it has. Quite right. The more people, the more highwaymen and burglars it takes to get them all properly held up and robbed.—Toronto World.

A Grotesquely False Idea

Many Americans believe that Great Britain is bound by a treaty with Japan to support that country in any war which might break out between her and the United States. That belief is grotesquely false.—London Times.

Sarcasm

Church societies go on arranging mock parliaments. Which is to be taken as indicating that there is still a difference between the mock thing and the real thing. Some close observers have been beginning to be doubtful about this.—Woodstock Sentinel Review.

The Rule of the Majority

There is nothing sacred in the will of the majority, but acquiescence in it is the fundamental working principle of democracy. Were it not so, we should have a series of civil wars, instead of a series of general elections.—London New Statesman.

We Learn More Every Day

A German naval historian has come out with the statement that the German fleet did not strike the main British fleet at the beginning of the war "because it did not know where to strike." This appears to be about as good a reason as any.—Winnipeg Tribune.

The Changing East

A picture-writer once coined a phrase, "the unchanging East," and Time has turned round and taken revenge upon him. The East is to-day the place of changes—of changes so great and so swift that in comparison with it our Europe is standing still.—London Nation.

Western Progress

More than 400 miles of railway were built in Saskatchewan last year, according to the statement made by the Premier of that province. The West is still going ahead at a lively rate, although there is not so much noise about it as there used to be.—Hamilton Herald.

The Unity of the Empire

The British Empire of to-day, by virtue of the developments of the war and making of peace, is a co-operative alliance of British sovereign states. The era of subordination has definitely, finally and irrevocably passed, and there can be no future for us which does not fully recognize that unchangeable fact.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Compulsory Pants for Filipinos

A bill has been introduced in the territorial senate of the Philippines "to make it obligatory for the inhabitants to wear trousers in public, under the penalty of five years' imprisonment." What about the doctrines of "self-determination for small peoples, as applied to pants."—New York World.

Lucky By Comparison

Wheat prices may have had a big slump in Canada, but at that our farmers are not as badly off as the sheep men of New Zealand. Two wool clips bought by the British government are still lying in the country, and this year's clip can find no buyers at all.—Vancouver Province.

Two Fundamental British Principles

Two great processes have been outstanding in the evolution of British institutions. "Order first, then freedom in its train." Of the two, freedom is perhaps the more important. But order is the more fundamental, because without it freedom degenerates into license, and destroys itself. Responsible British government is the product of the two.—Glasgow Herald.

What the World Needs

An agreement among the powers not to increase their armaments during the next two years, as suggested by the League of Nations, would be an evidence of the sincerity of the powers for peace. Incidentally, if the League succeeds in bringing about an arrangement of this kind it will justify, on this score alone, its existence.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"The Best of Reasons"

Lord Northcliffe gives the best of reasons for an agreement on naval building between the United States and Great Britain. There is no possibility, he says, of an Anglo-Japanese combination against the United States, because of the "political realities of the British empire, which make it impossible to unite Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa on behalf of or with the Japanese."—Kansas City Star.

A Large Undertaking

The W.C.T.U. of Brooklyn, N.Y., has inaugurated "a nation-wide campaign" against the use of paint and powder, lipstick and eyebrow pencil, and all other secret and known appliances and methods of female facial camouflage. The undertaking is a much larger one than those who have undertaken it dream of.—Boston Transcript.

The Conversion of Mrs. Pankhurst

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst says that if there is anything which the world needs to-day it is conservatism. The famous English militant and inventor of the hunger strike evidently has been converted to this view by long experience in trying to supply the world's wants on other lines.—Halifax Herald.

Quebec

It has often been said that the Province of Quebec lags behind in the road of progress. This was true to some extent in the past. But a great change has taken place. In education, in all branches of agricultural progress, and in manufacturing, Quebec is now making giant strides. A great future is ahead of Quebec in the economic life of Canada.—Montreal Gazette.

Effects of The War

One of the far-reaching effects of the World War is that thousands of rich men have become poor and tens of thousands of poor men have become rich. While these shifts of fortune were taking place, other war-born forces were let loose which afflicted virtually all Europe with more misery of every conceivable sort than it has had to bear at any time since the Dark Ages; and even in those eras of oppression, famine and pestilence no such vast populations were affected as are to-day plunged in woe and wretchedness.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

The True Imperial Unity

Fortunate it is that the statesmen of broadest mind and farthest vision in Great Britain as in the British nations overseas from the Mother Country realize and understand the national consciousness of the Dominions, and see clearly the unwisdom and peril of Utopian schemes of Imperial centralization based on outworn conceptions of the subordination of the Dominions to anything less than full national status.—Sydney (Australia) Bulletin.

The Coming Imperial Conference

Canada's relations to her sister states in the Empire do not fit into the formal pigeonholes of the old system, and so it is that representatives of Canada will in 1922 meet representatives of all the other self-governing nations of the Empire in an Imperial conference for the purpose of adjusting the system to the facts.—St. John Telegraph.



A Short Monthly Talk on the Proper Care of the Skin, Teeth, Hair and Hands

By MARGARET MAXWELL

There is an old saying that "the hair is the frame for the face," and it can tremendously enhance the beauty value of the picture or detract from it.

Just take a look at your friends and notice how many of them wear their hair strained tightly back when it should be fluffed loosely about the face. Or, again, how many wear their hair loose and fluffy when their face calls for a severe style of hair-dressing.

No end of wonders may be worked through a handsome and becoming coiffure. For instance, a short, stout woman should wear her hair done low in the neck. The high coiffure will, as a rule, suit her much better. All improvements, of course, do not rest on changing from a low back dressing to a high one. A tall thin-faced girl may work as satisfactory a change in reversing the treatment from a high hairdressing to a lower one, thereby providing width for the face and taking off an inch or so of that long-drawn outlook. Or, one who has been in the habit of wearing the hair sleek-back over the ears may, by a frivolous wave of soft hair, hide the none too shell-like ear and provide an alluring touch of softness to the whole expression.

Therefore every woman should study herself in the mirror in order to provide the most attractive setting for her face. In choosing a hat, it is looked at from every angle and the lines carefully noted. The hat finally decided upon is the one that is most becoming to the face. Then why not make a study of the most becoming style of coiffure?

Seat yourself before the mirror with a goodly supply of hairpins, and arrange the hair in as many different styles as possible until you arrive at the one that serves your face most kindly. Do not consider this time wasted. It is a woman's duty to make the most of her looks, and a becoming style of hairdress will sometimes make all the difference in the world to an otherwise plain woman's appearance.

Next time you happen to be with group of women just note how few of them have their hair well groomed. So many stray wisps of hair straggling over collars. So little attention paid to a good line of hair at the back of the head. Yet it is so simple to have the hair neat and tidy.

There are on the market to-day such splendid colors in hair nets that almost every shade of hair is duplicated, and it is practically impossible to notice them when put on properly. There is a trick in adjusting a hair net which comes with a little practice. Some people refuse to consider them at all, arguing that they give a "store-head" sort of look. They can be made to look quite becoming if they are adjusted a trifle loosely and are pinned to the hair with invisible hairpins. The hairpins may be bent slightly to keep them from slipping out.

Of course care of the hair, washing it when dirty, brushing well each night and massaging the scalp frequently, is important, as without healthy looking hair to work on it would be impossible to make it look its best.

If your hair is dry after washing and it is hard to do anything with it, give it two or three good brushings. The brushing distributes through the hair the fat of the sebaceous glands. If the hair still remains dry and lifeless, rub into the scalp, after the shampoo, enough vaseline or olive oil to give the hair a naturally glossy softness.

There are a great many ways of doing the hair. For the young girl nothing is more becoming than the de-

butante style, which allows for an exposed forehead or the hair slightly draped over it and drawn back and pinned beneath a tortoise-shell comb. The sides are fluffed over the ears and the back turned up under the comb which holds the hair in place.

The butterfly style is very becoming to any face, but can be worn particularly well by a young person. Brush the side and front hair over the face; take the remaining back hair and comb it up to the crown of the head where



Better look where you are going instead of flirting with our readers!

you make a flat knot of it, pinning it there securely; then brush the front hair back of the forehead and back over the padding, and secure it tightly with pins at the nape of the neck, turning ends in neatly. Then take the sides and roll the hair the reverse of the way you roll it for puffs and pin down into shape to suit your face and in nice proportion to the puffed-out crown. A comb may be used in the back to hold the hair in position.

For the girl with a classic type of beauty nothing is more stunning than the severe type of hairdress with the ears exposed, and the hair wound in a soft knot up high on the head. This type can wear unusual earrings with an air.

The "swirl" may be worn by either young or old. Part the hair in four sections, two side pieces, a generous head center section, and the balance for the back. Comb the back up and into a knot just below the crown in the back. If the hair is heavy make this knot rather tight, but if the hair is scanty make it soft and fluffy. Take the side sections and arrange softly over the ears and pin the side ends under the back hair knot, pinning down as flatly as possible. The front part is then taken and combed loosely back, and the ends caught in with a comb.



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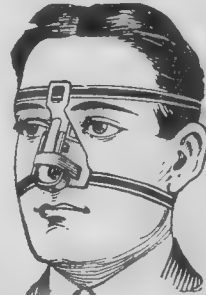
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Foreword

A great many of our readers will be glad to know that the stories and special articles of a former well-known contributor to this magazine, Mrs. Hugo A. Harper, (Irene Keane) will now again be available to the Canadian public after an absence of nearly five years.

Mrs. Harper was married in her senior year at the University of Alberta, in January, 1914, to Hugo A. Harper, Esq. The great happiness of their married life was overclouded by the declaration of war. As Mr. Harper had qualified at Osborne for a naval officer, and later, owing to his parents removing to Canada for health reasons, qualified also as a cavalry officer, he offered his services at once to the Canadian Contingent as a member of the Imperial special reserve of officers, long before his seniority required it of him, throwing aside the joys of his home life and most excellent prospects, as well as a good financial position to fight for his country. His people had done so for generations, he being a great-grandson of that famous General, Sir Henry Harness, who with his friend, Lord Napier, turned the tide at Lucknow; and nephew of the equally famous Colonel-commandant of the Royal Engineers who revolutionized and made modern the course of study for gentlemen cadets of the Officer's Training Corps.

General "Sam" Steele, his old commander, though loath to let Mr. Harper leave the Canadians, finally unearched his transfer papers which had been "lost" for some time at the War Office, and as cavalry officers were not in demand at that time, Mr. Harper was posted to the fighting unit of the Seaforth Highlanders.

Owing to his all-round knowledge and his great popularity with all ranks, he quickly rose to a staff position, as advisory officer to the Fourth Division; but was recalled from Lillers where he was Town Major, to the regiment, owing to the loss of so many officers. He fell in action at the head of his men, 15-4-18. Mrs. Harper, though so young to undergo such perils, crossed to England on the first boat after her husband, braving the submarines, with a young baby in her arms, and assisted her husband in every way by bringing what she could of home comforts to him. A further tragic touch was the birth, two months after the father's fall, of a second son.

Mrs. Harper is remaining in England for a few years, that her little boys may attend one of the schools—Sherborne, where their great-grandfather, Hugo Daniel Harper, D.D., (Oxon) was so long the Head before he went to Jesus Oxford as its Master; or Clifton, where their grandfather, Henry Roby Harper, M.A., (Oxon) was a Master for many years and their father and uncles had "most distinguished careers" to use the words of the memorial.

Cambridge, Eng.

What Irrigation Means to Canada

Story of the Movement for Reclamation and Conservation of Land, Commonly Known as Irrigation

By Mrs Hugo Harper (Irene Keane)

Specially written for "The Western Home Monthly"

[Note—The following article will be of special interest to those who are vitally concerned in the pivotal factor to-day in righting the upheavals of the Great War, namely, higher production. Many successful British agriculturists have been deterred from extending their activities to the wider lands of Canada through fear of crop failure—owing to insufficient rainfall—especially in the "Last Great West". On the other hand, a better comprehension of certain initial difficulties which might arise, and the part played by the science of irrigation in overcoming them, would obviate the too-optimistic hopes of "boom" investors with the resulting depression when these hopes are not fully realized.—The writer.]

Irrigation is a science which is somewhat misunderstood by the general public. To many people the term stands only for reclamation, adopted as the

only means of salvation for lands which otherwise would be useless. Irrigation, however, has another and higher mission—not so much to create conditions of productiveness as to increase them. Under irrigation the exact degree of moisture can be applied to suit any crop, and to regulate its growth and development, even to color and texture.

Alternate booms of "real estate" and periods of great depression in Western Canada have largely been due to a lack of knowledge of western conditions by those who came there to build homes, and also to some extent to seeming cycles of favorable and unfavorable years. Within the past decade, however, more attention has been given to confronting these problems scientifically, and so laying the foundation for a more permanent and more prosperous national production and development.

Other things being equal, irrigated lands, by reason of their greater productiveness, encourage closer working, support a larger population per square mile, and yield a greater tonnage of freight per acre than lands which are not irrigated; and one may state this in the form of the axiom that irrigation is often just the difference between a good crop and no crop. Supplemental irrigating water has proved (As in India after the tragic famines of 1878) indispensable not only to start, but also to save and mature crops at times when uncertain rainfall has proved inadequate. Storage may be effected, not in reservoirs necessarily, but for a period of weeks or months before planting time in the soil itself, this phase having been practised by all the ancient peoples (by the primitive means of baling water in buckets and emptying them by hand over the land). The very life of Egypt, for instance, has always depended on some form of irrigation—though it was never practised on a really scientific system till after the British occupation.

We find the first historical record of irrigation in the annals of the Moqui Indians of Mexico and South America, who, when threatened by late rains, plant each grain of corn (their principal crop) in a handful of adobe mud, and bury the wet mass under six or eight inches sandy soil. The wet seed sprouts in the mud, pushes to the surface, encounters the late rains with a flying start, comes to rapid maturity, and is safely harvested before frost. This idea is the basic principle of irrigation as practised in modern times, especially in connection with the crops on small holdings, as the plants can be kept always evenly moist until they have attained their maximum development, and then, with the water shut off can be ripened quickly. Irrigation promotes intensified methods of farming. Closer settlement is caused. The basis of agricultural prosperity is the small farm worked by and supporting a large family, and that is what irrigation tends to strengthen.

Irrigation is not a fad or an experiment. Governments are recognizing everywhere the practical value of irrigation in the economic affairs of the state. The immensity of the problems involved have held a fascination for the greatest statesmen—one finds Mahomet Ali many hundreds of years ago in Egypt addressing his under-governors of provinces in much the same language as that employed by the late Theodore Roosevelt in his famous "reclamation policy" speech of December 3, 1901, before an irrigation congress representing over ten thousand delegates, in which he stated: "The reclamation of the unsettled arid public lands presents a difficult problem. It is not enough to regulate the flow of streams—the object of the government is to dispose of the land to settlers who will build homes upon it. The reclamation and settlement of the arid lands will enrich every portion of the country—the increased demand for manufactured articles will stimulate industrial reproduction—widen home markets, and the increased trade of Europe will ensure the sale of the larger food supplies made available by irrigation. Local centres of mining and other developments, outside purely agricultural interests, will be galvanized into a more vital activity and the prosperity of the many, rather than the few, guaranteed—for successful home-making is only another name for successful nation-building." At the reclamation congress (Contd. on page 32)

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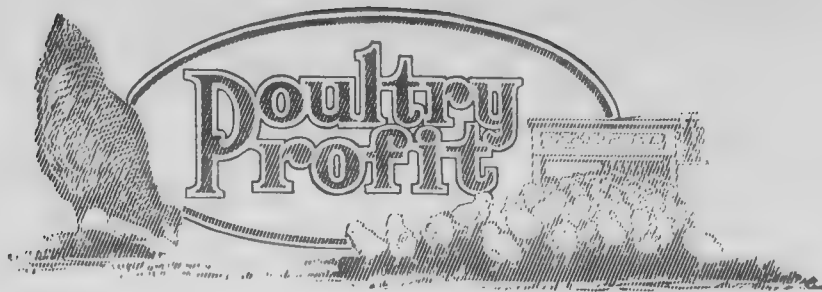
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By Helen E. Vialoux

Notes on the Poultry Plant at the
M. A. C., Winnipeg

IT was a real pleasure to the writer to again visit the Manitoba Agricultural College, and see hundreds of pens of splendid birds, of different breeds, in the pink of condition, the majority of them making a fine record in winter laying, out of doors. It was bitterly cold, with a drifting wind, but the 1,400 laying hens, housed in pens, without any artificial heat whatsoever, seemed comfortable, and busy singing many a day.

The hen houses are not banked up, but all the laying pens have curtains, which are let down at night over the roosting fowl. Both cotton and glass are used in the big windows, facing south. The large pans of buttermilk were frozen nearly solid, but the sun shone brightly, and nowhere were there birds moping on the roosts. At least 18 inches of clean litter of ordinary straw was on all the cement floors and twice a day a mixture of shrivelled wheat and corn (cracked fine) is scattered into the straw. Most of the pens contained 20 birds in the laying houses, and the breeding pens are mated up with 15 Barred Rocks to one cockerel, and 20 Leghorn pullets to a male bird.

The egg record showed that 17 out of 20 birds were laying in some of the pens. Both White Leghorns and Barred Rocks are doing remarkably well this winter. The Rocks have the highest individual egg record, but in "team work" that is to say, the highest number of eggs laid by a pen of twenty pullets, the White Leghorns lead, so far, this winter.

Any person who has doubts in regard to the value of electric light in winter egg production should take a trip to the college and be convinced by the records along this line for the past couple of years. 1920 record, November 15th to March 1st, three and a half months of short days, 142 White Leghorn pullets laid 6,324 eggs, cost of feed, \$111.30, light turned on at 7 a.m. till daylight, and from dusk until 10.30 p.m., cost \$11.50 for the 115 days period. Cost of each egg was therefore 1.09 cents, 1.09 cents by the dozen being 21.01 cents.

In another pen, during the same time, 146 White Leghorn pullets, identical in all respects and fed similar rations, produced only 3,767 eggs in the 115 days, no electric light being supplied. Cost of feed was \$105.60, cost of each egg nearly 3.02 cents, in fact .04; cost of one dozen 33.6 cents. The average price for these eggs was 75 cents, as they sold at from 60 to 90 cents per dozen. Therefore, the electric lighted pullets produced \$395.25 worth of eggs in 115 days, a profit of \$273.45, more than the proceeds of the 313.11 dozen eggs laid by the hens that sat in darkness, their total income being \$236.80.

It is interesting to learn, also, that Professor Herner is doing such good work in cutting down the cost of production of winter eggs. There are so many high priced mashers on the market nowadays that a beginner is led to spend far too much money on these expensive foods. The scratch feed is wheat, which looked frosted so shrivled it is in appearance, mixed with corn, but I was assured this grain has as high a food value for laying hens as good wheat. Then the mash in self-feeding hoppers was simply crushed oats, such as horses are fed. The damp mash, fed once a day, is composed of bran, some shorts, alfalfa meal, and dried blood from the slaughter houses, which takes the place of beef scraps and is a cheap by-product. No green cut bone is fed to any of the fowl in winter, but pans of buttermilk



Champion Barred Rock hen, M.A.C.

are always before the hens. Thus the cost of feeding is reduced materially.

Two pens of moulting hens which had done yeoman service during the year in egg laying had no electric light in their coops, as they required a good rest in preparation for their work as breeders during the spring season. The best layer in the Leghorn class produced 252 eggs and her near relatives, in the same pen, laid from 200 eggs up. The best Barred Rocks in 1920 laid 262 eggs and was the offspring of the wonderful champion hen whose photo is here reproduced. She is now nearly three years old, and looks well surrounded by her daughters and granddaughters, 20 of them, in a coop, some lovely birds of high degree making a wonderful record as long distance egg producers. One pen of White Leghorn hens, called "long distance birds", interested me very much and quite exploded the theory that a good hen failed to lay well after two years of age. Some of these birds are in their fifth year, and are producing plenty of eggs, yet hardy veterans. The experiment which has been conducted by Prof. Herner, since the fall of 1917, for to build up a pure-bred flock by the use of pure-bred males and mongrel hens has been a splendid success and should appeal to our western farmers. In 1917 a farm flock of 100 ordinary mongrel hens were bought and housed in a cheap house without any wire partitions. A straw litter was put on the earth floor and roosts and dropping boards provided for the hens all running together in the long house. The mongrels were fed the same ration as the purebreds and were mated to six "bred to lay" pure Barred Rock males. The idea was, with the use of these males, to, first, get more eggs from better layers; second, larger and better chickens; third, more uniform and better colored birds. The hens were all trap-nested. At the end of the first year the 50 best layers were kept over for another season and the 50 poorest layers fattened and potted. Then 50 pullets from the Barred Rock and mongrel mating took the place of the 50 deadheads in the pen. At the end of the second year, the two-year old mongrel hens were killed and replaced by 50 pullets of the second year's mating. This system of selection will continue for five years. The experiment is now in its fourth year and I could hardly believe the beautiful pen of 100 birds, showing good points and excellent coloring, could have been bred from the motley crew of common mongrels I had seen three and a half years ago, when at the college. These birds are now in fine shape and laying splendidly. There seems no longer any excuse for the many flocks of mongrel fowls in the country when a few dollars worth of good male birds and careful selection will build up a good laying strain in three or four seasons. Pens of pullets and year-old hens are being tried out at the college, as regards egg-laying throughout the year. The pullets lay more eggs in the winter season and the hens do better work in the summer and, of course, are superior as breeders and mothers.

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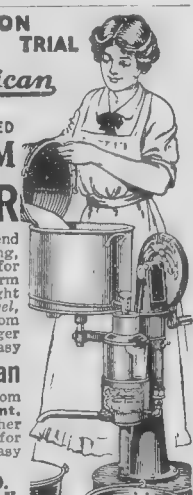
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What Irrigation means to Canada

By Mrs. Hugo Harper
Contd. from page 30

in May, 1909, great progress was shown to have been made in thirty-six states of the United States and in four of the largest provinces of Canada; so that in the first decade of the twentieth century a great advance had been made in the way in which the whole problem was being viewed, as well as a splendid working and constructing development from the early form of ditches and canals constructed by farmers joining together to plough or dig ditches from rivers, descending on a gentle grade over the driest portions of their land. The most remarkable development of irrigation in the world, of course, remains that of India. Many people have wondered in a general way why famine does not now stalk so devastatingly through India. Space does not permit a detailed version of the truly magnificent systems of irrigation set into being by clever British engineers, who have given all the best enthusiasm and creative labor of their lives to the work. One example must suffice: In 1878, hundreds laid down their lives in the famine-swept area between Sutlej and the Jumna. By 1896, so much progress had been made with irrigation, scientifically applied (many of the vast sums subscribed for famine relief having been diverted to this great undertaking as a preventative measure) that this former death trap is now secure for ever from famine—and the final test of an irrigation project is how it serves in a season of drought and famine.

Despite the fact that there has been such an enormous amount of money spent on irrigation works on the North American continent, it is generally admitted that only the fringe of the actual work of irrigation has been touched, and that there is still a mighty work of development awaiting the millions of the future. Irrigation is one of the chief works of an advanced civilization. Despite the terrific inroads made by the Great War, the population of the world is advancing more rapidly than the production of foodstuffs; and the irrigation movement is a world-wide effort to share in the onward development of civilization. Any nation which succeeds in increasing the area of cultivatable land, is a benefactor of mankind.

In the thousands of years that preceded the Christian era, the valleys of the great rivers, Tigris and Euphrates, which run almost parallel with each other from the mountains in Northern Asia Minor to the Persian Gulf, were criss-crossed in every direction by a wonderful network of canals, the ruins of which, even to this day, are of a nature to excite admiration for the ingenuity and skill of the Babylonian engineers who designed and built them and help us better to understand some of the underlying causes of their wonderful civilization and world empire.

Intentional destruction, during the interminable wars and invasions which have succeeded one another almost without interruption in that part of the world for tens of centuries, as well as the general neglect of agriculture in the Orient, put an end to this ancient system of irrigation, with the result of transforming the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates and the country extending many hundreds of miles east and west of these streams into alternate swamp and desert, unfit for cultivation, or even for habitation. With the downfall of the old regime in Turkey some years ago, the new government undertook to restore these valleys to their former fertility and prosperity. As a result of an elaborate survey of the entire district, designs and estimates were prepared for a vast series of works, comprising the reconstruction of most of the old Babylonian system of canals, and the building of a number of new ones, as well as a series of barges and dams for the purpose of regulating the two rivers in question and preventing them from overflowing their banks. This great project was interrupted by the war, and as a result, great distress owing to lack of production has led to famine and other horrors.

The great River Nile, formerly so unruly, has now been brought under subjection by the big irrigation dam across the Nile at Assuan—built by Great

Britain—an enduring memorial of granite which in its cyclopean grandeur may be regarded as a worthy twentieth century counterpart of the Pyramids of the Pharaohs; and in the whole of Egypt the area of the cultivatable land has been more than doubled in the past few years by the irrigation methods introduced by the British engineers.

There has always been a tendency in some quarters to regard the British rule in India as tyrannical, oppressive and selfish in its alleged disregard for the welfare of the natives. But even if England had accomplished nothing else in India, her marvellous achievements in connection with irrigation of all parts of the country and her immense addition to the cultivatable area of the land, thus diminishing the number and severity of those terrible famines by which India has been visited periodically since the dawn of history (an example of which reclamation was given earlier in our article) should entitle her to the gratitude of the teeming native population of over three hundred millions, and should be regarded by mankind as the finest and most useful of all memorials of British sovereignty over Hindustan.

Since the South African War, Great Britain has undertaken irrigation schemes in British South Africa, and in nearly every other colony. So we see that practically all over the world the great benefits of irrigation are being recognized, and development is going on.

It is estimated that over 20,000,000 acres have been reclaimed in North America. And this is only the beginning of the tremendous development which lies ahead. The development of those portions where irrigation is feasible or desirable is of no small importance to Great Britain's interests in Western Canada. The far-famed province of British Columbia is indebted to irrigation for another phase of development—as two of its most prolific fruit valleys are almost entirely dependent on this method of production, and would be otherwise practically barren.

In October, 1914, despite the European situation, a meeting of the International Irrigation Association was held at Calgary, Canada, under the auspices of the Western Canada Irrigation Association, at which the writer noted delegates from forty-two different foreign countries. This meeting had a great diplomatic significance apart from the great impetus given to irrigation development, for in many parts—the United States, particularly—diverse influences, inimical to the interests of Great Britain, had been at work, and delegates from several nations were likewise unfavorably disposed, if not actually hostile. The delegates who attended this congress, however, and learned of the marvellous work accomplished by Great Britain, went home as messengers of goodwill, and their reports did much to cement and influence public opinion in the United States, the West Indies, Mexico and other nationalities, in favor of the cause of the Allies, as this organization is probably the most powerful agricultural organization in existence.

Throughout time, so long as people subsist on the products that grow out of the earth, so long will people use the process of irrigation in producing the crops; and as time goes on, irrigation will grow more and more popular; future ages will wonder why it didn't become popular sooner. That is why the eyes of thinking men—masters of capital—engineers who have been entrusted with the direction of great reclamation works in other parts of the world, and great colonization leaders, who, having studied the potentialities of Great Britain's future expansion in the Last Great West, and its position as the ultimate liquidator of a great part, at least, of our pressing burden of national debt—look upon irrigation as the master-key of the permanent and ever-widening expansion of one of our greatest assets—the boundless "Gardens of the Desert"—the prairies of the Canadian West. As the great dam at Bassano, near Calgary, is even now ranking as the gateway of the second largest irrigation project in the world, the future of irrigation in Canada may indeed prove the solution of the present Gordian knots which are defying the most brilliant minds of the important nations: Reconstruction of the world's food balance; its more equalized production and distribution; the spectre of Famine laid and the shackles of overwhelming national debt smashed; the minds of the common people turned again to husbandry, by means of which the world has emerged from its previous periods of dark ages, and Tubal Cain more powerful in the land than the War-Spirit!

An Old Valentine

By Roberta Symmes

It was old and worn and the script was dim
But 'twas very clear 'twas to "her" from "him."
That her eyes were "blue" it was very plain
For her "heart so true" he had "sighed in vain."
Just the usual words in the old, old way
But they took me back to a long-past day.

And I saw in that dusky attic-room
A young girl glow like a rose in bloom
And the foolish words of that valentine
Caused a tender dream in her eyes to shine.

Ah! it brings me still all the thrill and glow
That it brought me then in the long ago!

Proof Positive

Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground; the other leaned over and called:

"Are ye dead or alive, Mike?"

"I'm alive," said Mike, feebly.

"Sure, yer such a liar I don't know whether to believe ye or not."

"Well, then, I must be dead," said Mike, "for ye would never dare to call me a liar if I were alive."

Grocers Used To Wonder
why some of their tea and
coffee trade switched to
INSTANT POSTUM
Many of them understand now
They use Postum in their own
families and find a big gain in
health, and some economy,
with no loss in satisfaction
"There's a Reason" for
Postum instead of coffee

The Mother as Home-Maker

Making Your Home Happy With Color

Marion Bertha Clark

Just as pleasure colors the drab of daily existence with rose, so color in the home makes it a happier, more interesting place in which to live.

Home is not a tavern where we stop merely for food and sleep. It is a place, touched with the personality of those we love—and no matter how far afield we wander, home is the returning goal for all of us. And though we may not realize it, color plays a large part in our memories of home.

How many of us, in looking back to childhood days, fail to find our memories touched with the color of the soft shaded lamp on the old red tablecloth, the big dish of glistening apples and mother with her toil-weary hands ever busy at her darning—the window of the little room where the mellow moon touched everything with silver—where the sun came streaming in at dawn, casting rainbow hues over the patchwork quilt under which we lay and dreamed our dreams of youth. And the braided rugs, have you forgotten how the firelight danced over their red and blue patterns?

Go into the deepest lumber camps of Canada, and you will find color on the rough board walls—gay pictures tacked about between the skins and rifles. Visit the fisherman's home along the coast and behold the blue and white homespun table linen. Glimpse the red tablecloths in the prairie kitchens of the far west, the colorful scarfs of the cowboys—from coast to coast you'll find color everywhere.

The moment you shut color out of your life and your home, that day you begin to die. Color is the first thing that catches a baby's attention and color is the last thing seen by dimming eyes. Is there Enough Color in Your Home?

Will more color make your home happier or have you thought about it? Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of having plenty of harmonious color about you. And if you are ever in doubt about your color schemes, just step out into nature's workshop. From lavish palette, Nature, the master artist, has painted a world with colors that never clash. You will find in nature, if you are in doubt, that blue and pink will blend, rose and green, yellow and green, heliotrope and lavender—an entire color scheme is ever at your disposal for comparison.

Color is your home need not be expensive. Dyes are cheap and your color scheme may be changed at will.

One little woman grew tired of the plain white curtains in her sitting-room. On "April 28th, as usual" the epidemic of housecleaning began. A cake of dye soap transferred the white curtains into a golden sunny yellow, while into a big white, unused jar she put green pine and balsam boughs. Combined with the oak furniture and the blue and yellow braided rugs she had a room that was at once soothing and restful.

If you have electricity in your home, a charming we-live-here effect is obtained by colorful shades on the drop lamp. Frames are inexpensive and may be easily covered with some bright silk or chiffon remnant, that is ever at hand in every woman's treasure chest of odds and ends. Sometimes two colors are effectively combined, as a light lining of pale grey with an overdrape of rose silk or red or blue. But before the shade is made the color combination should be tested to be sure the colors blend and do not dim the light. If you are burning the good old fashioned kerosene, the wire frames may be covered with bright colored paper shades.

Many a room which is attractive by sunlight becomes cheerless and uninviting by night. Color at the windows, the table lamp or cushions of color will brighten and make it cosy and attractive.

It has been the custom for generations to hang plain white curtains at the window. Yet at night, the white is cold and cheerless. Every room in the house can stand overdrapes of colored silk or chintz. At present the chintz is very popular since in summer the chairs and couches may be also covered with the same pattern in chintz and

chintz may be secured in very attractive designs from 35 cents a yard upward.

If it is a new house you wish to decorate or a change is contemplated, try white gauze or filmy net curtains with the outer curtains of silk, or chintz or taffeta, as your purse can afford. If there are several windows together, a ruffle of color the entire length across heightens the effect and at night makes a warm and homey room.

A few good pictures or prints on the wall are other additions as well as books and magazines that invariably add a touch of at-home color.

If you live mostly in the kitchen during the day, try blue oilcloth on the table. It saves laundry and is easily kept clean. If you do not like oilcloth, a turkey red table cloth will brighten the whole room. Have a touch of color in the bedrooms. It helps to start the day in a cheerful frame of mind. Try blue or pink, apple green or lavender at the window and bureau scarfs of odds and ends of chintz brighten a room wonderfully. Let the rugs be colorful. And in selecting wallpaper be sure that it will blend with your rugs and draperies.

Just a touch of color all over the house, in every room, and you will be surprised at the unconscious effect it will have on the whole family for color is like happy laughter running through a house. You'll find it will go far toward keeping the memories of home ever green, as well as making home a place in which you love to linger.

The Winds

By M. V. Jones

The North Wind on his trumpet blew
A sound so mighty and deep,
His sister winds in each other's arms
Shuddered and sighed in their sleep.

But the East Wind took his bugle,
Leaned o'er their faces cold,
And woke them again to consciousness
With a ringing blast and bold.

The merry West Wind that plays the fife
Made the leaves dance on the trees—
Dance for their very life,
Like elves at their revelries.

Then the South Wind to her golden lyre
Breathed a song so low and sweet,
All the other winds in ecstasy
Expired at her feet.

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WHEAT - OATS

RYE - CORN

STOCKS FOR GENERAL CROP

	Stock No.	Per Bushel	Brandon	Calgary
OATS	Banner.....	K.32	\$0.84	\$0.76
	Victory.....	K.42	.83	.73
	Abundance.....	K.52	.82	.72
WHEAT	Marquis.....	K.82	2.60	2.50

Bags 25c each. Oats, 3 bushels to bag. Wheat, 2 bushels to bag.

PEDIGREE VARIETIES

(As listed in our Catalog)

	Stock No.	Per Bushel	Brandon	Calgary
WHEAT	Marquis, McKenzie's Gold Standard.....	3185	\$3.20	\$3.45
	Marquis, Registered 2nd. Generation.....	3186	3.85	4.15
	Marquis, Registered 3rd. Generation.....	3186	3.50	3.80
	Red Fife, McKenzie's Gold Standard.....	3203	3.40	3.75
	Red Fife, Dr. Saunders Early.....	3189	3.50	3.85
	Durum, Kubanka.....	3180	3.95	4.25
	Ruby.....	3205	7.15	7.60
	Kitchener.....	3190	3.50	3.85
	Red Bobs.....	3179	4.50	4.50

Prices on wheat are for 10 bushels or more; less quantities add 10c per bushel.

	Stock No.	Per Bushel	Brandon	Calgary
OATS	McKenzie's 96.....	3279	\$1.50	\$1.60
	Banner, McKenzie's Special Strain.....	3212	1.25	1.15
	Banner, Registered.....	3213	2.10	2.10
	Victory or Seger.....	3292	1.20	1.00
	Gold Rain, McKenzie's Gold Standard.....	3281	1.10	1.20
	Gold Rain, Registered.....	3282	1.60	1.85
	Abundance.....	3217	1.10	1.10
	60 Day or July.....	3215	1.10	1.00
	Leader.....	3280	1.35	1.35

Prices on Oats are for 12 bus. or more; less quantities add 10c per bus.

	Stock No.	Per Bushel	Brandon	Calgary
CORN	Minnesota No. 13 Dent.....	K.62	3.35	3.75
	Northwestern Dent.....	3300	3.85	4.50

Add 10c per bushel if ordered in less than 5 bushel lots

	Stock No.	Per Bushel	Brandon	Calgary
RYE	Spring.....	3218	2.45	2.80
	Fall or Winter.....	3219	2.55	2.85

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ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT

Loretta Jane

By Janey Canuck

That was her name. She looked like it, too—a dark, angular, solemn-faced woman with a gloomy eye, and she sighed deeply when I showed her through the house.

"Eight rooms and a bath," she sighed wearily. "And I suppose no room for a garden."

I confessed there was not. Instinctively, I felt that she did not approve of us.

She decided that she would try us for a month, however, and began to work the next day. I saw at once that she knew her business, but there was a detached air of indifference about her that impressed me unfavorably. Her mind was evidently far away, and it was plain to be seen that she merely tolerated us.

Before the month was out the "Flu" was upon us and two of the children took it. When I went into the kitchen to tell her that the children were sick, I fully expected that she would give me notice, for if she did not like us when we were all well it was not to be expected that we would stand any chance when fifty per cent of us were sick.

"Loretta Jane," I began politely, "I am afraid the two children have taken this disease that we hear so much about; they have some of the symptoms and I am keeping them in bed. They are very healthy children and it is not likely—"

She interrupted me there.

"Do you know what to do for them—are you any good around sick people? Have you given them a physic? Are they running a temperature?"

She was on her way upstairs as she fired these questions at me, and the answers did not interest her at all, for

she was in the children's room herself, making her own observations, by the time I had caught up to her.

"We will separate them," she said quietly. "Get the spare room ready for Fred."

I obeyed her without a word. She had a way with her. "There is nothing to fear," she assured me, "when the cases are taken in time."

From the day the children took sick, Loretta Jane became a new person; a friendly, pleasant, cheerful, happy woman who took charge of all of us. She washed, cooked, swept and dusted. More than that, she sang at her work and in her spare time told stories to the sick children. Every one of us fell in love with her and wondered why we ever thought her dull and uninteresting.

After the children were better, she cleaned and fumigated every room in the house, and her happiness seemed to

increase as she progressed from room to room.

About that time I began to brag about her to my friends, and filled more than one of them with envy when I told them she had cleaned the silver before breakfast. I did not tell them that she had sniffed a few times when I brought out some badly tarnished pieces, and murmured something about fine old silver being wasted on some people. At least, it sounded like that. I did not catch her exact words, but I know I was being reproved!

When the house-cleaning was all done and the children were able to be out again, I noticed to my dismay that Loretta Jane's enthusiasm for us began to flag. We ceased to interest her, and her old gloomy manner returned. I suggested that she have two afternoons off instead of one, but this was received with scorn.

I decided hastily to give a dinner before she had time to leave me, for I felt sure she would give me notice any day. With the extra work of getting ready for the dinner her cheerfulness returned, and when the night came I had every reason to be proud of her excellent cooking and her perfect service. Evidently she lived on great occasions.

After the dinner she drooped again, and found life flat and stale. She grew petulant with the children and disposed to argue on matters of religion with me. Then I decided to give a dance for my niece. When I told Loretta Jane about it she roused herself like an old fire-horse when he hears the gong! And the dance was a great success.

That was last week. Now I am worried to know what to do. I can't afford to entertain all the time. The children are not at all likely to be sick. The house is clean. The preserving season is a long way off. Loretta Jane with her thirst for excitement begins to wear on me, for I am a quiet woman and I long for a rest.

I know what would perk her up!

If I should die tonight, or even break a leg, or sprain an ankle, or get called away to attend the bedside of a dying relative. But I am not prepared to do any of these things, and I am worried! I know now why girls like Loretta Jane are called "Generals."

I know she is going to leave me. I feel it coming. We are too hopelessly healthy and normal. Our steady-going commonplaceness is smothering her. She will leave us—unless some misfortune overtakes us. I will be sorry to see her go—but I can't go the pace! Loretta Jane interests me!

I wonder if she is not a type of our country at this time. The war with its demands, its excitements and anxieties called out many latent qualities in all of us. Especially did it speed up the idle and unconcerned, the dull, the bored. Women who before the war spent their mornings in bed, their afternoons at bridge and their evenings in idle and worthless chatter discussing maids' scandals, and operations, became, under the stress of war, real people, full of life and purpose.

Now the war is over. The tumult and the shouting dies, and we are in the cold grey dawn of the morning after! The slump has come!

We need, and we must find, a moral substitute for war. Something that will call out our best and most enthusiastic efforts. We want something that will gather up our ebbing energies and tighten again the sagging muscles.

We have shown that we can be heroic in time of war. We drilled, trained, worked, gave, sacrificed, suffered to defeat an enemy. What a wonderful thing it would be if we would do as much to strengthen our own country as we did to defeat the Germans!

Two Kinds of Tears

There is something very genuine in the little domestic situation indicated by this scrap of conversation, printed in the Cleveland "Leader":

"My wife has cried only twice since we've been married."

"On what occasions?"

"When I told her I couldn't afford to get her a set of furs for Christmas, and when I got em for her."



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Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

PIONEER WOMEN OF CANADA

Our contest is arousing great interest. A communication from Birtle asks this question: "Why not ask the pioneer women to write their own stories?" Our readers will find in the November issue of The Western Home Monthly the following statement in the request for stories of pioneer women: "We shall award a prize of ten dollars for the best story of a pioneer woman—any young girl or woman can write, whether she be sixteen or sixty. There is no age limit."

Nothing would please us more than to include in our contest, stories of pioneer women written by themselves. We are anxious for their stories because we realize that in the progress of Canada they have had a most important part in nation building. These women have paved the way for our opportunity of today, and the story of their experiences is real Canadian history. Our young women need these stories and so we encouraged them to find them. Anyone may write the stories—granddaughters, daughters, mothers, grandmothers—we invite our men readers to join in the contest. Some of our men readers might write very interesting stories of a pioneer mother or grandmother. Because of the growing interest in the contest we shall extend the time to March 15th. The contest must close March 15th, because we shall open a contest then for the best story of a Pioneer Grandfather.

As stated before we are anxious to publish every month this year in this department a story of A Pioneer Woman in Canada. This month our story is written by Mrs. Annie Sheppard Armstrong, of Fabyan, Alberta. She very unselfishly writes of an alien Pioneer Woman when her own grandmothers were pioneer women.

In a letter accompanying the story she writes: "This province of Alberta is so full of foreigners who are reclaiming the wilderness that I think they should not be overlooked. In spite of popular prejudice there are thousands of good, industrious, law-abiding citizens among them—and they have their own troubles too. The West never has been narrow. Let us not be narrow now."

THE ALIEN PIONEER WOMAN

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong.

We readers of The Western Home Monthly have been asked for stories of pioneer women of Canada. Ah! I know and honor many of these, both East and West, and I feel sure that those of English speech will receive their due share of tribute, as is just and right, from many contributors.

I might write of my own two grandmothers who came from the North of Ireland and faced great difficulties, but, lest she be overlooked, my little story shall be of an alien pioneer woman, and to the worthy alien pioneer women in general this story shall be dedicated.

I shall not tell the name of this heroine of mine; one reason is that I cannot spell it, and, even if I could, few could pronounce it properly.

Anyway, she is a Hungarian woman here in Alberta, who came with her husband from her native land many years ago. Her "man" was a mere boy, who had fled from the militaristic heel of Austria's conscription, and his wife was but a girl. He was a dusky-eyed, thoughtful-looking lad and she a round-faced, childish creature with smiling eyes and a smiling mouth. This pair were somehow considerably above many who come to these shores; there was a modesty about the wife, and a spotless neatness of dress. Her head-shawl was tasteful in coloring, and all her clothing was in keeping, and then she had no uncouth, loud-mouthed garrulity. The young husband shouldered his responsibilities, and commanded respect from the first for the manful way in which he "took hold" of work and affairs in general in the locality in which his homestead was situated.

It was not long before he had a fair command of English and took his place in helping decide district matters. Then is when the tragedy of it all began.

Tied down with little children, housework, and the inevitable gardening that every foreign-born woman considers is part of her work, the wife learned no English. When neighbors came in and her man addressed them in their own language, a speech all unknown to her, although her lips still smiled their old smile, a shade of loneliness crept in and deepened in the smiling eyes.

But, of course, the children were her delight. Her man might have a compartment in his mind in which she had no share, where he kept those unmeaning words for strangers, but she was all in all to her children, they were absolutely dependent on her, and she loved to hear them prattle the dear words of her own childhood and homeland. She was a girl again in laughing and playing with them.

But time goes, and the little ones were soon school age. Painstakingly the self-respecting and observant father bought for and outfitted the children in exactly the style of clothing that other children wore to school. The little homeland-fashioned knickknacks, however nice, must be abandoned. He admonished them to learn English as soon as possible, to never miss the chance of a word, and the rest would come easy.

Silently, with brown, observant eyes, they watched and listened. They played with the others, and, such is the aptitude of care-free youth, that in no time they were speaking English as glibly as anyone on the playground. Just as naturally, when they went home at night and the atmosphere of home enveloped them, they spoke Hungarian to their mother.

To test their newly acquired talent their father often addressed them in English and laughed proudly at their quick replies. Theirs was no halting English like his, but direct, clipped-off language in exact imitation of their teacher and playmates.

On these occasions, although proud and smiling, too, the mother would wear more deeply that bleak, forsaken, lonely look in her eyes.

"Why don't you learn English, mother?" asked little Paul one day, in Hungarian.

"Always at home, too much work," was her answer, as always. But to please the little creatures she laboriously learned to say in their proper place: "Good day," "Come in," "Good-bye," "Yes" and "No."

"Our mother can speak English only she don't want to," Paul confided to his playmates; "she's from the old country and not like us Canadians."

As the family grew up, the house was often full of an evening of people young and old, and Marthe's part was the mother's, of waiting on them. All the merriment was as nothing to her, though her smile remained the same. Sometimes she asked a question of her husband or the children, and they replied, but the sudden introduction of a foreign tongue caused such a hush, called such sudden attention from everyone to her, that in modesty she gradually stopped saying anything only her word or two of English when people were there.

As the family grew up, they, one by one, went away. She and her daughter-in-law, an English-speaking girl, could only smile or frown at each other. Her grandchildren would never know Hungarian. To be on alien shores is hard, but to be an alien in one's own family is tragedy.

One of the unmarried boys went away to the city to work. When he would come home for a visit, my! how fine and handsome he looked, in his up-to-date clothes, his eyes and hair so dark, and how he could play the violin, so everyone danced and applauded—and cried, too, sometimes.

He had a musician's soul and temperament, and he saw that his mother's sad eyes and bravely smiling mouth were out of harmony. "I see it when I come home," he told me one time, "mother is lonely. I feel like playing sad things when I look at her."

He went away again, and after a while came back— (Contd. on page 39)

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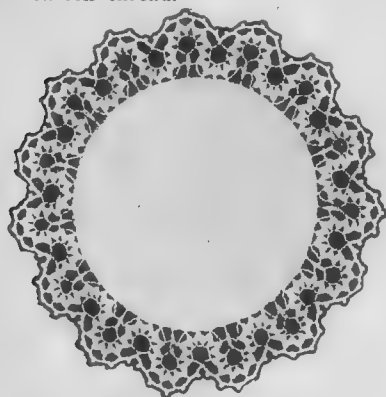
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WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS

WATER LILY DESIGN IN RICKRACK AND CROCHET

To make this 11-inch doily with water lily design in rickrack and crochet, you will need one bolt of braid No. 25 and one ball of mercerized crochet cotton No. 30. Count 180 points of the braid and sew them together with needle and thread. Join the thread in a point, ch 4, d c in next point, ch 4, d c in next point, ch 4, d c in next point, *ch 11, d c in next point, ch 2, d c in next point, ch 1, d c in next point, ch 1, d c in next point, ch 1, d c in next point, ch 1, d c in next point, ch 1, d c in next point, ch 2, skip 3 sts on ch 11, d c in 4th st, ch 7, d c in next point, ch 4, d c in next point, ch 4, d c in next point, ch 4, d c in next point, ch 4, d c in next point, repeat from * around. 2nd Row—*S c over 2 centre ch of 4, ch 6, t t c in fourth st of ch, work off 2 loops twice, t c in fourth st on next ch, work off all the stitches on hook, ch 6, skip first ch 4, d c in d c of next point, repeat from * around, join and fasten thread.

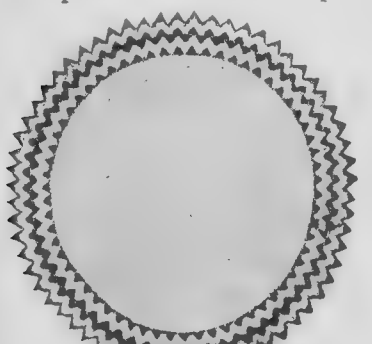


Water Lily Edge

Outside Edge: Join the thread in a point opposite the slip stitching, ch 1, d c in next point, ch 1, d c in next point, ch 1, d c in next point, ch 2, d c in next point, ch 12, d c in next point, *ch 8, d c in next point, ch 8, d c in next point, ch 8, d c in next point, ch 8, d c in next point, ch 12, d c in next point, ch 2, d c in next point, ch 1, d c in next point, ch 1, d c in next point, ch 1, d c in next point, ch 1, d c in next point, ch 1, d c in next point, ch 2, d c in next point, ch 3, skip 3 sts on ch 12, d c, ch 8, d c in next point, repeat from*, join. 2nd Row—4 d c, p, 4 d c in each ch all the way around.

SEESAW DOILY WITH RICKRACK AND CROCHET EDGE

Count 62 points and sew them together with thread and needle, join the crochet cotton in a point, ch 4, d c in next point, repeat around. Take another piece of braid with 62 points,



Seesaw Edge

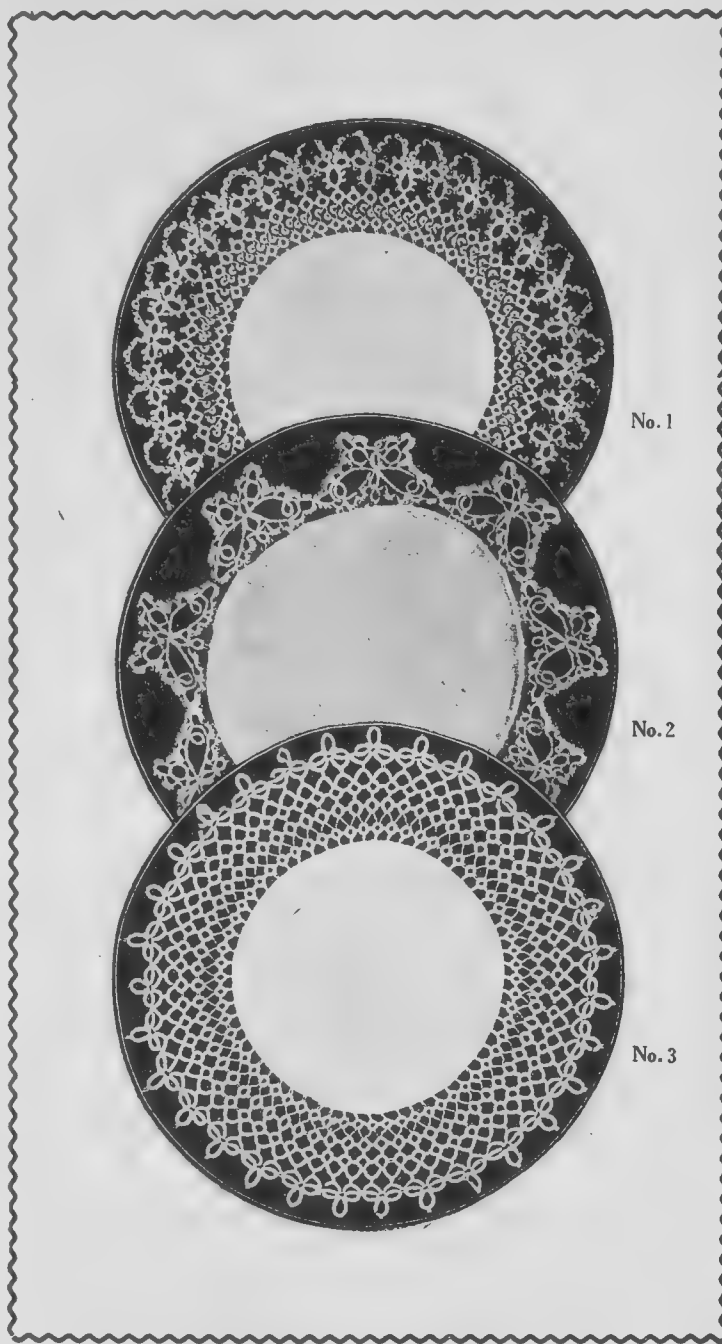
sew this piece together. Join the thread in a point, ch 2, d c in a point of the first piece, ch 2, d c in next point in second piece, ch 2, d c in next point of first piece and repeat around, join.

Outside Edge—Fasten in a point. *ch 4, d c in same point, this forms a picot ch 3, d c between the points, ch 3, d c in next point, repeat from* around and fasten thread.

Rickrack Braid With French Knots

Baste the hem on the right side of towel or article you are making, then baste the rickrack over the hem, stitch through the center of braid with machine stitching, then on each point of the braid make a French knot with any dainty colored embroidery floss.

Tatted borders and Rickrack Braid combined with Crochet and Tatting make dainty and inexpensive edgings for Doilies.



No. 1

No. 2

No. 3

Here are three very interesting tatted doilies which may be made with any size thread one wishes. A medium size, however, such as from No. 30 to No. 50, will make the prettiest tatting, as the stitches can be drawn up with more uniformity. All picots, unless the directions especially call for "long ones," should be large enough to permit an easy joining, but not so long as to be visible to any extent after the joining is made. This brings the purled edges of the tatting close together, which gives that much desired evenness and firmness which should be the aim of all tatters. The size of these doilies will vary according to the number of thread used, but in any case make the tatting first, then sew it to a circle of linen which will fit the border. The linen edge may be hemmed or buttonholed and a crochet chain-stitch may be worked into the picots along the inside edge, for convenience in sewing to the linen.

Doily No. 1

1st Row—* r (3 ds, p) 3 times, 3 ds, close; leave 1/8-inch thread, half r of 6 ds, close; leave thread, r (4 ds, p) 3 times, 4 ds, close; repeat from*, joining rings by side picots, and making an even number of rings. 2nd Row—Clover-leaf; r 4 ds, (p, 3 ds) 4 times, p, 4 ds, close; r 4 ds, join to last p, (3 ds, p) twice, 3 ds, join to r of last row, (3 ds, p) 3 times, 4 ds, close; r 4 ds, join to last p, (3 ds, p) 4 times, 4 ds, close; 8 half rings of 6 ds each; clover-leaf like first. Join clover-leaves to each other by mid-ps of small rings

and by mid-ps of large rings to every alternate ring of 1st row.

Doily No. 2

Ring 4 ds, p, (5 ds, p) twice, 4 ds, close; * chain (ch) 5 ds, (p, 5 ds) 3 times; r 10 ds, p, 10 ds, close; ch 5 ds, (p, 5 ds) twice, join to last ring made, (5 ds, p) 3 times, 5 ds, join at base of first ring made, * ch 5 ds, join 1st p of last ch, 5 ds; r 7 ds, long p, 3 ds, long p, 7 ds, close; ch 5 ds, p, 5 ds, join to base of 1st r; repeat from * to * for another large wing, ch 4 ds, join side p of 1st r made, r 5 ds, (p, 5 ds) 5 times, close and join to same p, carry thread to opposite p of same r and repeat last ring, joining to the same p, 4 ds, fasten at base of 1st r and break thread. Join again at base of ring which forms the head of the butterfly (having two long ps), ch 4 ds, join to next free p of ch which forms the large ring, ch 2 ds, (p, 1 ds) 5 times, 1 ds, fasten in next p of ch, repeat ch, join in next p at base of large r, another ch, join in next p, another ch with 10 p instead of 5, join in next p, (short ch, join in next p) 3 times, joining last ch in p which connects large and small wings, repeat ch, join in next p, long ch, join next p, short ch, join in next p, 4 ds, join in top of 1st ring made; r 4 ds, p, 4 ds, close, join in same last p; ch 4 ds, and repeat around opposite side in the same way. Join the butterflies by middle p of long ch at tip of large wing.

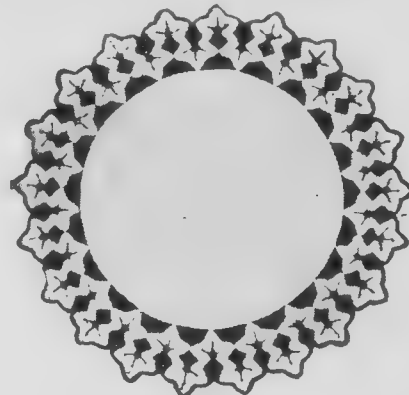
Doily No. 3

1st Row—* r (3 ds, p) 3 times, 3 ds, close; leave short thread, r (4 ds, p) 3 times, 4 ds, close; short thread; repeat

from * around, making an even number of rings and joining alternately by side picots. 2nd Row—* r 4 ds, p, 4 ds, join ring of 1st row, 4 ds, p, 4 ds, close; ch 6 ds, p, 6 ds; repeat from*, joining rings to each other. 3rd Row—* r 8 ds, p 8 ds, p, 3 ds, close; r 3 ds, join to last p, 10 ds, p, 10 ds, p, 3 ds, close; r 3 ds, join to last p, 8 ds, p, 8 ds, close; ch 6 ds, join to ch of last row, ch 6 ds, join to p of last r, 6 ds, join to next ch, 6 ds; r 8 ds, join to same p of last r, 8 ds, p 3 ds, close; repeat around

IVY EDGE OF RICKRACK AND TATTED RINGS

The materials needed for this Ivy doily are one bolt of No. 29 rickrack braid and one ball of yellow mercerized crochet cotton No. 30. Take 147 points and join sewing together with needle and thread. *Count six points and join the first and last with needle and thread, this will leave four points to be joined to the tatted ring. With tatting shuttle make a ring as follows: Ring 2 ds,



Ivy Edge

join to one of the four points, 3 ds, join to next point, 3 ds, join to next point, 3 ds, join to next point, 2 ds, close, tie and fasten thread securely. Make another ring and join four points on opposite side or the side which comes nearer the centre. Repeat from* around.

SERPENTINE DOILY

Crochet and Rickrack Edge

The materials used for making this serpentine doily will depend upon whether you wish it made of small rickrack and fine crochet cotton, or larger braid and coarser thread. The medium size is No. 29 braid and No. 50 mercerized crochet cotton. To make this nine-inch doily take 44 point of the braid and join. Fasten thread in a point, ch 6, d c in next point, repeat around, join. 2nd Row—Ch 8, skip 5 sts, *thread over needle two times, insert hook in chain and draw through, work off 2 loops, thread over hook, skip 2 sts,



Serpentine Edge

insert hook and draw through, work off all the loops two at a time, ch 2, t c in the 2 loops at joining of the lower section, ch 2, skip 3 sts, repeat from* around, join, and fasten thread.

Outer Edge—Join the thread in point, ch 8, d c in next point, repeat around, join. 2nd Row—4 t c, ch 2, 4 t c in first ch 8, repeat around, join. 3rd Row—Ch 5, d t c in same st as ch, *ch 2, 2 d t c in ch 2, ch 2, 2 d t c in same ch, ch 2, 1 d t c between the groups of 4 t c, ch 1, 1 d t c in same sp, repeat from* around, join. 4th Row—*D c in ch 1 (between d t c), ch 3, t c in ch 2, p, 1 t c, p, 1 t c, p, 1 t c, p, 1 t c, p, in next ch 2, t c in next ch 2, ch 3, repeat around and fasten thread.

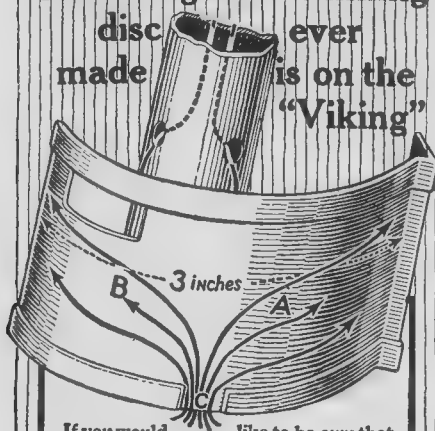
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Fireside Stories of Atlantic Coast

By Bonnyestil: Dal

Contd. from page 6

minutes she was man-
oeuvring around again
within dim sight.
'Zip! zip! zip!'
screamed an odd
sound above us and a
lifeline struck and
slid down the mast towards us—a grand
shot from a bounding deck. It was a
hard job to fasten and pull and haul.
We had to cut loose to do it. Finally
we got the last line in and hauled away
for the breeches buoy. In went the
weakest man and off he set on that
swinging, plunging, dizzy trip. He had
almost gone into the sea before he got
into the fixin's, it was so icy. We were
rolling a bit on our rocky bed and the
navy boat was tumbling about some-
thing awful in the swell and that spider-
looking thing lurched and fell, rose and
snapped up into the air, but finally was
drawn in to the rescuers' end. Then I
climbed up and hauled home and slipped
into the net. I have made many a
dizzy trip aboard ship but I never sailed
off into the air before. I clung on as
well as my cold fingers and the poorly
knotted lines would let me and after a
wonderful ride made the other end
safely. I did not see the capt'n ride
across. We were hustled below and
stripped and wrapped up and our frost-
bites attended to. But I begged them
to let me look out of the port to see
the last of the old Mullford. There she
swung with that awful burden aloft."

A loosened brick dislodged by the
rising gale came tumbling down the
wide chimney and bounded out on to
the hearthstone and right in amongst
us. Laddie leaped to his feet and
kicked it back; just as the old mate
with his long, white gull's wing of a
beard opened his mouth and started
that wonderful whisker awagging.

"We left port in the schooner Ros-
tellan. I had been picked up from a
wrecked drifter and was homeward
bound without money or clothes—my
kit went when the Moxey struck that
mine. We ran into bad weather before
we were half-way across and away
went our rudder and most of the sails
and a big leak opened aft. Day and
night we worked to keep the water
under and time after time we saw a
steamer passing, but had no means left
to signal her at the great distance off
we saw them. One week, two weeks,
three weeks passed away and us buf-
feted back and forth right across the
ocean sailing lanes without coming near
enough to any boat to catch their atten-
tion. We were deep down with palm
oil and ivory, Loango, Africa, to Liver-
pool; and here we were out in mid-
Atlantic somewhere near Bermuda. An-
other week passed, and then another
full month and still we drifted rudder-
less and sailless. We were awash where
the storms had snipped off the bulwarks.
The galley had gone and the food was
slim and water hard to catch. I think
we suffered more from the fact that
we could not catch a tow than any-
thing. I know the crew worked hard
to repair damages, and pumped and
calked and kept her fairly dry. But
sixty days adrift cut the heart out of
us. We had a dog and a goat and we
feared they would soon have to pass
into the cook's hands when lo! the
Deepwater—Genoa to New York—swung
in sight. So we bid good-bye to a for-
tune in oil and ivory and made Liverpool
via New York."

The captain woke up, the two sailors
stopped snoring and climbed to their
feet; the old mate tucked his beard into
his trouser band muttering, "Jealous,
they is!" and headed the procession for
home.

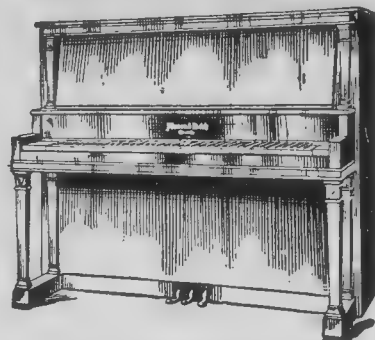
Too Lavish

Mrs. Dobbs was trying to find out
the likes and dislikes of her new board-
er, and all she learned increased her
satisfaction.

"Do you want pie for breakfast?"
she asked.

"No, I thank you," said the new
boarder with a smile. "Pie for break-
fast seems a little too much."

"That's just the way I look at it,"
said Mrs. Dobbs heartily. "I say pie
for dinner is a necessity, and pie for
supper gives a kind o' finishing touch
to the day; but pie for breakfast is
what I call putting on airs."



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About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

THE HORSE AS FARM POWER

It must be conceded that the gas engine has not driven the horse off the farm and further that the latter has some points that make him still a popular means of motive power, viz., he is essentially a self-starting machine, is not greatly affected by temperature, does not have small parts that have to be continually searched for the purpose of ascertaining the repair number, and, among other things, he generates his energy from the products grown on the farm. Where brood mares are kept, the motive power of the farm may be added to by the raising of colts at comparatively low cost compared to the purchasing of a new tractor. However, the tractor has come as a great ally to the horse rather than as a usurper. While the motor car has practically made the driving horse obsolete, the handy general purpose team maintains its position and works on faithfully.

A little horse sense is an essential to the profitable upkeep of the work teams and unless there is a conscientious interest taken in their welfare, they will not prosper as they should. Care and intelligent feeding is reflected in their general condition and pulling power. It is well worth while to give them the best of attention for it must be said to their credit that they are, on the average, willing workers and have no option in the matter of hours and pay.

The feeding of horses should not be handed over to a careless man for in that direction lies great possibilities for good or ill. The rough handed man had better be put to work with an axe on the wood pile rather than be given a stable job, for horses prosper mostly under gentle hands, and though the undesirable man may be more lavish with feed, there are other men who can do more with less feed in producing better conditioned horses.

In these days of costly feed it is not only a financial strain to over feed horses but has always been a menace to the horses' health. The mangers should be cleaned out before each feeding time and it is as well that the animals do practically all the cleaning up; a little observation on the part of the feeder will enable him to gauge the feeding capacity of each horse and thus he may act accordingly.

It may be said that one of the cheapest "feeds" is water. A horse will fail considerably and mysteriously when the solution of the mystery is the fact that he is not getting sufficient water. In the summer months it is not a difficult thing to get a working team to take a good drink at about nine o'clock at night, though they had a good supply when the evening chores started at about 6.30. During the long hours of the harvest season it is a good plan to have water available in the field, being brought out in a wagon after noon and the horses given a drink at about four o'clock. The time taken up by this process is not wasted, but well spent.

Patience in watering horses is indeed a virtue, for some of them have a very irritating habit of presumably "putting in time" as it were, but unless there is a little forbearance the team will go short of water and become dull workers and generally sluggish. It is not always an easy thing to swallow cold water at a great rate and unless we give the animals enough to cool them off if they are hot, and after a sufficient interval give them the balance of their drink, they will deteriorate. Therefore, a good system of watering will be found to give good results that merit the application and demonstrate the fattening influence of water.

Grooming is another important part of the care of horses. The horse with a perpetually irritating coat is not going to be at his best while in a poorly groomed condition. There are ways and means of getting the horse to co-operate in the operation of grooming, such as giving him the opportunity to have a roll in the dust in summer, or in the snow in winter; both of these are very beneficial to the health of the horse and prove a good aid to grooming. The steady application of the curry comb and brush should be followed by a rub with a soft dust cloth to give a fine

finish. It is easier, by far, to give frequent groomings than to let the dirt get caked on and then endeavor to clean. Some teamsters find it well worth while in the hot summer evenings, to take each horse out of the barn as his turn comes to be groomed and hitch him to a post or to a ring on the shady side of the barn. This has a great many advantages for it is a very hot task to groom a horse on a hot night in a barn, when the heat of the horse's body fills the stall and the dust from his coat has very little means of escape and therefore adds to the discomfort. When the horse is led out into the open air, one has the advantage of unlimited elbow room, the temperature is far pleasanter to work in and the dust that arises is not carried on to the other horses and is less liable to choke the man working on the horse.

The above system of care will mean healthier horses and less liability for the use of drugs to have to be resorted to. In the feeding there should be about a teaspoonful of salt included in their oat ration each evening and in order to bring this practice to a regular custom, a box of salt should be put in a prominent place next to the oat bin, or better still, inside the bin and attached to the side so that the filling of the gallon measure may include the pinch of salt while it is still in the bin. This custom is easily kept up if this system is instituted. A teaspoonful of saltpetre is a fine conditioner if given once a week, say Saturday night, for it is best to give it on a day before one when the horses are not expected to be out in the field.

The strenuous days of July and August are hard on horses generally and it is the plain duty of those in charge of them to lighten their trials and it pays not only from a humane point of view, but from the cold business point of view, to do so. We know of a progressive farmer who has the harness pulled of the horses when they come in at noon, during the breaking season. This is a great relief to the horses, and if we wish for a practical illustration of the benefit, let us try the benefit of taking off our working boots and putting on slippers after we come in at noon during the hot weather, then we can more fully realize what getting out of harness really means in the temporary relief that follows.

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Alfalfa is by no means a new "wonder crop" as it was grown before the Christian era, and from Persia it worked its way to Spain, and by the Spaniards it is said that it was introduced into South America and in that country it was discovered by travellers from the United States. These people took samples of seed to the States and from there it eventually found its way into Canada. Though it has been grown in tropical countries for so long the seed has been gradually acclimatized until the northern strains have become types that are well adapted for their environments.

What failures that have occurred are a good deal attributable to the fact that the seed was purchased from locations that had a much longer warm season than the part of Canada where it was supposed to grow. Seed for Canada should be purchased from districts of a similar climate or the chance of success will not be great.

Another reason for failure is that the treatment of the soil and seed has not been given the attention that they should receive. Alfalfa is not a crop that may be put in with the same amount of labor as other grass seeds but it requires a good deal of care and special treatment, this on top of the fact that there is no crop to be harvested the first year, but on the other hand, if the necessary care and attention are given, the result will be that the person who took such care of it in the first year will be the richer for many years by two crops of the finest hay each year, and his land will be enriched by the nitrogenous nature of the crop.

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The Alien Pioneer Woman

By Annie Armstrong

Contd. from page 35

for the last time. He had bone cancer and had come home to die. It was only a matter of time. The fingers were too thin and weak to finger the strings of the violin, or hold the bow any more. He was as weak as a little child when they brought him home to his mother. As when he was a little child she put her arms about him as he lay in his bed. They addressed each other in their own tongue—and how she tended him! Neighbors went in to see the wasted boy, and he thanked them in good English for their kindness, but never let go of his mother's hand. They were a sad pair. She was lonely in an alien land, and he was bidding good-bye to life, and going out in the darkness alone to an unknown shore. A rosary lay across his breast, and little holy pictures were strewn around him by the mother who never ceased to watch him, and murmur caressing and comforting words and prayers over him.

Day by day he faded out. "It will feel his mother when he goes," said the sombre-eyed father to neighbors when they came in.

At last the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, the pitcher was broken at the fountain. The boy was gone.

A large concourse turned out at the funeral. Ever painstakingly correct and careful of the fitness of things, the father bought a full suit of mourning for the mother, and the black hat and veil were grotesquely put on by the fingers accustomed to the head-shawl. Even their grief must be invaded by these new customs.

But when the beautiful blue velvet casket was borne from the house, then was when the poor, faithful creature beat her breast with wild cries. Then did her loneliness and grief become articulate. Ah! That is a universal language that needs no interpretation—the cry of the mother bereft of her young. It is as old as life and death. So Rachael wept and would not be comforted for her children because they were not.

Women and children cried openly at these rites, and men gulped and twisted their faces, as that primitive wail tore at their manhood. And then when the casket was lowered—the hopeless, weak moanings as of some crushed thing, were more heartrending still to hear.

She is going down the hill fast. She has played her part in this country as a model wife, mother and a worker. Her children are an integral part of the Dominion. But her hair is whitening, her face is dropping into wrinkles, her smile is more pitiful than tears. It will not be long until she is on that shore, where there are no aliens, where all are alike in the sight of Him who rules there, whether bond or free, where there is no loneliness, and where tears are forever wiped away.

WOMEN AND THEIR ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Agnes C. Laut has written a story in a recent magazine of her airplane flight in the north. It was in the Peace River country. This experience she claims has convinced her that the airplane is the only way to do the north country of immense distances and mountain grades.

She writes: "Four years ago I persuaded a flyer not to try the Rockies. I predict that in four more years the airplane will be as much in vogue to carry passengers in the north as the canoes and dog trains in the past."

Miss Irene Mounce, M.A., of the British Columbia University, has the honor of the first appointment to the Hudson's Bay Company Research Fellowship, established in connection last spring with the 250th anniversary of the founding of the trading company. Miss Mounce is now holding a studentship under the Dominion Council for Scientific and Industrial Research under the direction of Prof. Buller in the department of botany in the University of Manitoba.

A young woman—Polly Bent—is a woman trapper. She is so successful that the orders she receives from women in a large city are making her financially independent.

CAN WE SPEAK ENGLISH?

We have a beautiful language, but we abuse it. There is a wealth of vocabulary, but we are paupers. Dr. Silcox once said most of us are not truthful because we do not know the English language well enough to express ourselves. There are many good methods to aid us in the study of our language.

Learn one word every day, and use it as often as possible on that particular day.

Flora Klickmann, author of "The Girl's Magazine," urges her readers to study verse. She says the mind is always susceptible to beauty and harmony. Reading aloud helps, because in that way we get the finer shades of movement and melody. "We cannot do better than to begin with Tennyson, one of the most musical of our poets. Read the lyrics in 'The Princess,' 'The Lady of Shalott,' 'Come into the garden, Maud,' 'The Idylls,' 'In Memoriam,' and 'Guinevere.'" The author adds: "Other poems that will help us to appreciate the charm of musical language are: 'The Forsaken Merman,' by Matthew Arnold; 'The Cloud,' by Shelley; 'Kubla Khan,' by Coleridge, and 'The Recessional,' by Kipling."

"Compare poems by various writers dealing with similar themes; note where in the difference lies both in thought and workmanship. Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' could be studied with Rossetti's 'Monna Innominata,' Longfellow's 'The Herons of Elmwood,' with Bryant's 'Lines to a Waterfowl,' Rossetti's 'The Prince's Progress,' with Tennyson's 'The Day Dream.'

Such exercises will enlarge your ideas as well as our vocabulary; they will help to give you facility in expressing yourself, and also that genuine polish which is the result of close familiarity with good writing.

In the same chapter Flora Klickmann says: "The sounds produced by a people are invariably a direct indication of the degree of their refinement; the greater the blare and clamor attendant upon their doings, and the more harsh and uncultivated their speaking voices, the less their innate refinement."

CANADIAN LITERATURE CLUBS

Last week I stood near a crime counter. What else could it be named? There were for sale paper covered books, highly illustrated with all kinds of beastly looking men and women flourishing revolvers and other hideous weapons. The books were very cheap—I think three cents each. The customers were young, boys and young girls from ten to twelve years of age. Some of them were with their mothers. Five and six books each—what a bargain. I turned sadly from the counter and thought of the hours ahead filled with poison for the impressionable minds of those children.

Can good citizenship develop from such reading? The mind requires mental food that will nourish it.

If we want good stuff to come out of the heads of our young people, we must first put good stuff in.

Observation and reading are the principal channels through which the mind is fed.

The library habit needs careful guidance from parents and teachers.

One year I noticed a group of girls go home from the public library each with a new book two or three times a week. This creates the "browsing" habit. It dissipates brain power, causing mental indigestion. I persuaded one girl to give up this library habit and start a library of her own. It is better to read one good book through ten times than ten books through once. To-day she has a choice library of her own plus universal intellectual ability.

This year an enthusiastic interest in Canadian literature is felt throughout the Dominion. In Toronto a Canadian Literature Club has been organized by Donald G. French, who is the president. What a splendid opportunity for community work if these clubs could be formed in every community! Could not a woman's organization work for censoring poisonous literature, so it would not be possible for young children to buy it?



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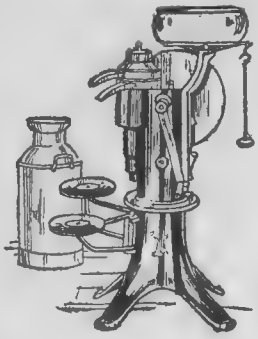
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OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

As the season advances one notes the many new and charming fashion innovations. Both wool and fur govern street costumes which are built on straight slender lines. Broadcloth, velvet, Poirer twill, heather mixtures, serge and cheviot are employed for tailored suits. For afternoon gowns, silks, satins and serges, duvetyne and combinations of these materials are attractively shown. There is hardly a more interesting way of decorating a winter dress of plain material than with touches of brilliant embroidery, for which the heavy winter materials are very appropriate. Bands of fur and contrasting material are also effective. Chenille braiding, and discs and semi-discs of a dozen different colors buttonholed on bands of satin or velvet, form a striking decoration for a gown of cloth. An interesting development of a one piece straight line frock has a narrow belt of embroidery and pipings of a bright color at its free edges. The lowered waistline has an assured place among the latest style features. It is attractive on straight line dresses more or less tailored and may be finished with a belt or without. The high neck line also is much favored. One sees short sleeves and a high collar on some dressy models, but usually the high collar goes with long sleeves and severe lines, and often it is convertible. The combining of several materials is very effective in frocks and blouses. Slip on and jumper styles are in vogue. Jabots and frills are increasing in favor, and appear on tuck in blouses of both silk and voile. Skirts for afternoon and evening are longer; the shortest skirt is 12 inches from the floor. Serge dresses with straight lines and long waistline finished with a string belt is a style much favored. It may be embroidered in a contrasting color. The use of ribbon is shown to great advantage in this season's styles. Fancy brocade, and plaid and stripe effect, sometimes in just the merest touch is very attractive. A dress of tan cloth is shown cleverly embroidered in a darker shade of chenille. Brown satin and brown cloth are combined with brown silk embroidery for decoration. Henna cloth made a very attractive dress. It is trimmed with blue satin. Reddish brown velvet was used for a "straight line" one piece dress, combined with crepe de chine for sleeves and inserted bands forming a vest and narrow yoke. Simple and attractively plain is a dress of gray cloth trimmed with cloth covered buttons. A dress of blue serge with cuffs and collar of tucked batiste and lace insertion is youthful and attractive. A good combination for an afternoon gown is dark blue serge and duvetyne in a morocco shade. A dress of navy blue tricotine will look well with black chenille embroidery. A blouse of dark gray satin, made in "tie on" style, and with drop shoulders is effectively decorated with running stitches in heavy silk, forming wide bands. "Old blue" crepe de chine was used for a pretty surplice blouse. Motifs of embroidery ornament the yoke and sleeves. A dress of black satin may be smartly trimmed with tapestry bands in dull colors. Squirrel fur is very effective on a gray suit or gown. A dress of brown cloth is trimmed with self covered buttons and has a smart shawl collar of peach color taffeta. Navy blue or brown serge lends itself well to a trimming of embroidered bands in Persian colors. With a skirt of navy blue broadcloth or duvetyne, a blouse of navy blue charmeuse embroidered in green and gold would be charming. Black taffeta may be combined with brown cloth and trimmed with perpendicular rows of black stitching. A Scotch plaid kilted skirt makes an attractive school dress when combined with a dimity or crepe blouse and a little velvet over jacket.

A Becoming Home or Afternoon Dress—Comprising Waist Pattern 3489 and Skirt Pattern 3474. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. To make the dress for a medium size will require 4 yards of figured and 2½ yards of plain material 44 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards. The design is also good for serge and satin, gingham and chambray; embroideries, crepe and georgette. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Popular Apron Dress—Pattern 3468 is here portrayed. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. The width at lower edge is 2 yards. A medium size will require 6 yards of 36-inch material. Gingham, chambray, lawn, linen, percale, sateen, drill, alpaca and seersucker could be used for this design. The model is made with reversible closing and may be finished with wrist length or elbow sleeves. It may be worn over a dress but serves as well in place of a dress. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Unique and Stylish Frock—Pattern 3492 is here portrayed. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 5½ yards of 40-inch material. The width of the skirt at its lower edge is 2 yards. Serge, duvetyne, broadcloth, tweed, plaid or check suiting, velvet and satin are good for this style. Braid or embroidery will form an attractive trimming and a string belt or cord girdle may confine the fullness at the waistline. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Smart Frock for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3466 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 14-year size will require 4½ yards of 44-inch material. This model is attractive for serge and satin combinations, for plaid and plain suiting used together, and is good also for wash fabrics, such as gingham, percale, chambray, poplin and repp. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

Ladies Coat Suit—Developed from Coat 3493 and Skirt 3477. The coat is cut in 6 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards. Duvetyne and serge, braided or plain, or broadcloth, velvet, twill and satin are good for this style. It will require 7½ yards of 40-inch material to make the suit for a medium size. Vest and collar of contrasting material require ¾ yard. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Popular School Dress—Pattern 3331 is shown in this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require 4½ yards of 36-inch material. Plaid or checked gingham, percale, seersucker, poplin, repp, serge, mixtures, velveteen and taffeta, also linen and pique are good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Practical Combination of "Underwaist and Knickers"—Pattern 3481 was used to make this style. It is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Muslin, nainsook, jean and domest flannel are suitable for the waist. The knickers may be of cambric, flannel, gingham, linen, poplin or repp. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Pleasing House Gown—Pattern 3476 is shown in this model. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 5½ yards of 36-inch material. Dotted Swiss, figured percale, albatross, lawn, crepe, crepe de chine, flannel, flannelette and silk are attractive for this design. The width at lower edge is 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Good Style for a School Dress—Pattern 3480 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 3¾ yards of 38-inch material. Serge, velveteen, taffeta, gingham, chambray, percale, lawn, voile, linen and pique may be used for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.



3032



WAIST
3489



SKIRT
3474



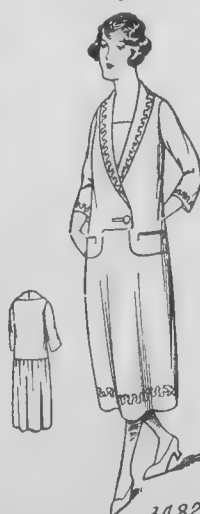
3488



COAT
3493



SKIRT
3477



3482



2930



3331



3481



A Very Attractive Home or Calling Gown—Combining Waist 3486 and Skirt 3381. The waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 1 3/4 yard. Blue or brown duvetyne or chiffon broadcloth would be suitable for this model, embroidery in dull colors or braid could supply the trimming. To make the dress for a medium size will require 9 yards of 38-inch material. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock With Sleeve in Either of Two Styles—Pattern 3490 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. A 2-year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Dimity, lawn, dotted Swiss, voile, batiste, silk crepe, chambray, poplin and repp are attractive for this model. The body and sleeve in wrist or elbow length are cut in one. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style—Pattern 3488 is here depicted. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. Embroidered serge, georgette, tricolette, satin, crepe, crepe de chine, linen, voile and batiste are attractive for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Smart Afternoon Dress—Pattern 3482 is shown in this style. It is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size will require 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material. Satin, taffeta, duvetyne, broadcloth, velveteen, linen and tricotine are attractive for this model. The width of the skirt at lower edge is about 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Practical Garment for House Work—Pattern 3485 is illustrated in this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 7 1/4 yards of 27-inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge is about 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Practical Undergarment—Pattern 3479 was used for this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material or 3 3/4 yards without the yoke. Nainsook, lawn, dimity, cambric, batiste, crepe, satin, and silk are good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Good School Costume—Pattern 3473 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size will require 2 1/4 yards of 42-inch material for the skirt, in serge, gabardine, plaid or check suiting; and 2 3/4 yards of 42-inch material for the skirt, in serge, gabardine, plaid or check suiting; and 2 3/4 yards of 42-inch Indian head drill, flannel or poplin, for the blouse. Gingham, chambray, and percale are attractive too, for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Very Pleasing Frock for the Growing Girl—2930. Plaid suiting and plain serge in a matched color would be nice for this style. It is also nice for velvet, corduroy with satin, serge with taffeta and for all wash fabrics. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for the dress, and one yard for the plastron. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing, Comfortable House Dress—3032. This is a good model for gingham, chambray, lawn, percale, gabardine, or flannelette. The sleeve, in regular style, is roomy and comfortable at the armhole and may be finished so that it can be turned up for convenience when working. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width of dress at lower edge is about 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

CATALOGUE NOTICE

Send 20c. in silver or stamps for our up-to-date Spring and Summer 1921 Catalogue, containing over 500 designs of ladies', misses and children's patterns; a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking; also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches), all valuable to the home dressmaker.



3485



3479



3480



3466



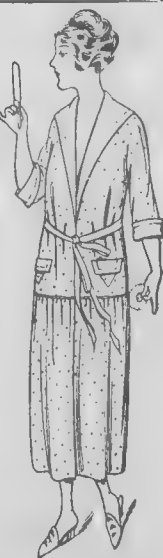
3490



3486



3486



3476



3468



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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

The fourteenth of February gives us a good excuse to have a party. Pink or red should predominate in the color scheme. Cupids, hearts and darts and lace-paper valentines, make effective decorations.

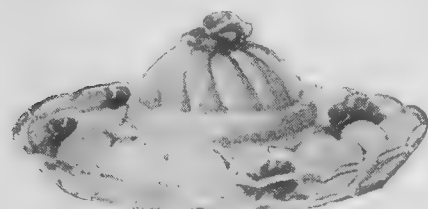
For a children's party, the following is a satisfactory menu:

Sandwiches—Strawberry jam filling.
Cocoa—Topped with a spoonful of whipped cream.

St. Valentine's cookies—Marshmallow delight.
Cake—Red and white candies.

St. Valentine's Cookies

For these, any preferred cookie recipe is used. They are cut out with a heart-shaped cutter. When cooled, ice half of them with white frosting, the other half with red frosting. With a small brush paint a red dart on the white cookies and a white dart on the red cookies, using thinner icing than that for the tops of the cookies.



Grape Juice Sponge.

Marshmallow Delight

With scissors cut marshmallows in quarters. Cut stiff red jelly in half-inch cubes, having three times as much jelly as marshmallow. Mix the marshmallow pieces and jelly cubes together, and pile in glass dishes, with a spoonful of whipped cream on top, and a cube of jelly placed on that.

If a layer cake is made it should be in thin layers, the middle one being tinted pink, and the frosting of pink, sprinkled with cocoanut. If a loaf cake is chosen, one half of the dough is pink and is put in the pan alternately with the white batter; as for a marble cake, with pink frosting showing through a sprinkling of cocoanut.

For a luncheon, the menu might be:

Cream of Tomato Soup Olives
Stuffed Celery Cream Salmon in Patty Shells
French Peas Spanish Potatoes
Moulded Vegetable of Fruit Salad
Hot Baking Powder Biscuits
Strawberry Bavarian Cream
Coffee

Spanish Potatoes

To mashed potatoes add 2 very finely chopped canned pimentos.

French Peas

From canned peas, drain all liquid. Season with salt, pepper and butter.

Moulded Vegetable Salad

If a clear jelly is used, mould in it red and colored fruits or vegetables such as cherries and apples, carrots, peas, green beans and celery, or a red jelly may be used with white fruits or vegetables. Care should be taken that colors are harmonious. Beets and pimento would not be used together.

Strawberry Bavarian Cream

1/4 box gelatine Whites of 2 eggs
1/4 cup cold water 1 cup canned straw-
1-3 cup scalded cream berry juice
1-3 cup sugar or less

Soak the gelatine in the cold water, dissolve in the scalded cream, add the strawberry juice and the sugar. The amount of sugar will depend on the sweetness of the strawberry juice. When it begins to thicken, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, or one cup of whipped cream if preferred. Pile carefully in a mould which has been lined with whole canned strawberries. When turned on a platter to serve, garnish with whipped cream and berries.

Gelatine

A particularly valuable food material to use in sickness is gelatine. It belongs to the class known as incomplete proteins, which sustain life, but do not act as fuel food, nor contribute to bodily growth. In fevers, the use of gelatine jellies prevents the wasting away of the body tissues without raising the temperature. They are usually tempting to a fickle appetite, cooling and pleasant to take, besides being very easy to digest.

A gelatine dessert is especially desirable at the end of a hearty dinner, rather than a rich pastry, and for children's parties where there is a tendency to serve rather too many sweets.

Gelatine offers a pleasing means of serving other foods, meats, fish, vegetables, fruits, etc., without causing an undue amount of labor. The variety of dainty desserts which may be made with gelatine as a basis, is almost unlimited.

jelly broken nut meats. When ready to serve unmould on lettuce leaves on a platter or on individual dishes, and serve with salad dressing.

Tomato Salad

3 cups canned tomatoes 1/2 box gelatine
1 slice onion 1/2 cup cold water
1 stalk celery Salt if necessary
1/2 teaspoon celery salt

Cook for 15 minutes the tomato, onion and celery. Add to it the gelatine which has been soaked in cold water, and salt if necessary. Strain if desired, and pour into moulds wet with cold water. If not strained, cut the celery in rings, and use onion juice in place of the slice of onion. Serve on lettuce leaves with salad dressing or on heart leaves of tender cabbage.

Manhattan Salad

1/2 box gelatine or
2 tablespoons grated gelatine
1/2 cup cold water
2 1/2 cups boiling water
1/2 cup sugar or more if desired
1/2 cup lemon juice or
2 tablespoons lemon juice and 4 tablespoons vinegar
Cubes of apple
1/4 cup celery rings.
A few strips pimento

Soak the gelatine in the cold water, dissolve in the boiling water, add the sugar and lemon juice, stirring till the sugar is dissolved. Strain into moulds. When beginning to stiffen, press in the apple, celery and pimento. Serve on lettuce leaves with salad dressing.



Tomato Jelly.

SALADS

Grape Salad

1/2 box gelatine Sugar to taste
1 cup grape juice Any fruit desired
1 cup water Lettuce

Salad Dressing

Soak the gelatine in cold water to cover. Bring to a boiling point, the grape juice and water and sugar. Add to the gelatine, and stir till dissolved. Pour into a mould wet with cold water. When beginning to thicken, press into it any desired fruits and nuts. Turn on a bed of lettuce leaves on a platter and serve it with salad dressing.

Orange Nut Salad

1 tablespoon gelatine 3 tablespoons lemon
1/4 cup cold water juice
1 1/4 cup boiling water Juice of 1 orange
1/2 cup sugar

Grated rind of 1 lemon and 1 orange
Soak the gelatine in the cold water, dissolve in the boiling water. Add the sugar, lemon and orange juice and grated rind. Strain and pour into moulds wet with cold water. When beginning to thicken, press into the

Vegetable and Fruit Salad

Any combination of vegetables or fruits may be added to a lemon jelly made as in Manhattan salad.

DESSERTS

Grape Sponge

1/4 package gelatine Juice 1 lemon
1/4 cup cold water 1 cup grape juice
1/4 cup sugar Whites 2 eggs

Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Bring the grape-juice and sugar to the boiling point. Add to the gelatine with the lemon juice. Strain. Set the dish in cold water, stirring the jelly occasionally. When it begins to thicken, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Beat the mixture till light and stiff enough to hold its shape. Pile in individual glasses and serve very cold.

Jelly with Fruit and Nuts

1/4 box gelatine 1/2 cup sugar
1/4 cup cold water Juice of 1/2 lemon
1/4 cup boiling water 1/2 cup grape juice

Soak the gelatine in the cold water, dissolve in the boiling water, to which the sugar has been added. Add the

lemon and grape-juice. Strain. Put a little jelly in the bottom of each of the required number of glasses. When firm, set on it, and against the sides of the glasses, halves of walnut meats, and halves of cherries. Pour in carefully a little more jelly. When this sets, add the remaining jelly. Decorate with whipped cream and a cherry.

Banana Whip

1/2 box gelatine 1 cup banana pulp
1/4 cup cold water 1/2 cup sugar
1 cup boiling water 1/2 cup chopped nut
4 tablespoons lemon Meats or dry cookie
juice crumbs

Soak the gelatine in cold water, add the boiling water in which the sugar has been dissolved. Cool. Add the banana pulp, which has been mashed, with the lemon juice. Beat the mixture till about like whipped cream. Add the nuts or cookie crumbs and pour into a wet mould. Serve with cream.

Canned peaches may be used in place of bananas.

Neapolitan Jelly

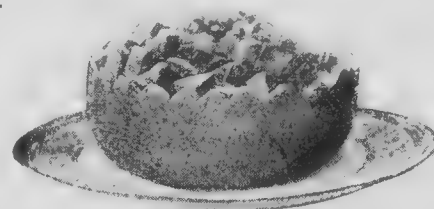
1/2 box gelatine or. Replace part of the
2 tablespoons granu- boiling water with an
lated gelatine equal quantity of any
1/2 cup cold water flavor desired—lemon
3 cups boiling water juice, orange juice,
1-3 cup sugar etc.

Divide into three equal parts. Color each differently and flavor to correspond with the color. Choose an oblong mould with straight sides. Place one color in the bottom. When it hardens, pour the second color on it. After that is stiff, add the third portion. When turned from the mould, the jelly will look like a brick of ice-cream. There are several flavors and colors from which to choose. Lemon, orange, chocolate, coffee, strawberry, grape, etc. To serve: Cut in slices and serve on plates with a spoonful of whipped cream.

Grape Fruit Jelly (Individual)

1/2 tablespoonful 1 tablespoonful boil-
gelatine ing water
1/2 tablespoonful cold 1-3 cup grape fruit
water juice
1 tablespoonful sugar

Soak gelatine in cold water three minutes. Add boiling water and sugar, place over hot water and let stand until gelatine has dissolved, then add grape fruit juice. Strain into a wet mould and chill.



Grape Fruit Jelly.

Grape Juice Sponge (individual)

1/2 teaspoonful gelatine 2 tablespoonfuls
1/4 cup grape juice heavy cream
1/2 egg white

Add gelatine to grape juice, place over hot water and let stand until gelatine has dissolved. Strain and when mixture begins to stiffen add white of egg, beaten until stiff, and heavy cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into a mould, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mould and garnish with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla and candied violets.

Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

All over the Western provinces during the latter part of January and this month of February groups of the wives and children of soldier settlers on the land are being gathered into nearby towns and cities for ten days of short-course lectures, sight-seeing and general social intercourse.

Various women's organizations in the cities are providing billets and entertainment. The agricultural colleges and universities are supplying the lecturers and each of these gatherings will be made as bright and cheerful as possible with good music and community singing. A little of this work was done last year with the happiest results and this year it has been extended until all three provinces will be covered.

Among the organizations keeping on this work are Women's Institutes, Canadian Clubs and Women's Councils. One of the features of the gatherings is the good nursery for the babies and little tots, so that "mother" may be at liberty to rest and enjoy herself.

The entertaining of these wives of our soldier settlers is one of the privileges which falls to the women of the cities and towns and a very great privilege it is; for if the husbands of these women had not been ready and willing to endure the horrors of the trenches, there would have been no free homes in Canada, so the busy city housewife is doing "her bit" in offering ten days' hospitality to the wife and baby of some brave man who did "his bit" so cheerfully overseas.

So very many of the women who will come in, are Old Country women new to the West, who have had from two to three years of battling with pioneer conditions and it is not surprising that some of them are homesick and lonely to a degree almost impossible for native born Canadian women to understand.

What ten days of hospitality and social intercourse may mean to many of these women is best illustrated by an incident reported from one of the towns in Saskatchewan where one of these gatherings was held last year. The morning after the conference had ended a young Englishwoman came into the office of the Home Branch of the Soldiers' Settlement office and said to the woman in charge: "Do you see that roll of bills? That is my passage home I have kept in that little roll ever since I came to the country and I came in here intending to buy my ticket home, I was so utterly homesick and so disgusted with the country, but these few days with the other women, the help we have received from the addresses and the hospitality we have received in the homes, has made me feel differently. This morning I broke into my roll for the first time and bought some curtains for our little house or the homestead and the balance will go for a horse to take the place of the one that died last winter. If other women can pioneer as they have done, surely I can, and at least I shall try another year." This one story warranted the holding of such a conference.

It is not the big troubles which discourage the new-comers. Many of them meet real trouble with both courage and endurance, but it is the thousand pinpricks of disgust and annoyance which sap courage. Verily I believe more women have died of chapped hands, the washing of dishes three times a day in hard water and the keeping up fires with green poplar, than ever died of any fell disease. It is said the sting of 13 wasps is sufficient to kill a horse and if this be so, surely the sting of 1095 dish washings is enough to lay the strongest woman low. Then again many of these soldiers' wives are mere girls, who, marrying with all the glamor of war time, have found themselves within a short year of their marriage, mothers with all the sacrifice of personal liberty which that entails, and with no help, it means all day long and every day their burden is never lifted. The mere coming to a place where for a day at a stretch baby and "Bobbie" are taken off their hands, will go far to restore their lost girlhood.

Viewed from every angle it is a laudable effort to make some return for the big debt the women of Canada owe to the men who fought for them and who made so splendid a record in that fighting.

Two of the great provincial organizations of farmers have been held up to this writing and it has been both interesting and alarming.

Construction to note the superabundance of resolutions of a somewhat destructive character which are brought in. The spirit of the main conventions, more especially that of Alberta, seemed to be, tear down so many of the established customs and institutions, while nothing constructive was offered in their stead. So that it is especially cheering to note the resolutions brought in from the women's sections are very generally of a constructive character, dealing mainly with such matters as education and health, and in proof of this may be cited the recommendation brought in by the women's section of the U.F.A. at Edmonton, for reorganization of the school system. This scheme had evidently been thought out with great care. It was as follows:

1.—(a) That the elementary course of both rural and urban schools consist of the first six grades.

(b) That the second division consist of grades 7, 8 and 9, known as the junior high school, which shall provide that not only high school subjects be taken earlier but also pre-vocational courses in order that pupils may be guided in the selection of their life's work.

(c) That the senior division be vocational mainly; the subjects being adapted to the calling the pupils intend to follow, whether it be agricultural, industrial or professional.

2.—That in order to facilitate the carrying out of this re-organization in the rural schools, we urge:

(a) That the one-room rural schools be continued for the first six grades.

(b) That 7, 8 and 9 be taught in the village centre, where convenient, and where this is prohibitive, we recommend the union of two or more adjacent rural schools, or the establishment of a municipal rural high school; this latter to include the senior division grades 10, 11 and 12, when necessary.

We recommend that the department take the necessary steps to insure such re-organization. Further, that one or more municipal rural schools be established, with government aid, in order to test the possibility of the plan and also, in this connection, that municipal school boards be formed which shall have control of all schools in the municipalities; these boards to be elected as already outlined, or by some other plan approved by the Department of Education.

Whether these suggestions are feasible or not, they show a distinct effort at constructive legislation along educational lines.

A united farmers' convention is very reminiscent of a foundry. When the crucible of molten metal is ready, a plug is removed, the slag-rushes out and explodes skyward. Beneath is the pure, hot metal ready to mold into any form of useful article from a car wheel to a stove. Little attention is paid to the slag except to keep out of its way as owing to the poisonous gases it contains a burn from slag is harder to heal than a burn from clean metal.

In these conventions rather too little attention is paid to the slag blowing off, as too often it burns into the mind of the inexperienced delegate who fails to distinguish between the false and the true and goes back to his local to promulgate much false doctrine which he thinks is gospel because heard at "the Convention."

At the convention of the United Farmers of Alberta in Edmonton 12 nationalities beside British and United States were represented. Many of these people with an indifferent knowledge of English must have gone home with some very distorted ideas on the laws of Canada, its constitutional methods and its ideals.

There was a time, years ago, when school authorities were not afraid to be grimly humorous.

Under the head of "Instruction," the New York "Daily Times" of August 10, 1868, printed this announcement:

"FLUSHING INSTITUTE.
"Dear Boys.—Trouble begins Sept. 15.
"E. A. Fairchild."



Ever Make Banana Whip?

1 envelope COX'S GELATINE, ½ cup (1 gill) cold water, 2 cups (1 pint) hot milk, 3 ripe bananas sieved, 1 lemon, 1 cup (½ lb.) sugar, ½ teaspoonful red or yellow color.

Mix Gelatine and water together, add milk, and when dissolved add bananas, strained lemon juice, sugar, and color. Beat until the mixture begins to stiffen, pour it into a serving dish, set in a cool place for a few hours and serve with milk or cream.

This is just one of the delicious rich desserts that can be made with Cox's Gelatine. Pure, unsweetened, and unflavored, Cox's Gelatine is the secret of many creamy puddings, appetizing savories, and dainty salads.

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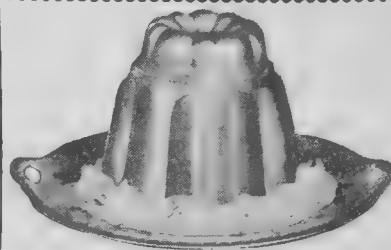
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Mrs. Knox's Corner

A Winter Fruit Season

I WONDER how many of us, when we are trying to think of something different to serve, overlook the delights offered in dried fruits—apples, peaches, apricots and even our old friend, the prune.

During the months when fresh fruit is scarce, I have found that the most delightful and wholesome surprise desserts may easily be made at small cost, with Knox Gelatine and dried fruits. Try these two very tempting recipes.



APRICOT CREAM PUDDING

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water ¼ cup sugar
1 cup cooked apricots and juice 1 tablespoon lemon juice 1 egg white

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Put apricots and juice through a sieve, add lemon juice and strain into this the gelatine. Add sugar and when dissolved set bowl in pan of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; add egg white beaten until stiff. Turn into wet mould or ordinary dish, garnished if desired with cut apricots and chill. (Any dried or canned fruit may be used in place of the apricots).

To make a "twice-as-high," more creamy, non-dry-out icing add one teaspoon Knox Gelatine, softened in cold water and dissolve in hot water to your favorite icing recipe. Beat in well before spreading on cake.

PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water ½ cup chopped nuts
¼ cup scalded milk or toasted cake
½ cup sugar 2 egg whites

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in scalded milk and add sugar. Strain into bowl containing ice water and heat constantly until mixture begins to thicken; then add prunes, chopped nuts, or toasted cake crumbs, and egg whites beaten until stiff. Turn into a cold mold the bottom and sides of which are garnished with halves of cooked prunes; then chill. Serve cold, with plain cream, whipped cream or custard sauce.

There are many other winter desserts as well as salads, meat and fish molds or relishes given in my booklets, "Dainty Desserts," and "Food Economy." Send for them, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

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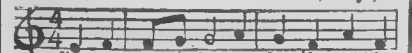
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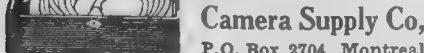
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SOMETHING TO LEARN

The Complaint of the Camel

Canary birds feed on sugar and seed,
Parrots have crackers to crunch;
And as for the poodles, they tell me
the noodles

Have chickens and cream for their lunch.

But there's never a question
About my digestion—
Anything does for me!

Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,
Chickens can roost upon rails;
Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,
And oysters can slumber in pails.
But no one supposes
A poor camel dozes—
Any place does for me!

A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,
And weasels are wavy and sleek;
And no alligator could ever be straighter
Than lizards that live in a creek.

But a camel's all lumpy
And bumpy and humpy—
Any shape does for me!

—Charles Edward Carryl.

Late February days; and now at last,
Might you have thought that winter's
woe was past;
So fair the sky was and so soft the air.

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO KNOW

A good boot-cleaner to remove mud is an old double-bladed skate. Fasten it upside down on one of your door-steps and you will find it easy to get the family to clean their boots.

Something to do with rubbers. Aren't they a nuisance in your cupboard? Well, here's an idea: Get a small strip of board, enamel it or cover it with cretonne. Hang it on your cupboard wall by picture wire. Bore 4 holes along the lower edge and hang through these holes by twine four strong clips such as are used for fastening papers together in offices. Clip your rubbers into these and they will be ready for the next rainy day.

A small magnet is a good thing to pick up phonograph needles with.

The cedars of Lebanon, which have been famous in song and story since hundreds of years before Christ, suffered many casualties during the war. These huge trees are often 90 feet in height and 42 feet in circumference, and during the war the Turks cut them down for fuel for locomotives.

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT

To the Front

At a certain place of amusement a soldier in uniform arrived late, and taking a ticket for a back seat he went pushing along toward the high-priced seats.

"Hey, there!" shouted the manager, "where are you going?"

"Where am I going?" repeated Tommy scornfully, "why, where a good soldier ought to go—to the front, of course."

He was allowed to go, amid much clapping of hands.

Story of the Big Push

Hotel Waiter—"Are you the gentleman who has been ringing all the time, sir?"

Farmer (at the electric bell)—"I dunno. I just lost me collar-stud and was trying to get this little 'un out of the wall with my knife."

The boy's fishing-rod was fastened under the root of a tree on the river bank, and he was sitting in the sun playing with a dog.

"Fishing?" inquired a man passing along the road.

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Nice dog you've got there. What's his name?"

"Fish."

"Fish? That's a queer name for a dog. What do you call him that for?"

"Cause he won't bite."

Then the man proceeded on his way.

Couldn't Blame the Horse

A widely known Highland drover sold a horse to an Englishman.

A few days afterwards the buyer returned to him.

"You said that horse had no faults."

"Weel, no mair had he."

"He's nearly blind!" said the indignant Englishman.

"Why, man, that's no' his fault—that's his misfortune."—Blighty.

Rough Work

"Yes, I'm continually breaking into song."

"If you'd get the key, you wouldn't have to break in."—Life.

Mr. Potts: "When you come to think of it a car is a high powered thing after all."

Mr. Bradley: "Yes, a Ford with one horn can knock a man further than a cow with two." — Carson Kizer, Humboldt, Sask.

SOMETHING TO MAKE

Valentines!

Isn't that the biggest idea in your minds this month? I suppose the air around you is just whirling full of hearts and arrows and verses. It may be that the "Cosy Corner" will reach you too late to be of much help, but if it is in time, here are a few suggestions for you. With a good supply of red paper, a pair of sharp scissors, a pen and ink handy, you are all ready to begin. First cut out a series of hearts, say six or seven, beginning with one about 5 inches long, and graduating down to a tiny one. Write on the large heart the following line: "If of me you do not think, my heart will shrink," and on each heart to the end write "and shrink." This makes an attractive valentine when all the hearts are strung on red strings and ribbons. Another attractive valentine is a favorite snapshot framed in a big red heart with the following lines, right in the centre:

At your heart you see,
Someone is living,
And that someone is me.

Other verses which may be written on many different kinds of valentines are these:

I'm thinking of you, daddy dear,
You have my heart—the proof is here!



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A CURIOUS SPORT

By Alice A. Noyce

I dreamed one night two elephants
With long trunks joined together,
Came bowing low most courteously,
And frankly asked me whether

I wouldn't jump the rope a while,
"Most certainly," I said,
But my! they whirled their rope so fast,
I jumped right out of bed!

Kewpies traced from pictures or cut from magazines and mounted on cards may be made into pretty valentines by sketching light lines around them, and putting small hearts in their arms or hands. Little verses may be written underneath, something after this style:

Here's a little Kewpie,
What a load he's got!!
He carries it carefully
For my heart is hot!

Here's a Kewpie on my heart,
Push him off, do please?
I would rather have you there—
See—I'm on my knees.



SOMETHING WE HAVE RECEIVED

An original drawing of "Shorty," a fox terrier owned by Leo Lubiniecki of Dauphin, Man. We would like also to mention a drawing of "Sport," a collie owned by Helen Robinson, of Galahad, Alta. We have awarded the W.H.M.C.C. button to Leo Lubiniecki for this competition. The buttons for the best candy receipts go to L. May Campbell, Beatty, Sask., Hazel McIntosh, Quill Lake, Sask., and to Lily Averill, Clanwilliam, Man., for the following receipts:

Spiced Walnuts

- 1 cup sugar
- ¼ cup water
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 cups shelled walnuts
- ¾ teaspoon cinnamon or ginger.

Boil sugar and water together until it hardens when tested in cold water. Remove from the fire, stir in spice and walnuts. Stir until the nuts are thoroughly coated and spread on a platter to cool.—(L. M. C.)

Butter Scotch

- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 cup table syrup
- ½ cup butter
- ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Boil until it hardens in water.—(L. A.)

Fudge

- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- ¼ cup syrup
- ½ cup sweet milk
- ¼ cup melted butter.

Boil 2½ minutes, then add 2 teaspoons cocoa. Boil 5 minutes longer, take from the stove and add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat till creamy and pour in buttered pan.—(H. M.)

SOMETHING TO DO

1. Tell us in not more than 150 words, what you are going to do to bring the birds to your home this summer. The letter with the most and best suggestions will win a W.H.M.C.C. button. Birds are some of our very best friends and they must be encouraged and welcomed, so now see what you can do to help encourage them. Letters should be in before March 10th. Results will be in the April Journal.

Faith and Works

Mrs. Emily P. Bishop, author of "Seventy Years Young," tells this little story to illustrate the fact that it is as easy to do as to wish to do.

A little girl's brother set a trap to catch birds. The little girl knew that it was wrong, cruel, against the laws of kindness, and altogether inexcusable. She wept at first, then her mother noticed that she became cheerful again, and she was asked the cause.

"I prayed for my brother to be a better boy."

"What else?" enquired the mother.

"I prayed for my brother not to catch any little birds."

"What else?"

"Then I went out and kicked the old trap all to pieces."

About the Farm

By Allan Campbell

Cont'd from page 38

the highest order.

In selecting land on which to grow alfalfa, select land well drained and on which there are no depressions likely to hold water during wet periods. This does not mean land that is high and exposed, but it should not be wet and soggy. The ground water should never be nearer the surface than from three to five feet at any time during the year as alfalfa will not accommodate itself to wet roots for an indefinite period.

As grass is a bad enemy to alfalfa, the land on which it is to be sown should have had cultivation for a sufficient length of time to kill the native grasses. Land on which potatoes, or other hoed crops, have been grown, or summerfallowed land, leaves an ideal condition of soil for the purpose. If the land is in suitable condition, it is better not to plough in the spring. Sod land is not at all suitable for growing alfalfa.

Alfalfa is very rich in nitrogenous constituents, but contrary to what might be expected, does not make a heavy demand on the soil as the plants receive nitrogen from the air through the agency of certain bacteria that live on their roots. These bacteria have the power of absorbing the free nitrogen in the air present in the soil and passing it on to their host plant in such a form that it enters the general circulation of the plant to build up its various tissues of leaf, stem and root. These bacteria may develop rapidly and thus store up very large amounts of nitrogen in the legume crop. The decay of the roots and of the whole plant when ploughed under, enriches the soil in nitrogen, and thus it is that the growth of alfalfa, or other legume, invariably increases the soil's fertility.

Sometimes these bacteria which live on the roots of the alfalfa are not present in the field when the seed is sown, with the result that the crop grows well the first season, but the following season the plants will be of a yellowish-green color, and lack vigor. The presence of bacteria on the roots of alfalfa is indicated by whitish nodules about the size of a pinhead or smaller.

In order to ensure a permanently thrifty crop of alfalfa the seed should be inoculated by means of nitro-culture, which should be purchased with the seed and thus supply the bacteria that the land may lack. The nitro-culture is not expensive and should not be omitted.

Among the best varieties of seed are Grimm, Baltic and Turkestan, but as before stated, one must be careful to obtain seed that has been grown under conditions similar to those of the district where it is intended to grow it. As some seed of alfalfa may be somewhat infested with weed seed it is advisable to take the precaution of getting it analysed both for freedom of weed seeds and vitality.

The amount of seed required per acre varies from ten to fifteen pounds per acre and the date of sowing is perhaps best from May 10th to 25th, though it may be sown in June with success. A nurse crop should never be used with alfalfa, as the young plants do not stand being shaded by a growing crop of grain as their inherited habit as sub-tropical plants is to welcome sunshine and warmth.

As the first season is required for the formation of roots, the young plants should be mowed down once or twice. A good time to make the first cutting is when the plants are about ten inches high and the last cutting should not be later than the tenth of August. It is not essential to rake the cuttings off, for, if not too heavy they serve a purpose in acting as a mulch. A growth must be left each year of about a foot in height in order to catch the snow and prevent winter killing.

When the time comes to cut the crop for hay, great care must be exercised in curing it, for it is the leaves that are valuable, and any rough handling in the field will cause it to shed them and cause loss. As soon as the blossoms appear, alfalfa is ready to cut, or to establish a general guide, say one-tenth of the field in bloom. (Cont'd on page 47)

It is also a splendid feed for laying hens, when given in the form of a mash consisting of the leaves steamed. For dairy cows, its value is of

FREE PUZZLE PRIZE \$5400.00

We have already given away \$5.400 FREE. \$200.00 more IN CASH and numbers of Merchandise Prizes will be GIVEN AWAY at an Early date

1st Prize, \$50.00 in Cash. 2nd Prize, \$40.00 in Cash
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5th to 9th Prizes—Each \$10.00 in Cash.

TOGETHER WITH MANY MERCHANDISE PRIZES

The picture herewith shows an Automobile accident. At first glance all you see is 5 spectators. If you look closely the faces of 8 other persons will be found. Can you find them? It is no easy task but by patience and endurance can be accomplished.

You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses which we will send you. If you find the faces mark each one with an X, cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness are considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time but as TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and many merchandise prizes are given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter. Remember all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them."

WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO SPEND ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY IN ORDER TO ENTER THIS CONTEST

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Five Thousand Four Hundred Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An

enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

This Competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this Company, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else as all previous winners of cash prizes are debared from entering this contest.



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THE New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine is essentially a family newspaper, with features of interest to every member of the home.

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The nursing mother

HEALTH weaves a fairy charm about baby-hood. It touches the starlike eyes with fresh beauty; it is the essence of that whiff of baby-sweetness that rises from the warm little bundle; it is the sole inspiration of those gurgly little noises born in the tiny throat.

With a keen yearning for baby's welfare, the wise mother watches her own health. She knows that her physical condition registers its effect upon baby through the milk.

Particularly is she careful to secure regular and thorough elimination of intestinal contents. Such waste, accumulating and allowed to remain in the body, creates dangerous and irritating poisons. These poisons are absorbed by the blood, carried through the body, and infect those cells which provide milk for baby's nourishment.

Leading medical authorities prescribe Nujol for constipation, particularly for the nursing mother, as it cannot be absorbed by the system, and, therefore, can not affect the milk. It does not upset the stomach. It does not cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

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Nujol works on an entirely new principle. Instead of forcing or irritating the system, it simply softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

Nujol thus prevents constipation because it helps Nature maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation—the healthiest habit in the world.

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ABOUT THE FOREIGNER

Dear Editor and Readers—I notice that those who write to the page are carrying on interesting discussions on different topics. A favorite topic at present seems to be: "Should we allow Foreigners to come into Canada." My belief is this. There should be a standard set in regard to immigration and only those who can bring prosperity to themselves and to this country should be allowed to enter. There is a type of immigration from Europe entering Canada to-day that should not be allowed to set foot on Canadian soil. They are the type of people who have caused a revolution in Russia, and although we do not like to believe it we know that there are many such persons in our country already. They are reaping the fruits of our years of toil and are a menace to social life in Canada.

As a new member, I will try to keep my letter within limits. Most of the letters appear to be written by lonely persons wishing correspondence, so I am breaking the rules, because I am not really lonely at any time, although, even at that, I am not at all averse to receiving a few letters from the fair sex if they care to write. My address is with the editor. I am only

A College Kid.

THE CHEERFUL COUNTRY CHRISTMAS

Dear Editor and Readers—I have often thought of writing to your page, but being shy and timid I have never done so until now and here goes.

But even after I say "here goes" I don't know if I shall be able to say anything of much interest. However, I will just tell you that I live on a farm and enjoy farm life. I have not always been used to it either, for we used to live in the city. At first I thought I would not like it all, but as time went on I have learned to love the free outside life. We live in a nice part of the Province of Manitoba. We have had a fine winter so far, and not so many weeks more now and we shall be looking forward to the spring, with its soothing winds and welcome showers.

Well, not to think too much of the spring yet, I must get back to the days that are with us and tell you of what happened here around Christmas. Two or three days preceding Christmas, the mail box was watched closely, I must tell you, and on Christmas eve our hopes were fulfilled when we found that many parcels awaited us. Then Christmas day came. A party of young folks was held at our house. The first item on the programme, of course, was Christmas dinner, and what a table. It was certainly fit for a king. After-dinner games were enjoyed and all too quickly supper time came around. After supper a dance was held in the vicinity and at 11.30 "Home, Sweet Home" was sung, also "Auld Lang Syne" and those merry making, feeling satisfied with their day of enjoyment, made off in many different directions, some in sleighs, some in cars and the less fortunate including yours truly on foot. This is not the vivid description I meant to give, but I find that it is harder to write about than I thought, and then I must not take up too much space.

If this is printed, I may come again. With best wishes to all readers.

Margaret.

THE PONY AND SADDLE

Dear Editor and Readers—At last! I have summoned courage enough to write to your exceedingly interesting page. My mother has taken the W.H.M. for many years and I don't believe I have ever failed to read some of the letters each month.

I live on the prairies in the south-eastern part of Saskatchewan. Our farm is about eight miles from the town where we get our mail. There is another town about nine miles away and still another, eleven miles.

My dad was one of the first settlers here, and the grain had to be drawn a great distance by oxen. I am a really truly westerner for I love the prairies. I have never lived anywhere else, so I am naturally attached to

them. My favorite outdoor sport, or maybe rather pastime, is horseback riding. I have a pony and saddle of my own. Our house is quite close to the river and when the river freezes and there comes a light fall of snow, there is nothing I enjoy better than to ride up and down the ice on my pony. I like skating very well and have skated a few times this winter, but as we have no rink and there is now too much snow on the ice, the skating has ceased for this winter. I have just returned to school after my Christmas holidays. I am taking my second class. I have gone to school in town for several years. We just had a week so I tried to make the best of it. Every one in my home district enjoys dancing, so we had a dance nearly every night.

Well, dear readers, I feel I have taken up too much space, so with best wishes to all,

Bud.

THE JOY OF WORK

Dear Editor and Readers—I have read The Western Home Monthly for quite a long time and have always enjoyed it, especially the Correspondence Page and the fancy work.

I live in a small Manitoba town and like the majority of girls nowadays, I am working for a living. I like my work very much and I am not far from home, which helps a lot.

I am very fond of all kinds of sport, especially skating or dancing at this time of the year.

As this is my first letter, I will make it short and leave room for some other lonesome person. I would like very much to hear from other correspondents around the age of twenty, either sex. With best wishes.

Kitty.

THE BEST OF FUN

Dear Editor and Friends—Here I am with you after a year's absence, and really, friends, it is like being home to be among you all again.

I read the wonderful paper every month and enjoy it to the fullest extent. I certainly agree with "Hokus-Pokus" about girls wearing overalls. How many readers like horseback riding. I am a girl, but I like nothing better. Just get a pair of soldiers riding breeches and try it, and I'll guarantee you will have the best of fun.

My opinion of "Just Guess" is that he is not married and does not talk from experience.

I am very fond of reading and enjoy the stories in the W.H.M.. I work in the city and go to my "country home" for the week-end. It is certainly a change and a rest for me to get home.

We had quite a snowfall the other day, but it didn't stay. I like to be out in a snowstorm and I shall be glad when winter comes, then "Hurrah for skating", etc.

Well, I must bring this letter to a close. I hope to see it in print before long, and that someone who is interested in overalls, skating, horseback riding, etc., will write me.

Beatrice.

A DARK CHAUFFEUR

Dear Editor and Readers—We have been getting the W.H.M. for some time now, and I just happened to notice the Correspondence Page, and since starting to read it I am very interested in it.

I live in B.C. This is quite a nice little city. There are many fruit ranches around here. I like dancing and swimming very much. I haven't learned to skate yet. I am also fond of horses, but have not had much chance to do any riding since I came to this place a year ago.

I agree with "Hokus-Pokus" about farm life. It is very nice indeed. My father is in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and we do quite a bit of moving about to keep him in sight, although he is quite a good size.

I notice "Steve" is looking for a fair chauffeur. I am dark. Does that matter? Would like to correspond with him.

Wildfire.

A LONELY POSTMISTRESS

Dear Editor and Readers—I have been a silent reader of the Correspondence Page for a long time, and I have at last decided to write as I wish to get some correspondents. I am a postmistress and find my work very lonesome as we live in a little out of the way town and only get mail four times a week and a couple of hours work on these days is about all I have to do.

This last summer in Alberta was terrible, so hot one was just roasted if they went out in the sun. Most of the crops were burned up here and this makes the fourth year of crop failure.

My favorite pastimes are reading, riding and dancing, and I have lots of time for the former where I am.

Will Steve and others please write.

Lonesome Kid.

CONTRIBUTED BY "STEVE"

One Simple Sign

It was in a grocer's window,
That she saw a simple sign,
And she stopped and slowly read it,
While her blue eyes seemed to shine.

Then with scornful lips she murmured,
As she tossed her pretty hat,
"How I wish that man were labelled,
With a good plain sign like that."

So when she passed, I ventured near
That favored grocer's shop,
And espied this simple legend,
"This corn is warranted to pop."

A Six-Foot Gentleman and His Lady Love

Upbraid me not! I never swore
Eternal love to thee,
For thou art only five feet high,
And I'm six feet three.

I wonder, dear, how you supposed
That I could look so low,
There's many a one can tie a knot,
Who cannot tie a beau.

Besides you must confess, my love,
The bargain is scarcely fair,
For never could we make a match,
Although we made a pair.

Marriage, I know, makes one of two,
But there's the horrid bore,
My friends declare, if you are one,
That I at least am four.

'Tis true, the moralists have said,
That love has got no eyes,
But why should all my sighs be heaved
For one who has no size?

And on our wedding day, I'm sure,
I'd leave you in the lurch,
For you never saw a steeple dear,
Inside of a church.

'Tis usual for a wife to take
Her husband by the arm,
But pray, excuse me, if I hint
A sort of fond alarm,

That when I offered you my arm,
That happiness to beg,
Your highest efforts, dear, would be
To take me by the leg.

I do admit I wear a glass,
Because my sight's not good,
But were I always quizzing,
It might be counted rude.

And though I use a convex lens,
I cannot still but hope,
My wife will e'er look up to me,
Through Herschel's telescope.

Then fare thee well, my gentle one,
I ask no parting kiss,
I must not break my back to gain,
So exquisite a bliss.

Nor will I weep, lest I should hurt,
So delicate a flower,
The tears that fall from such a height,
Would be a thunder shower.

Farewell! and pray don't throw yourself,
In a basin or a tub,
For that would be a sore disgrace
To all the Six Foot Club.

But if you ever love again,
Love on a smaller plan,
For why extend to six feet three
The life that's but a span?

About the Farm

By Allan Campbell

Cont'd from page 45

leaves from breaking off.

In conclusion, it may be said that the precautions advised in starting a field of alfalfa may seem to be rather exacting, but it must be considered that once a field of alfalfa is established, the plants, though tender when young, become extremely hardy and will continue to give heavy crops of hay from year to year, yielding two harvests per year.

"I would be willing to work," said Thomas, "if I could get the sort of job I want."

"What would that job be?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind calling out the stations on an Atlantic liner."

The hay should be raked as soon as possible after cutting and immediately put into small cocks. Curing it in the cock in this way prevents the

POULTRY NOTES

Now is the time to select the breeders. This selection is worth doing well, for on it much depends. The best and most vigorous birds should be chosen for mating. Green feed, grit and shell should figure on the feed list and the hens should receive milk.

There may be a number of birds that will not be producers from all indications. These should be crate fed and sold.

The early hatched birds are the ones to give a good account of themselves in regard to egg production, and to this end plans should be prepared.

"So you loved and lost, eh, old chap?"

"On the contrary, I came out a winner."

"How was that?"

"She returned my presents and accidentally put in some of the other fellow's."

The Tale of a Dime

The woman slipped a dime into the glove on her left hand. She would be at the subway in a moment, and the dime so placed would facilitate matters. As she passed the foot of the bridge extension by the city hall the ring of a coin as it struck the pavement reached her ears. She saw a dime rolling at her feet.

A fat man, subway bound, also heard and saw it. Both stopped to pick it up. She was first. His hand only fanned the dust from the sidewalk.

"I beg your pardon," he said as he straightened up, rather red in the face.

"Not at all," she said. "I thank you for your courtesy." Then she hurried downstairs.

Seated in the train, her gloved hand involuntarily went up to her hair. A dime dropped into her lap. Then she understood.



When Mother's Advice is Most Needed

A GIRL'S future health and happiness depends to a large extent on conditions during the adolescent period.

At about fourteen years of age important mental and physical changes are taking place, which every girl should understand. Then it is that she needs the care and advice of her mother.

Unfortunately this is about the time when school work and examinations are likely to prove an excessive strain on the nervous system.

Anaemia, chlorosis or nervous breakdown in the form of St. Vitus' dance are not uncommon at this age.

There is a failure of the blood to supply the nourishment required by the nervous system. Excessive mental effort consumes the nervous energy required to insure good digestion and the proper functioning of the vital organs.

It is surprising to find how quickly the nervous system responds to the restorative influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. There is no longer any question that this treatment is admirably suited to help girls through this most critical period of their lives.

In almost every community are many cases to prove the exceptional restorative influence of this well-known treatment.

The use of the nerve food stimulates the appetite, improves digestion, and builds up the system in every way.

Miss Rena B. Crossland, Kempt, Queen's Co., N.S., writes: "I feel it a duty, as well as a

privilege, to tell of the wonderful benefit I derived from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. In March, 1917, I had anaemia of the brain, and the mental and physical suffering I endured is indescribable. I had treatment from three doctors, and for twelve days was unconscious; while for three months I was fed and cared for like an infant. My mother was so anxious for me to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food that she crushed it and baked it in my food. After using two boxes I could feed myself, and after using it for two months, my health improved so rapidly that doctors and friends said my recovery was a miracle.

"I cannot recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food too highly, even to those who seem to be facing death. We keep it in the house now, and I use it occasionally to 'keep fit.' I shall always regret that I did not follow my mother's advice and use it while I was away teaching, whenever I felt nervous or tired. But as I had no serious illness and did not realize the value of it, I neglected heeding mother's advice until it was too late and I had a complete breakdown. But, thanks to Providence and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I have been enjoying my former health and strength for the past two years."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.

An Artist in Wax

By Gertrude Coley

Contd. from page 15

heard of the flowers. A dozen ways by which my object could have been gained presented themselves exasperatingly to my mind now that it was too late to use any of them. Worst of all, I most fervently did not want the gift. I to be the possessor of a glass shade of wax flowers! I wondered dismally where, in all my carefully planned home, it was possible to introduce a "note", as the decoration magazines would call it, so utterly foreign; and that I had to keep it, and put it in a place of honor, was equally apparent. My only consolation was the memory of Miss Devereux's happiness. The regaining of her proper character as a dispenser of gifts instead of a receiver, had acted like a tonic. In her gentle exultation she had even given way to my renewed invitation and had promised to come to dinner, not the following evening, but the next.

Bert shouted with inhuman laughter when I described my chagrin to him on our return from the Barnards' that evening—there had been no time to mention it before—but when I unveiled my trophy to his view he stopped, and drew a little whistle of surprise. I had placed it on a quaint mahogany china cabinet that was one of my most cherished pieces, and the effect was much better than I had imagined.

The group was composed of a sheaf of lilies, the backward-curling petals were ivory white and plentifully spotted with dark crimson, and their own pointed leaves supplied the relief that seemed needed for their sumptuous curves and coloring.

"It doesn't look so very bad after all," I ventured breaking through the trammels of prejudice.

"It certainly does not." He looked at it critically with head on one side.

"I never took much notice of the flowers before, they were just wax flowers belonging to the darkness of the antimacassar period, but now—it may be only pride of possession—they looked different somehow to those starchy, funerially looking things one remembers."

"They are different," pronounced my husband. I glanced at him quickly to see if he were joking, but he was studying them closely from different angles.

He said nothing more then, but as he smoked the pipe that he always indulged in to finish the day, I noticed that his eyes kept wandering over to the flowers on the cabinet. He had an artistic taste that seldom made a mistake, and he was obviously taken with poor Miss Devereux's gift. At length he got up and, walking round it slowly, examined it again.

"If Miss Devereux made that," he spoke with conviction, "she is a born artist. Just see the naturalness of the whole thing, and the unspringing strength and grace." He paused meditatively. "Now, if there were only a butterfly, or yes, better still, a humming-bird poised there—" Suddenly he spanked his thigh, "Jove!" he exclaimed while his eyes sparkled, "I have it! I believe she could do well if— I'll speak to old Ritchie to-morrow, you know he endowed that ornithological section last year, and I believe he'd stand for this." Just then he caught sight of my face which must have registered utter bewilderment for he laughed again. "No, Peggy, I won't tell you my scheme, it may not come to anything and then your hopes will go smash. But I'll do my level best." And though I begged hard he only shook his head and refused to tell any more.

Two evenings later Miss Devereux came. With her pathetic hat and old wrap removed she looked nobly handsome. Though it had seen veteran service, her dress of black lace with fine old creamy Brussels at the neck set off perfectly her real figure and delicate complexion. As a girl she must have been lovely, and if I had been a man I think I would have eloped with her there and then and carried her off to where privation and suffering could never touch her. She laughed graciously at Bert's nonsense, I had never seen him in higher spirits—and told little anecdotes of her past; but there were shadows under her eyes and in moments

of repose her features relaxed into an expression of weary sadness.

After dinner when we were alone in the living-room I picked up the frock I was making for my baby and began to whip some lace on the edge. The intimacy of it and the quiet friendliness of the hour seemed to unlock Miss Devereux's reserve, for she said with a little hesitation.

"I have lately been occupying my spare time with that sort of work. It—augments my means a little." Then, as though even this were too great an admission, she qualified hurriedly, "It helps to provide an interest in life."

"Yes," I assented, "it is very pleasant work for a pastime, but I should not think it would be very remunerative."

She did not reply for a moment, her hands were folded over her knee, and her face looked drawn and weary as she gazed at the fire.

"No, I'm afraid it isn't, perhaps I am not very quick and sometimes there is not much demand." She paused again, then, with a little difficult halt in her words, "I have wondered whether there is anything else I could do, the cost of living is so excessive—"

I kept my eyes on my sewing while I again murmured assent. It was a bitter thing for her to lay bare her necessity, even to me.

"But I fear my accomplishments are all so rusty, and besides such new methods seem to be in vogue now. It is rather perplexing."

I was filled with distress. By no stretch of the imagination could I fit her into our modern, strenuous business world. I thought of the business women I knew, they may have differed in other ways but smart efficiency characterised all of them. The very old-world grace that was Miss Devereux's greatest charm was against her. The prospect seemed appallingly hopeless, yet I was about to express some lame encouragement when Herbert appeared. Somehow his voice seemed so big and reassuring in the midst of our low, troubled, women's talk.

"I haven't thanked you yet for my share in your present to my wife," he said. I always make her give me a half interest you know. I think the flowers are wonderfully done. I didn't know you were such an artist."

Miss Devereux brightened magically. "Do you really like them? So many people consider them old-fashioned, and therefore to be despised. I loved making them. I remember so well bringing in a bunch of those lilies—there was a great stretch of them in one of the shrubberies—and copying them in the wax. I kept up the pursuit long after the fashion for it went out. In fact, I modelled quite a number of the native flowers of this country when I lived with my brother on the ranch."

"Did you really?" Bert bent forward with odd eagerness. "Why, that is just what I wanted to know. The fact is, those flowers over there gave me the idea of introducing a more natural setting for some of our collections at the museum. It is being done in the east and I want it here. I spoke to a man who has been a very good friend to the museum and he was so keen about it that he is willing to make a good provision for it. If you would undertake the work you would be conferring a great benefit upon us. Everything would be done to make it as pleasant as possible for you."

I scarcely drew my breath while Bert made this amazing offer. Miss Devereux's eyes were fixed on his face, but the fingers that played, with the lace at her bosom trembled a little.

"I—I am not quite sure that I understand," she said haltingly. "What exactly do you want me to do?"

"Make the birds and smaller animals that are in the cases look as they would in Nature by the help of leaves and flowers."

A light kindled in her eyes. "I should love to do it!" she breathed. Then she added in a quaintly formal way, "Thank you, I am extremely obliged for the suggestion. It is rather strange but I was just saying that it was necessary for me to do something to augment my means, and this offer seems most opportune."

As I said in the beginning that was three months ago. Yesterday, at her invitation, I went to see her at her work. She met me at the door of her studio, a large comfortable room that Bert had had set aside for her use. Her eyes were luminous with the joy of happy work, she looked lovely in a soft dress of violet blue which set off perfectly her delicate complexion and silvery hair.

"Good girl!" she said as she kissed me. "I am glad you are a little bit late for I have just finished."

She led the way, although I was inclined to linger over a fascinating group of trilliums, to a case of quail. The little crested gentleman and his pretty wife looked perfectly at home in a woody glade. At the back of the case a large piece of pine-bark, partially screened by sword ferns, very cleverly simulated the lower part of a tree trunk. A group of the ferns sheltered the nest, and rosy-mauve "lady-slippers" starred the mossy ground.

"It is quite perfect," I summed up after my first exclamations of delight. "Just the sort of home that discriminating birds would choose to bring up their families in."

Miss Devereux laughed happily. "I feel, when I am working, just like a painter composing a picture. It is so nice because I always wanted to be an artist."

I looked at her happy, gracious face and I thought of the change that prosperity and congenial work had wrought, but what I said was, "Well, so you are—an artist in wax."

A HOMELY PHILOSOPHER

You can bet no problems frets my brain,
If rain pour down, why, bless the rain!
If the rent's unpaid and they puts me out,
I can set on my things in the street an' shout.

With a B'iler-rivvetted appetite
An' never a bite of food in sight,
I'm better off than the billionaire
Whose nater' is all upset wth care!

They don't no worries knock me flat,
Till I'm down an' out on the doubtin' mat.

I says "Oh, Lord, you're a square old guy
An' I knows for sure you will let me by!"

So I stands myself with the birds and beasts
In his own bread-line—'tis the grand old feasts

He gives to the simple ones who trusts
Then eats till their bulgin' sides near busts!

I laughs as I sings—we never pray:
We care-free ginks, cause it ain't our way.

We just give praises all day long
With a merry heart and a rollickin' song
And at night we count the stars in the sky,

All ours and free—an' we just lays by
An' sleeps the sleep of the just who ain't
A stewin' inside for to be no saint!

It's a mighty rich old world, I'll say
To the poor with never a cent to pay,
If you've got the sorter eyes to see
All the good things growin' for you an' me—

The flowers and food an' everything
Is ours if we'll only trust an' sing.
An' you bet no problems frets my brain—
If the rain pours down, why, bless the rain!

G. G. Bostwick.

THE SOUL OF UNITY

Music

True Faith and Hope and Love—these three

Have conquered many a foe
By blending strength with unity
And peace—"with music"—so!

If pity is akin to love
Faith too and Hope must be
To form the set—a grand quartette
Of tuneful melody.

As Love and Pity "joined" are "one"
Faith, Hope, and Love agree
Each one—to run—in unison
And perfect harmony.

By Mrs. Edith A. Riddehough



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